

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXVI. — NOVEMBER, 1890. — No. CCCXCVII.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

I.

MY GRANDMOTHER AND I.

My grandmother sat in her own particular easy-chair by the open window of her back parlor. This was a pleasant place in which to sit in the afternoon, for the sun was then on the other side of the house, and she could look not only over the smooth grass of the side yard and the flower beds, which were under her especial care, but across the corner of the front lawn into the village street. Here, between two handsome maple-trees which stood upon the sidewalk, she could see something of what was going on in the outer world without presenting the appearance of one who is fond of watching her neighbors. It was not much that she saw, for the street was a quiet one; but a very little of that sort of thing satisfied her.

She was a woman who was easily satisfied. As a proof of this, I may say that she looked upon me as a man who always did what was right. Indeed, I am quite sure there were cases when she saved herself a good deal of perplexing cogitation by assuming that a thing was right because I did it. I was her only grandchild: my father and mother had died when I was very young, and I had always lived with her, — that is, her house had always been my home; and as I am sure there had never been any reason why I should not be a dutiful and affectionate grandson, it was not

surprising that she looked upon me with a certain tender partiality, and that she considered me worthy of all the good that she or fortune could bestow upon me.

My grandmother was nearly seventy, but her physical powers had been excellently well preserved; and as to her mental vigor, I could see no change in it. Even when a little boy I had admired her powers of sympathetic consideration, by which she divined the needs and desires of her fellow-creatures; and now that I had become a grown man I found those powers as active and ready as they had ever been.

The village in which we lived contained not a few families of good standing and comfortable fortune. It was a village of well-kept and well-shaded streets, of close-cut grass, with no litter on the sidewalks. Our house was one of the best in the place, and since I had come of age I had greatly improved it. I had a fair inheritance from my mother, and this my grandmother desired me to expend without reference to what I was receiving and would receive from her. To her son's son would come ultimately everything that she possessed.

Being thus able to carry out my ideas concerning the comfort and convenience of a bachelor, I had built a wing to my grandmother's house, which was occupied only by myself. It communicated by several doors with the main building, and these doors were nearly always open; but it was satisfactory to me to think

that if I chose I might shut and lock them, and thus give my apartment the advantages of a separate house. The ground floor of my establishment consisted of a large and handsome library and study, with a good-sized anteroom opening from it, and above were my sleeping and dressing rooms. With the exception of the time devoted to reading, reflection, and repose, I lived with my grandmother.

Neither of us, however, confined ourselves to this village life. The winters my grandmother generally spent with a married sister in a neighboring city, and I was accustomed to visit and journey whenever it pleased me. Recently I had spent a year in Europe, and on my return I joined my grandmother for a while, before going to our village home.

II.

RELATING TO MY YEAR IN EUROPE.

I do not suppose that any one ever enjoyed travel and residence in England and on the Continent more than I did ; but I do not now intend to give any account of my experiences, nor of the effect they had upon me, save in one regard. I had traveled and lived for the most part alone, and one of the greatest pleasures connected with my life in Europe was the anticipation of telling my friends who had never crossed the ocean what I had seen, heard, and done.

But when I returned to America I met with a great disappointment : my glowing anticipations were not realized. I could find scarcely any one who cared to know what I had seen, heard, or done.

At this I was as much surprised as disappointed. I believed that I possessed fair powers of description and narration, and many of my traveling experiences were out of the common. In fact, I had endeavored to see things

the ordinary traveler does not see, and to do things which he seldom does. I found, however, that my unusual experiences were of no advantage to me in making people desirous to hear accounts of my travels. I might as well have joined a party of personally conducted tourists.

My friends and acquaintances in town were all glad to see me, not that they might hear what had happened to me, but that they might tell me what had happened to them. This disposition sometimes threw me into a state of absolute amazement. I could not comprehend, for instance, why Mrs. Gormer, who had known me for years, and who I thought would take such an active interest in everything that concerned me, should dismiss my European tour with a few remarks in regard to my health in the countries I had passed through, and then begin an animated account of the troubles she had had since I had been away : how the house she had been living in had had two feet of water in the cellar for weeks at a time, and how nobody could find out whether it was caused by a spring in the ground or the bursting of an unknown water-pipe, — but no matter what it was, they could n't stay there ; and what a dreadful time they had in finding another house ; and how the day appointed for Jennie's wedding coming directly in the middle of the moving, it had to be postponed, for she declared she would never be married anywhere but at home ; and how several of Mr. Barclay's relations came down from New Hampshire on purpose to be at the wedding, and had to stay either at hotels or with friends, for it was more than a week before her house could be made ready for the wedding. She then remarked that of course I had heard of the shameful way in which John had been treated in regard to that position in the Treasury department at Washington ; and as I had not heard she went on and told me about it, until it was time for me to go.

At my club, some of the men did not know that I had been away, but there were others who were very glad to hear that I had been in Europe, because it gave them an opportunity to tell me about that very exciting election of Brubaker, a man of whom I had never heard, who had been proposed by Shuster, with whom I was not acquainted, and seconded by Cushman, whom I did not know. I found no one desirous of hearing me talk about my travels, and those who were willing to do so were satisfied with a very few general points. Sometimes I could not but admire the facility and skill with which some of the people who stay at home were able to defend themselves against the attempted loquacity of the returned traveler.

Occasionally, in social gatherings, I met with some one, generally a lady, who did take an interest in hearing that I had been in such or such a place; but this was always some place in which she had been, and, after comparing experiences, she would go on to tell of things which she had seen and done, and often ended by making me feel very sorry for having neglected my opportunities.

"Yes," said one, "it must have been cold on the top of that lonely mountain, with nothing to warm you but those plump little wolves, and the constant fear that their mother might come back; but you ought to have been here during the blizzard." And then she went on with a full history of the great blizzard.

Everywhere I was met by that blizzard. Those people who had not moved, or who had not had a puzzling disease in the family, or who had not been instrumental in founding a free kindergarten, could always fall back on the blizzard. I heard how their fathers could not get home on the train, of the awful prices the people charged for clearing away the snow, of the way in which Jane and Adelaide had to get on without music lessons for nearly ten days, and of the scarcity of milk. No

one who had seen and felt that irrepressible storm suffered from it as I did. It chilled the aspirations of my soul, it froze the unspoken words of my mouth, it overwhelmed and buried every rising hope of speech, and smothered and sometimes nearly obliterated my most interesting recollection. Many a time I have mentally sent that blizzard to regions where its icy blasts would have melted as in a hot simoom.

I truly believed that in our village I should find sensible people who would be glad to hear about interesting things which they never had seen. Many of them had not traveled, and a returned tourist was a comparative rarity in the place. I went down there on purpose to talk about Europe. It was too early for my grandmother's return to the country. I proposed to spend a week with my village friends, and, before their bright firesides, charm and delight them with accounts of those things which had so charmed and delighted me. The lives of city people are so filled with every sort of material that it is useless to try to crowd anything more into them. Here, however, were people with excellent intellects, whose craving for mental pabulum, especially in the winter, could be but partially satisfied.

But bless me! I never heard of such an overstock of mental pabulum as I found there. It was poured upon me by every one with whom I tried to converse. I was frequently permitted to begin statements which I believed must win their way, if they were allowed a fair start; but very soon something I said was sure to suggest something which had occurred in the village, and before I could brace myself the torrent would burst upon me. Never did I hear, in the same space of time, so much about things which had happened as I then heard from my village neighbors. It was not that so much had occurred, but that so much was said about what had occurred. It was plain there was

no hope for me here, and after three days I went back to town.

Now it was early summer, and my grandmother and I were again in our dear home in the village. As I have said, she was sitting by the open window, where she could look out upon the flowers, the grass, and a little of the life of her neighbors. I sat near her, and had been telling her of my three days in the Forest of Arden, and of the veritable Jaques whom I met there, when she remarked:—

“That must have been extremely interesting; and, speaking of the woods, I wish you would say to Thomas that so soon as he can find time I want him to bring up some of that rich wood-soil and put it around those geraniums.”

This was the first time my grandmother had interjected any remark into my recitals. She had often asked me to tell her about my travels, and on every other occasion she had listened until she softly fell asleep. I now remembered having heard her say that it interfered with her night's rest to sleep in the daytime. Perhaps her present interruption was intended as a gentle rebuke, and no other kind of rebuke had ever come to me from my grandmother.

I went out to find Thomas, oppressed by a mild despair. If I were to tell my tales to a stone, I thought, it would turn on me with a sermon.

III.

THE MODERN USE OF THE HUMAN EAR.

During my lonely walks and rides through the country about our village, I began to cogitate and philosophize upon the present social value of the human ear. Why do people in society and in domestic circles have ears? I asked myself. They do not use them to listen to one another. And then I thought

and pondered further, and suddenly the truth came to me: the ears of the present generation are not purveyors to the mind; they are merely agents of the tongue, who watch for breaks or weak places in the speech of others, in order that their principal may rush in and hold the field. They are jackals, who scent out a timid pause or an unsuspecting silence which the lion tongue straightway destroys. Very forcibly the conviction came to me that nowadays we listen only for an opportunity to speak.

I was grieved that true listening had become a lost art; for without it worthy speech is impossible. To good listening is due a great part of the noble thought, the golden instruction, and the brilliant wit which has elevated, enlightened, and brightened the soul of man. There are fine minds whose workings are never expressed in writing; and even among those who, in print, spread their ideas before the world there is a certain cream of thought which is given only to listeners, if, happily, there be such.

Modern conversation has degenerated into the Italian game of *moccoletto*, in which every one endeavors to blow out the candles of the others, and keep his own alight. In such rude play there is no illumination. “There should be a reform,” I declared. “There should be schools of listening. Here men and women should be taught how, with sympathetic and delicate art, to draw from others the useful and sometimes precious speech which, without their skillful coöperation, might never know existence. To be willing to receive in order that good may be given should be one of the highest aims of life.

“Not only should we learn to listen in order to give opportunity for the profitable speech of others, but we should do so out of charity and good will to our fellow-men. How many weary sick-beds, how many cheerless lives, how

many lonely, depressed, and silent men and women, might be gladdened, and for the time transformed, by one who would come, not to speak words of cheer and comfort, but to listen to tales of suffering and trial! Here would be one of the truest forms of charity; an almost unknown joy would be given to the world.

"There should be brotherhoods and sisterhoods of listeners; like good angels, they should go out among those unfortunates who have none to hear that which it would give them so much delight to say."

But alas! I knew of no such good angels. Must that which I had to tell remain forever untold for the want of one? This could not be; there must exist somewhere a man or a woman who would be willing to hear my accounts of travels and experiences which, in an exceptionable degree, were interesting and valuable.

I determined to advertise for a listener.

IV.

I OBTAIN A LISTENER.

The writing of my advertisement cost me a great deal of trouble. At first I thought of stating that I desired a respectable and intelligent person, who would devote a few hours each day to the services of a literary man; but on reflection I saw that this would bring me a vast number of answers from persons who were willing to act as secretaries, proof-readers, or anything of the sort, and I should have no means of finding out from their letters whether they were good listeners or not.

Therefore I determined to be very straightforward and definite, and to state plainly what it was I wanted. The following is the advertisement which I caused to be inserted in several of the city papers:—

"WANTED. — A respectable and intelligent person, willing to devote several hours a day to listening to the recitals of a traveler. Address, stating compensation expected, Oral."

I mentioned my purpose to no one, not even to my grandmother, for I should merely make myself the object of the ridicule of my friends, and my dear relative's soul would be filled with grief that she had not been considered competent to do for me so slight a service. If I succeeded in obtaining a listener, he could come to me in my library, where no one would know he was not a stenographer to whom I was dictating literary matter, or a teacher of languages who came to instruct me in Arabic.

I received a dozen or more answers to my advertisement, some of which were very amusing, and others very unsatisfactory. Not one of the writers understood what sort of services I desired, but all expressed their belief that they were fully competent to give them, whatever they might be.

After a good deal of correspondence and some interviewing, I selected at last a person who I believed would prove himself a satisfactory listener. He was an elderly man, of genteel appearance, and apparently of a quiet and accommodating disposition. He assured me that he had once been a merchant, engaged in the importation of gunnybags, and, having failed in business, had since depended on the occasional assistance given him by a widowed daughter-in-law. This man I engaged, and arranged that he should lodge at the village inn, and come to me every evening.

I was truly delighted that so far I had succeeded in my plan. Now, instead of depending upon the whims, fancies, or occasional good-natured compliance of any one, I was master of the situation. My listener was paid to listen to me, and listen to me he must. If he did not do so intelligently, he should be

dismissed. It would be difficult to express fully the delight given me by my new possession, — the ownership of attention.

Every evening my listener came; and during a great part of every day I thought of what I should say to him when he should come. I talked to him with a feeling of freedom and absolute independence which thrilled me like champagne. What mattered it whether my speech interested him or not? He was paid to listen, without regard to interest; more than that, he was paid to show an interest, whether he felt it or not. Whether I bored him or delighted him, it made no difference; in fact, it would be a pleasure to me occasionally to feel that I did bore him. To have the full opportunity and the perfect right to bore a fellow-being is a privilege not lightly to be prized, and an added zest is given to the enjoyment of the borer by the knowledge that the bored one is bound to make it appear that he is not bored.

In an easy-chair opposite to me my listener sat and listened for two hours every evening. I interested myself by watching and attempting to analyze the expressions on his face, but what these appeared to indicate made no difference in my remarks. I do not think he liked repetitions, but if I chose to tell a thing several times, I did so. He had no right to tell me that he had heard that before. Immunity from this remark was to me a rare enjoyment.

I made it a point to talk as well as I could, for I like to hear myself talk well, but I paid no attention to the likings of my listener. Later I should probably do this, but at present it was a joy to trample upon the likings of others. My own likings in this respect had been so often trampled upon that I would not now deny myself the exercise of the right — bought and paid for — to take this sweet revenge.

On the evenings of nine week-days

and one Sunday, when I confined myself entirely to a description of a short visit to Palestine, I talked and my listener listened. About the middle of the evening of the tenth week-day, when I was engaged in the expression of some fancies evoked by the recollection of a stroll through the Egyptian department of the Louvre, I looked at my listener, and beheld him asleep.

As I stopped speaking he awoke with a start, and attempted to excuse himself by stating that he had omitted to take coffee with his evening meal. I made no answer, but, opening my pocket-book, paid and discharged him.

V.

CHESTER WALKIRK.

It is not my custom to be discouraged by a first failure. I looked over the letters which had been sent to me in answer to my advertisement, and wrote to another of the applicants, who very promptly came to see me.

The appearance of this man somewhat discouraged me. My first thought concerning him was that a man who seemed to be so thoroughly alive was not likely to prove a good listener. But after I had had a talk with him I determined to give him a trial. Of one thing I was satisfied: he would keep awake. He was a man of cheerful aspect; alert in motion, glance, and speech. His age was about forty; he was of medium size, a little inclined to be stout, and his face, upon which he wore no hair, was somewhat ruddy. In dress he was neat and proper, and he had an air of friendly deference, which seemed to me to suit the position I wished him to fill.

He spoke of himself and his qualifications with tact, if not with modesty, and rated very highly his ability to serve me as a listener; but he did so in a man-

ner intended to convince me that he was not boasting, but stating facts which it was necessary I should know. His experience had been varied: he had acted as a tutor, a traveling companion, a confidential clerk, a collector of information for technical writers, and in other capacities requiring facility of adaptation to exigencies. At present he was engaged in making a catalogue for a collector of prints, whose treasures, in the course of years, had increased to such an extent that it was impossible for him to remember what his long rows of portfolios contained. The collector was not willing that work among his engravings should be done by artificial light, and, as the evenings of my visitor were therefore disengaged, he said he should be glad to occupy them in a manner which would not only be profitable to him, but, he was quite sure, would be very interesting.

The man's name was Chester Walkirk, and I engaged him to come to me every evening, as my first listener had done.

I began my discourses with Walkirk with much less confidence and pleasurable anticipation than I had felt with regard to the quiet, unassuming elderly person who had been my first listener, and whom I had supposed to be a very model of receptivity. The new man I feared would demand more, — if not by word, at least by manner. He would be more like an audience; I should find myself striving to please him, and I could not feel careless whether he liked what I said or not.

But by the middle of the first evening all my fears and doubts in regard to Walkirk had disappeared. He proved to be an exceptionally good listener. As I spoke, he heard me with attention and evident interest; and this he showed by occasional remarks, which he took care should never be interruptions. These interpolations were managed with much tact; sometimes they were in the form of

questions, which reminded me of something I had intended to say, but had omitted, which led me to speak further upon the subject, perhaps on some other phase of it. Now and then, by the expression on his countenance, or by a word or two, he showed interest, gratification, astonishment, or some other appropriate sentiment.

When I stopped speaking, he would sit quietly and muse upon what I had been saying; or, if he thought me not too deeply absorbed in reflection, would ask a question, or say something relative to the subject in hand, which would give me the opportunity of making some remarks which it gratified me to know that he wanted to hear.

I could not help feeling that I talked better to Walkirk than I had ever done to any one else; and I did not hesitate to admit to myself that this gratifying result was due in great part to his ability as a listener. I do not say that he drew me out, but he gave me opportunities to show myself in the broadest and best lights. This truly might be said to be good listening; it produced good speech.

Day after day I became better and better satisfied with Chester Walkirk, and it is seldom that I have enjoyed myself more than in talking to him. I am sure that it gave me more actual pleasure to tell him what I had seen and what I had done than I had felt in seeing and doing those things. This may appear odd, but it is a fact. I readily revived in myself the emotions that accompanied my experiences, and to these recalled emotions was added the sympathetic interest of another.

In other ways Walkirk won my favor. He was good-natured and intelligent, and showed that he was anxious to please me not only as a listener, but as a companion, or, I might better say, as an associate inmate of my study. What he did not know in this respect he set himself diligently to learn.

VI.

MY UNDER-STUDY.

In talking about my travels to Chester Walkirk, I continued for a time to treat the subject in the same desultory manner in which I had related my experiences to my first listener; but the superior intelligence, and I may say the superior attention, of Walkirk acted upon me as a restraint as well as an incentive. I made my descriptions as graphic and my statements as accurate as I could, and, stimulated by his occasional questions and remarks, I began to discourse systematically and with a well-considered plan. I went from country to country in the order in which I had traveled through them, and placed my reflections on social, political, or artistic points where they naturally belonged.

It was plain to see that Walkirk's interest and pleasure increased when my rambling narrations resolved themselves into a series of evening lectures upon Great Britain, the Continent, and the north coast of Africa, and his pleasure was a decided gratification to me. If his engagements and mine had permitted, I should have been glad to talk to him at other times, as well as in the evening.

After a month or more of this agreeable occupation, the fact began to impress itself upon me that I was devoting too much time to the pleasure of being listened to. My grandmother gently complained that the time I gave to her after dinner appeared to be growing less and less, and there was a good deal of correspondence and other business I was in the habit of attending to in the evening which now was neglected, or done in the daytime, when I should have been doing other things.

I was not a man of leisure. My grandmother owned a farm about a mile from our village, and over the management of this I exercised a supervision. I

was erecting some houses on land of my own on the outskirts of the village, and for this reason, as well as others, it frequently was necessary for me to go to the city on business errands. Besides all this, social duties had a claim on me, summer and winter.

I had gradually formed the habit of talking with Walkirk on other subjects than my travels, and one evening I mentioned to him some of the embarrassments and annoyances to which I had been subjected during the day, on account of the varied character of my affairs. Walkirk sat for a minute or two, his chin in his hand, gazing steadfastly upon the carpet; then he spoke:

"Mr. Vanderley, what you say suggests something which I have been thinking of saying to you. I have now finished the catalogue of prints, on which I was engaged when I entered your service as a listener; and my days, therefore, being at my disposal, it would give me great pleasure to put them at yours."

"In what capacity?" I asked.

"In that of an under-study," said he.

I assured him that I did not know what he meant.

"I don't wonder at that," said he, with a smile, "but I will explain. In theatrical circles each principal performer is furnished with what is termed in the profession an under-study. This is an actor, male or female, as the case may be, who studies the part of the performer, and is capable of going through with it, with more or less ability, in case the regular actor, from sickness or any other cause, is prevented from appearing in his part. In this way the manager provides against emergencies which might at any time stop his play and ruin his business. Now, I should like very much to be your under-study, and I think in this capacity I could be of great service to you."

I made no answer, but I am sure my countenance expressed surprise.

"I do not mean," he continued, "to

propose that I shall act as your agent in the various forms of business which press upon you, but I suggest that you allow me to do for you exactly what the under-study does for the actor; that is, that you let me take your place when it is inconvenient or impossible for you to take it yourself."

"It strikes me," said I, "that, in the management of my affairs, it would be very seldom that you or any one else could take my place."

"Of course," said Walkirk, "under present circumstances that would be impossible; but suppose, for instance, you take me with you to those houses you are building, that you show me what has been done and what you intend to do, and that you let me make myself familiar with the whole plan and manner of the work. This would be easy for me, for I have superintended house-building; and although I am neither a plumber, a mason, a carpenter, a paper-hanger, or a painter, I know how such people should do their work. Therefore, if you should be unable to attend to the matter yourself,—and in such case only,—I could go and see how the work was progressing; and this I could do with regard to your farm, or any other of your business with the details of which you should care to have me make myself familiar,—always remembering that I should not act as your regular agent in any one of these affairs, but as one who, when it is desirable, temporarily takes your place. I think, Mr. Vanderley, that it would be of advantage to you to consider my proposition."

I did consider it, and the next evening I engaged Chester Walkirk as an under-study.

VII.

MY BOOK.

In order to be at hand when I might need him, Walkirk took up his residence

at the village tavern, or, as some of us were pleased to call it, the inn. To make him available when occasion should require, I took him with me to the scene of my building operations and to my grandmother's farm, and he there showed the same intelligent interest that he gave to my evening recitals. I had no difficulty in finding occupation for my under-study, and, so far as I could judge, he attended to the business I placed in his hands as well as I could have done it myself; indeed, in some instances, he did it better, for he gave it more time and careful consideration.

In this business of supplying my place in emergencies, Walkirk showed so much ability in promoting my interests that I became greatly pleased with the arrangement I had made with him. It was somewhat surprising to me, and I think to Walkirk, that so many cases arose in which I found it desirable that he should take my place. I was going to look at a horse: some visitors arrived; I sent Walkirk. There was a meeting of a scientific society which I wished very much to attend, but I could not do that and go to a dinner party to which I had been invited on the same evening; Walkirk went to the meeting, took notes, and the next day gave me a full report in regard to some particular points in which I was interested, and which were not mentioned in the short newspaper notice of the meeting.

In other cases, of which at first I could not have imagined the possibility, my under-study was of use to me. I was invited to address my fellow townsmen and townswomen on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the settlement of our village, and as I had discovered that Walkirk was a good reader I took him with me, in order that he might deliver my written address in case my courage should give out. My courage did not give out, but I am very sure that I was greatly supported and emboldened by the knowledge that if, at

the last moment, my embarrassment should not allow me to begin my address, or if in the course of its delivery I should feel unable, for any reason, to go on with it, there was some one present who would read it for me.

It had long been my habit to attend with my grandmother, bimonthly, an early evening whist party at the house of an elderly neighbor. I had a bad headache on one of these appointed evenings, and Walkirk, who was a perfectly respectable and presentable man, went with my grandmother in my stead. I afterward heard that he played an excellent hand at whist, a remark which had never been made of me.

But I will not refer at present to any further instances of the usefulness of my under-study, except to say that, as I found his feet were of the same size and shape as my own, I sent him to be measured for a pair of heavy walking-shoes which I needed; and I once arranged for him to serve in my place on a coroner's jury, in the case of a drowned infant.

The evening listenings still went on, and as the scope of my remarks grew wider, and their purpose became better defined, it began to dawn upon me that it was selfish to devote these accounts of remarkable traveling experiences to the pleasure of only two men, myself and my listener; the public would be interested in these things. I ought to write a book.

This idea pleased me very much. As Walkirk was now able to take my place in so many ways, I could give a good deal of time each day to composition; and, moreover, there was no reason why such work should interfere with my pleasure in being listened to. I could write by day, and talk at night. It would be all the better for my book that I should first orally deliver the matter to Walkirk, and afterward write it. I broached this idea to Walkirk; but, while he did not say so in words, it was

plain to me he did not regard it with favor. He reflected a little before speaking.

"The writing of a book," he said, "is a very serious thing; and although it is not my province to advise you, I will say that if I were in your place I should hesitate a good while before commencing a labor like that. I have no doubt, judging from what I have already heard of your travels, that you would make a most useful and enjoyable book, but the question in my mind is, whether the pleasure you would give your readers would repay you for the time and labor you would put upon this work."

This was the first time that Walkirk had offered me advice. I had no idea of taking it, but I did not resent it.

"I do not look at the matter in that way," I said. "An absorbing labor will be good for me. My undertaking may result in overworking you, for you will be obliged to act as my under-study even more frequently than you do now."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of work," said he; "I can stand any amount of it. But how about the evening discourses, — will they come to an end?"

"Not at all," said I; "I shall go on giving you an account of my travels, just as before. This will help me to judge better what to put in and what to leave out."

"I am very glad to hear that," he said, with animation; "I do not hesitate to own to you that I should very greatly regret to lose those most interesting accounts of your experiences."

This was very complimentary, but, as he was paid to listen, the remark did not possess the force it would have had had he paid to hear me.

Enthusiastically I went to work upon my book, and I found that talking about my travels to Walkirk helped me to write about them for the public. But a week had not passed when I came to the conclusion that writing was in no way so pleasant as talking. I dis-

liked labor with the pen ; I disliked long sitting at my desk. The composition of the matter was enough for me ; some one else should put it on paper. I must have a secretary. I went immediately to Walkirk, who was at the inn, working upon some of my accounts.

"Walkirk," said I, "I can get somebody else to do that sort of thing. I want you to act as my amanuensis."

To my surprise his face clouded. He seemed troubled, even pained.

"I am very, very sorry," he said, "to decline any work which you may desire me to do, but I really must decline this. I cannot write from dictation. I cannot be your amanuensis. Although it may seem like boasting, this is one of the few things I cannot do : my nervous temperament, my disposition, in fact my very nature, stand in the way, and make the thing impossible."

I could not understand Walkirk's objections to this sort of work, for he was a ready writer, a good stenographer, and had shown himself perfectly willing and able to perform duties much more difficult and distasteful than I imagined this possibly could be. But there are many things I do not understand, and which I consider it a waste of time to try to understand ; and this was one of them.

"Then I must get some one else," said I.

"If you decide to do that," said Walkirk, "I will attend to the matter for you, and you need trouble yourself no further about it. I will go to the city, or wherever it is necessary to go, and get you an amanuensis."

"Do so," said I, "but come and report to me before you make any engagement."

The next day Walkirk made his report. He had not been as successful as he had hoped to be. If I had been doing my work in the city, he could have found me stenographers, amanuenses, or type-writers by the hundred.

By living and working in the country, I made his task much more difficult. He had found but few persons who were willing to come to me every day, no matter what the weather, and only one or two who would consent to come to our village to live.

But he had made a list of several applicants who might suit me, and who were willing to accept one or the other of the necessary conditions.

"They are all women !" I exclaimed, when I looked at it.

"Yes," said he ; "it would be very difficult, perhaps impossible, to find a competent man who would answer your purpose. The good ones could not afford to give you part of their time, which is all you require, and you would not want any other. With women the case is different ; and besides, I am sure, from my own experience, that a lady amanuensis would suit your purpose much better than a man : she would be more patient, more willing to accommodate herself to your moods, in every way more available."

I had not engaged Walkirk to be my under-study in matters of judgment, and I did not intend that he should act in that capacity ; but there was force in his remarks, and I determined to give them due consideration. Although I had apartments of my own, I really lived in my grandmother's house ; and of course it was incumbent upon me to consult her upon this subject. She looked at the matter in her usual kindly way, and soon came to be of the opinion that, if I could give a worthy and industrious young woman an opportunity to earn her livelihood, I ought to do it ; taking care, of course, to engage no one who could not furnish the very best references.

I now put the matter again into Walkirk's hands, and told him to produce the persons he had selected. He managed the matter with great skill, and in the course of one morning four ladies

called upon me, in such a way that they did not interfere with each other. Of these applicants none pleased me. One of them was a dark-haired, dark-eyed, rather spare person, whose youthful energies had been so improved by years that I was sure her briskness of action, her promptness of speech, and her evident anxiety to get to work and to keep at it would eventually drive me crazy.

Another was a skilled stenographer, who could write I forget how many hundred words a minute; and when I told her there were no minutes in which I could dictate as many words as that, even if I wanted to, and that there would be many minutes in which I should not dictate any words at all, she said she was afraid that if she fell into a dilly-dally, poky way of working it would impair her skill, and it might be difficult, when she left my employment, to regain her previous expertness. She was quite willing, however, to engage with me, and thought that if I would try to dictate as fast as possible I might, in time, be able to keep her nearly up to her normal standard.

A third one was willing to write longhand, and to work as slowly and as irregularly as I pleased. I gave her a short trial, but her writing was so illegible that I could not discover whether or not she made mistakes in spelling. I had, however, my suspicions on this point.

The fourth applicant I engaged to come for a week on trial. She exhibited no prominent disabilities, and I thought she might be made to answer my purpose; but as she possessed no prominent capabilities, and as she asked me to repeat almost every sentence which I dictated to her, I found it very tiresome to work with her, and I punished Walkirk by making him act as my under-study on the third and fourth days of her engagement. I requested him to dictate to her some detailed incidents of travel which I had told him,

and which I was sure he remembered very well. He undertook the task with alacrity, but after two mornings' work he advised me to discharge her. Dictating to her, he said, was like talking into a tin spout with nobody at the other end. Somebody might come if you shouted long enough, but this was tiresome.

VIII.

THE MALARIAL ADJUNCT.

The fifth applicant on Walkirk's list had a morning to herself. So soon as she entered my study I hoped that she would suit, and I had not talked with her ten minutes before I decided that she would suit. Her personality was exceedingly agreeable; she was neither too young nor too old. She expressed herself with a good-humored frankness which I liked, and appeared to be of a very practical turn of mind. She was a practiced stenographer, was accustomed to write from dictation and to read aloud, could correct proof, and had some admirable references. Her abilities appeared so excellent, and her demeanor was so agreeable to me, that I engaged her.

"I am very happy indeed, Mr. Vanderley," she said, with the pretty dimpled smile which had so frequently shown itself in the course of our conversation, "that you have given me this position. I am sure that I shall like it, and I shall try very hard to make my work satisfactory. I shall come up every morning in the nine o'clock train, as you desire; and I shall be obliged to bring my husband with me, but this will not in any way interfere with my work. He is suffering from a malarial disease, and is subject to periods of faintness, so that it would be impossible for me to leave him for the whole morning; but he can sit outside anywhere, under a tree, or perhaps somewhere in the house

if it happens to rain. He is perfectly contented if he has a comfortable place to sit in. He is not able to attend to any business, and as I now have to be the bread-winner I am most deeply grateful for this work which you have given me. I am sure that the little trip in and out of town will do him good, and as I shall buy commutation tickets it will not be expensive. He came with me this morning, and if you will excuse me I will bring him in and introduce him." And without waiting for any remark from me she left the room, and shortly returned with the malarial subject. He was an extremely mild-mannered man, of light weight and sedate aspect. The few words in which he indicated his gratification with his wife's engagement suggested to me the need of sulphate of quinia.

This revelation of a malarial adjunct to the labors of myself and this very agreeable lady greatly surprised me, and, I must admit, threw me back from that condition of satisfaction in which I had found myself upon engaging her; and yet I could think of no reasonable objection to make. The lady had promised that he should not be in the way, and the most I could say, even to myself, was that the arrangement did not appear attractive to me. Of course, with no reason but a chaotic distaste, I would not recede from my agreement, and deprive this worthy lady of the opportunity of supporting herself and her husband; and the two departed, to return on the following day prepared to labor and to wait.

I inquired of Walkirk, I fear with some petulance, if he had known of the encumbrance attached to this candidate; and he replied that she had informed him that she was married, but he had no idea she intended to bring her husband with her. He was very sorry that this was necessary, but in his judgment the man would not live very long.

My grandmother was greatly pleased

when I told her of the arrangement I had made to assist a devoted wife to support an invalid husband. She considered it a most worthy and commendable action, and she was rejoiced that such an opportunity had been afforded me. She would do what she could to make the poor man comfortable while his wife was at work; and if he had any sense at all, and knew what was to his advantage, he would be very careful not to interfere with her duties.

The next morning the couple appeared, and the lady was ensconced in the ante-room to my study, which I had fitted up for the use of my secretary, where, through the open window in front of her, she could see her husband, seated in a rocking-chair, under a wide-spreading apple-tree. By his side was a table, on which lay the morning paper and some books which my grandmother had sent out to him. For a time she gave him also her society, but, as she subsequently informed me, she did not find him responsive, and soon concluded that he would be happier if left to his reflections and the literature with which she had provided him.

As an amanuensis I found my new assistant everything that could be desired. She wrote rapidly and correctly, never asked me to repeat, showed no nervousness at the delays in my dictation, and was ready to write the instant I was ready to speak. She was quick and intelligent in looking up synonyms, and appeared perfectly at home in the dictionary. But in spite of these admirable qualifications, I did not find myself, that morning, in a condition favorable to my best literary work. Whenever my secretary was not actually writing she was looking out of the window; sometimes she would smile and nod, and on three occasions, while I was considering, not what I should say next, but whether or not I could stand this sort of thing, she went gently to the window, and asked the invalid, in a clear whisper, intended

to be entirely undisturbing, how he was getting on and if he wanted anything.

Two days after this the air was damp and rain threatened, and the malarial gentleman was supplied with comfortable quarters in the back parlor. I do not know whether or not he liked this better than sitting under a tree, but I am sure that the change did not please his wife. She could not look at him, and she could not ask him how he was getting on and if he wanted anything. I could see that she was worried and fidgety, although endeavoring to work as faithfully and steadily as usual. Twice during a break in the dictation she asked me to excuse her for just one minute, while she ran down to take a look at him.

The next day it rained, and there seemed every probability that we should have continued wet weather, and that it would be days before the malarial one could sit under the apple-tree. Therefore I looked the situation fairly in the face. It was impossible for me to dictate to a nervous, anxious woman, whose obvious mental condition acted most annoyingly upon my nerves, and I suggested that she bring her husband into her room, and let him sit there while she worked. With this proposition my secretary was delighted.

"Oh, that will be charming!" she cried. "He will sit just as still as a mouse, and will not disturb either of us, and I shall be able to see how he feels without saying a word."

In two minutes she had him upstairs, and in a chair by the window. For four days the malarial gentleman sat by the window, as quiet as a mouse, while his wife wrote at the table, and I walked up and down my study, or threw myself into one chair or another, endeavoring to forget that that man was sitting by the window; that he was trying his best not to do anything which might disturb me; that he did not read, or write, or occupy his mind in any way; that he heard every word I dictated to

his wife without indicating that he was not deaf, or that he was capable of judging whether my words were good, bad, or unworthy of consideration. Not only did I endeavor not to think of him, but I tried not to see either him or his wife. The silent, motionless figure of the one, and the silent but animated and vivacious figure of the other, filled with an eager desire to do her work properly, with a bubbling and hearty love for her husband, and an evident joyousness in the fact that she could love, work, and watch, all at the same time, drove from my mind every thought of travel or foreign experiences. Without the malarial husband I should have asked for no better secretary; but he spoiled everything. He was like a raw oyster in a cup of tea.

I could not drive from my mind the vision of that man even when I knew he was asleep in his bed. There was no way of throwing him off. His wife had expressed to my grandmother the delight she felt in having him in the room with her while she worked, and my grandmother had spoken to me of her own sympathetic pleasure in this arrangement. I saw it would be impossible to exile him again to the apple-tree, even if the ground should ever be dry enough. There was no hope that he would be left at his home; there was no hope that he would get better, and go off to attend to his own business; there was no hope that he would die.

From dictating but little I fell to dictating almost nothing at all. To keep my secretary at work, I gave her some notes of travel of which to make a fair copy, while I occupied myself in wondering what I was going to do about that malarial husband.

At last I ceased to wonder, and I did something. I went to the city, and, after a day's hard work, I secured a position for my secretary in a large publishing establishment, where her husband could sit by a window in a secluded corner.

and keep as quiet as a mouse. The good lady overwhelmed me with thanks for my kindness. She had begun to fear that, as the season grew colder, the daily trip would not suit her husband, and she gave me credit for having thought the same thing.

My grandmother and Walkirk were greatly concerned, as well as surprised, at what I had done. The former said that, if I attempted to write my book with my own hand, she feared the

sedentary work would tell upon my health; and my under-study, while regretting very much that his efforts to provide me with an amanuensis had proved unsuccessful, showed very plainly, although he did not say so, that he hoped I had found that authorship was an annoying and unprofitable business, and that I would now devote myself to pursuits which were more congenial, and in which he could act for me when occasion required.

Frank R. Stockton.

ALONG THE FRONTIER OF PROTEUS'S REALM.

How shall I meet thee and subdue thy wiles!
 Thou art so savage, and anon so suave;
 The reffluent tide art thou, the high-reared
 wave;
 Now all wrath-furrowed, now all dimpling
 smiles.
 Thou hast thy lulls, thy placid breathing-
 whiles,
 But soon thou singest of the open grave,
 Wide-gaping for the seaman stanch and brave,
 That goeth down before the storm's dread
 files.
 How shall I meet thee and o'ercome thy wiles,
 And purport gather from thy crafty speech,
 When one same form thou never wilt retain,
 But now the broad sea art, and now its isles,
 And now a wreckèd mast upon the beach —
 A wave-filled shell — a tangled seaweed skein!

Those wandering Greeks who attempted to consult the "infallible old man of the sea" regarding the fortunes of themselves and their friends had trouble enough before they succeeded in hunting down the masquerading oracle, and obtaining from him the desired information. What, then, can I hope to elicit from the immortal Truth-Teller? Surely no intimate secrets of his kingdom are to be communicated to one who has but walked along the frontier, neither giving bold battle across the border, nor even devising any manner of snare to capture his unwary citizens. It must

content me to record a few, and those the slightest, of the forms which he assumes to mortals who have not tasted the enlivening herb of Glaucus.

Before any ventures along his borders, I had had some experience with waters illimitable to the eye; for I claimed at least passing acquaintance with one of the Great Lakes and its characteristic moods. I had hastily concluded that the difference noted by the senses as between inland and exterior waters, alike boundless to the vision, might well be more fanciful than real. This prejudgment did not stand; for the perspective, the sound, the breath, of the sea, when they became matters of experimental knowledge, were altogether distinctive from any previous revelation. There was the undeniable difference in color, and even in the same color, as displayed by the fresh and the salt water. Instead of the ethereal, airy, ultramarine tint so often observed in the middle distance of Erie, here was a blue of duskier shade, more opaque, more approaching black, — as though to the studious and reflecting larger waters had opened up the remoter depths of that interstellar darkness which gives to the heavens the color blue. Moreover, though the sea has its own exquisite

chromatic changes, it did not seem to me it could show a more lovely variation than the lake's successive bandings of live green, amethyst, and final azure blending with the tint of the horizon. But there is much to impress one as between the short "chopped" wave of the lake, falling assiduously upon the shore with a brisk staccato enunciation, and the longer, more deliberate swell and adagio movement of the far-traveled sea, moving between continents, and having the whole Atlantic coast in its patrol. As to the dominant mood induced in the lonely stroller along the sands, it seems to be one and the same for lake and sea shore, — *rapport* with ages gone, and sympathy with all the frustrate past typified by the inrolling and receding waves in endless succession.

"And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew,"

is the closing strain in Thoreau's rhythmic, sea-thrilled testimony. Other elements in the mood of the observer are a vague wistfulness and speculation, — as of one

"who sits ashore, and longs perchance
To visit dolphin-corals in the seas," —

and withal a vague expectancy, a looking and listening for a revelation more entire than has hitherto been vouchsafed. Perhaps out of a desire to break the insistent monotone of the sea's chant has arisen the impression of a greater third or ninth wave. The listener on shore finds himself attempting through the multitudinous uncompleted sounds to gather in and define the total voice of the sea, — element all vowel, needing for its full articulation the estopping consonant of the shore. Writes Alexander Smith (who rises finely to any Neptunian suggestion). "Unlanguageed as the earnest sea." Surely it makes as if it would speak to us! Incessant in signals to the eye and incoherent greetings to the ear, with "eternal whisperings," undersongs, moanings, hallooings, stands before us this unintelligible pri-

mal giant, even like Nimrod in Dantean vision blowing his horn and loudly addressing all who approach in a language long since forgotten by earth. I dream of a race of early men to whom the earnest sea may not have been unlanguageed. As one grows accustomed to this gray giant's voice, the sound, which at first was hoarse and rudely invasive, becomes by paradox a sort of silence, wherein better than otherwise may be heard any still small voice addressed to the innermost thought. Also, to one lying upon the vibrating shore, at times the jar of the falling waters translates itself as the measured pulse-beats of the live planet, corresponsive to those of the listener's atomy human existence.

It is said no man bathes twice in the same river. There is no similar saying about the sea. Is it that this omniradiant energy is never past, never decadent? Even in the outflow of the tide there is a prophetic rumor of return, and the spent wave of the sea falls back seemingly but to gather force for a renewed assault upon the shore. Over the constant fluctuation of this wide water is an emphasis laid upon its permanency, and upon an antiquity to which the solid land is mere *parvenu*. Yet it is often the sea's province to uncover such records as the land holds in its little span of memory; for in many a crumbling bluff gone peoples have left an accidental cipher to speak of their occupancy. Along the Cape Cod shore, the Indian's arrowhead, itself like a petrified leaf, is often dislodged from a well-defined stratum which holds also the white chips from immemorial oyster and clam bakes, together with pieces of charcoal from the red man's fire. The entire stratum is overlaid with a darker line of soil, indicating that a forest has been and has ceased to be, since the date of those rude convivialities of savage life.

To one acquainted only with inland fresh waters the breath and taste of salt

in the seaside atmosphere are bracing novelties; while a first adventure into the surf provokes the impression that Æsculapius with his potions has usurped the dominion of the sea. Let the bather have a care. "He drank a salt cup for his sin," chants old Chapman. Surprised with a mouthful of sea water, one seems about to suffer the penalty of Ajax. My own introduction to the sea was of this serio-comic order.

Upon the spacious mornlit strand
A shell I saw, with sparkling water spanned,
The gift of the retiring wave.

With hasty hand,
In sudden thirst, I snatched the sea god's
chalice brave;

The brackish draught
All fain and all unwise I quaffed.
The sea god in his rippling mantle shook and
laughed!

I further experimented in this direction, tasting of that frothy white substance which often collects upon the shore, and which I had thought should be the residuum of the sea's bitter sorrow mixed with the wrath of the sea. To find it only insipidly brackish was something of a disappointment.

SEA FOAM.

Light as the air
It lies on the sands the tide has left bare;
Ay, lighter than air
Flutter its loose flakes here and there.
Now it seemeth to me
Lamb's wool shorn from the flocks of the sea,
And now there 's a hint
That it bears Aphrodite's imprint,
Yet never a gleam
Is clearly discerned of that beauty supreme;
Only this, and no more, —
A wreath of salt foam on the wind-swept shore!

A striking distinction between fresh and salt waters is the more teeming and various life of the latter, and this whether of vegetable or animal organisms, from the dingy swath of the wave-winnowed seaweed to the barnacle-studded rocks and driftwood of the shore, with the innumerable dark shell-bearing creatures which the outgoing tide leaves on the sand in lazy liquid

contemplation after their kind. A sense of oppression comes to the mind in considering these myrmidons; at least, as I walked along the beach and noticed the disintegration of empty shells on the one hand, and on the other the cumbrous and infinitely slow movements of the snails in the ooze, it seemed to me that the very sands underfoot, which now were receiving those remnants of outworn shell, might once have been instinct with life, and perhaps were on their way again to become vital habitations, through the unresting processes of protean nature.

In fine weather, by the sea, time wastes exquisitely, and purpose dies by a lovely euthanasy. Conscience bleaches white and clear of any imprint as to duty. You are hourly hoodwinked into the belief that there is now no task more pertinent to your interests than that of mentally recording the impressions gained of sea and sky, changing tints of the water, changing forms of the drifting cloud-craft. It is represented to the mind as a kind of industry to follow visually the sailing fortunes, tack-ing, and management of the willing ships as they go lightly over the bland deep (to me more often as though they were drawn mysteriously by a submerged magnet or invisible clue than otherwise propelled). When one's mood is of the utmost indolence, a special pleasure is derived from contemplating those smooth areas, glassy pools of the sea, which the fishermen call "wind-slicks" (due to some inequality of the wind in that quarter) or "fish-slicks" (attributed to an oily fluid emitted by the bluefish). These smooth intervals, it seemed to me, were to the eye as to the ear might be a passage of clear, dulcet melody introduced in some subtle and perplexing music.

Inland, it had been a cherished hope that the lake would vouchsafe a glimpse from Flimsy Land, — home of the atmospheric pictures science knows under the term *mirage*. Such fulfillment was

reserved for a still, hazily shining day on the Connecticut coast of Long Island Sound, when I was startled by the vision of a faint, far, palisaded shore lying along the southern horizon, while an ominous ship sailed the air (such as once, in a childish dream, had presented itself as *Argo navis*). However, it is not necessary for mirage to intervene, to produce fanciful effects in sea and sky. A little imagination is a valid substitute for the proper atmospheric conditions; and to half-shut, dream-touched eyes a drooping sail, mellowly lighted, going over the burnished sea may appear as the mantled figure of a gracious one walking the water. A bevy of sails on the horizon may present the roving St. Brandan and his white pinnacles, elusive to the desirous mariner. Certain distant, long, low strips of grassy land, extending into the Sound, for me habitually floated in ether, and might at any time have become dissociated from the solid land without provoking much novel wonder. A bank of yellow sand, uncovered by the receding tide and shimmering in the afternoon sun, is your poet's true Pactolian sands, — an easy prize, and such as will not awaken cupidity in the average saunterer of the shore. A rainbow spanning the waters, and resting its diaphanous base upon some wooded island, may indicate the position of more than its own proverbial pot of treasure; for, if local tradition can be trusted, there are few points of the Connecticut and Massachusetts coast where that immortal pirate of glittering Plutonian memory, Captain Kidd, has not concealed his rich plunder. Moreover, it was my fortune, on the coast near New London, to be shown a remnant of barnacle-and-weed-draped timbers romancingly known as "the Spanish wreck;" its destruction long antedating the memory of the living. Whether the good ship banked aught of value in the vaults of the sea is not recorded; but I do know that it was

thereabouts, on a memorable night of summer full moon, that such treasure fell from the sky as put out of comparison with it the wealth of sunken galleons. There are those who could be called to witness whether, from a long rock reaching pier-like into the dancing waters, we did not behold a continuous shower of golden coinage, the pieces of all sizes, disk and inscription in dark eclipse, and only the shining rim visible, — all quickly and smoothly slipping under the secretive wave. That the moon and the restless sea were parties in this act of jettison was evident, but more I do not know. Between these two there is so plainly an old alliance, in which the dumb, inert land has no share, that we scarcely need appeal to science for corroboration. Towards and within the resplendent path of the moon on the water there seems always an apparent centring or increase of agitation, an innumerable activity in the liquid element. Calm the night may be, yet the little waves from all the dark purlicues of the sea are running in thither, as though to gain the favor of the caressing light. This path and its mobile throng should stand as the visible poetic symbol of lunar attraction, — "moon-charmed waters all unrest" in very truth. Night after night the Endymion search still goes on, and watching eyes still follow the course of the pale wanderer through the heavens.

"She dies at the thinnest cloud; her loveliness

Is wan on Neptune's blue; yet there's a stress

Of love-spangles, just off yon cape of trees,
Dancing upon the waves, as if to please
The curly foam with amorous influence."

How shall I describe a certain effect which I once saw produced by the gentle art of the moon at her rising? I saw her distinctly, with silver shuttle plying, weave together the receding wave with that incoming, as though the woof and warp of the sea were in

her control, and combining their threads at her bidding.

But moonless, clear nights by the sea have an ingratiating and endearing influence all their own. Any large water retains the daylight to the last, so that darkness comes up but slowly in its neighborhood. The vault of heaven is deeper; the summer arch of the Milky Way makes a more triumphal span to the gazer on the beach, who has on one side the sculptured masses of the darkening land, and on the other the purplish, aerial vagueness of the water. Thereupon the evening star makes a faint pathway of light, and sends its love to the shore in broken gleams of the long, gently lapsing wave. All sounds, whether of land or sea, have been passed through a more ethereal medium. The hour is in league with divine, baffling half memories, regrets that come and go deprecatingly and will give no name, desires that project themselves in lines too indefinite for clear recognition; yet the contemplative peace of the soul is not marred through all.

Sometimes a wave from days and griefs outworn,

Estranged, upon the long-calmed heart is borne,

Flinging light surf that slowly ebbs away;
Not otherwise than when, in yonder bay,
(So still, so dim, star-fathomed here and there.)

A ripple comes as though it would prepare
The ever-patient, ever-listening shore
For some sea issue never felt before.
Yet dies the ripple on the sand's vague rim,
And once more, mystical, star-fathomed, dim,
Lies the great deep. Whence was that frustrate motion?

Lately a steamer to the outer ocean,—
No care of ours.—a ward of unknown fate,
Passed by in alien and in sombre state:
Scarcely we heard the throbbing of her wheel,—

Saw not the vitreous tumult round her keel;
Yet of her flight was this slow ripple born
That, with a laggard errantry forlorn,
And subtle rockings of the mirrored star,
Stirred to brief strife the waters of the bar.

Unbroken fair weather here, as else-

where, at last brings desire of change. So when signs of storm at sea increase, they produce a certain thrill of expectation in the shore-safe looker-on, such as the ignorant child might feel, hearing rumors of impending conflict between two hostile camps pitched in the neighborhood. Suggestive to me was the sea's appearance of being occupied in nursing its wrath, in brooding on ancient causes and wrongs unwreaked; now sullenly glooming, now lighted up with fitful, vindictive gleams, till at last the war-chariots went forth, driven by invisible genii of storm, and battle was universal, — entire against the stark shore, and internecine, wave against wave. Something I saw of the extraordinary autumnal tides of 1889, a singular feature of which was that, at the outset, while the shore waters were in stormy agitation, the distant sea remained in tranquil oblivion. From hour to hour and through several days this agitation increasing, gradually the whole perspective of ocean became tumultuous, until all the powers of Homer's great battle-piece seemed present.

"They all stood in the mids,

And brake contention to the hosts."

From far and continuously along the shore came the immense waves, each like the wing of an army closing in to present an impregnable front; or, in the grim twilight of the evening, each wave appeared a moving, sepulchral ridge roofing an interminable black passageway. While exulting with a kind of elemental joy in the mightiness of such erected, innmarching waters, the soul has yet a fantastic sense of losing to their cavernous hollows a hoard of precious things, hopes, aspirations, affections, — ingulfed and carried down by the wave, which is, finally, its own grave beneath a gray pallor of tumbling froth.

From our seaside experience should not be omitted the interregnum of Fog, — compromise between foul and fair weather (often with a suavity of touch

not surpassed by any fair weather). The sea, rarefied, etherealized, seems rising to enfold the land for its own. This dream has both its ivory and its horn gate: dense fog as though under the shadow of a cloud, and sunlighted fog with its luminous moving atoms. Actual vision shut off, fancy is liberated, and sets about furnishing the surrounding void with a huge and grotesque imagery, while sound, its source no longer visible, comes as a mythic herald of the unknown.

The blind sea shoreward rolls,
The blind stream seaward flows;
To the west the fog-bell tolls,
To the east the fog-horn blows.

Long moans the wave-swung bell,
"We cannot wake the morn."
"All, all will yet be well,"
From shore responds the horn.

Still with the mist they cope
In wandering peal and bout;
To the east faint voice of hope,
To the west faint voice of doubt.

These may the sailor thrill, —
They come not home to me;
But oh, the little bird's trill
In that near yet dim-seen tree!

In my hearing the sea always spoke freely of the wrecks it had made, sometimes arguing in extenuation its own helplessness, — being so at the mercy of its powerful adversary, wind. It did not conceal, as discreetly it might have concealed, the bleaching skeletons of many a ship. These, rapidly converted to the hue and favor of the sea, as is all that comes within its domain, looked like the blanched and desiccated ribs of leviathan. But I had a closer acquaintance with wrecks than a survey from land could offer, for I boarded a schooner that had run aground and been abandoned to the waves the year before. It was a calm sea, as in a small boat my friend and I approached that scene of old disaster, — a calm sea and a still day; yet something (was it the soul of the ship?) kept up a moan and shud-

der throughout her timbers. A futilely struggling consciousness seemed to speak from her. "Why come ye not and put me out of this misery?" was the import of the mysterious complainings heard in every slow breath of the sea lifting that poor shattered body. Add to this the clanking of a rusted chain depending from her side into the water, and a certain piteousness in the spectacle of a small boat at the stern, — alive itself, but bound vassal-like to the dead fortunes of its pathfinder. From our own small craft I disembarked into the wreck, my friend rowing away to a little distance. From the deck I went into the cabin. Many of the flooring planks having been torn away, there was disclosed the dark water treacherously undulating below. Sounds as of sobbings, and gurgling throat sounds as of life in the last throes, saluted my ear. Tales of kelpie and Klabotermann and other grisly visitants of the sea swarmed into my mind. I had no desire to be supercargo, with the chance of such a crew. Panic fear gained the ascendancy, and, hurrying on deck, I was very glad to drop into the little living dory that had come alongside at my cry for relief.

This fenceless way is one of white neutrality. Of the land, it is still not the land's, each grain of sand being in constant though slight defection. And though

"twice a day with its embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover,"

it is not the sea's; for though the sea may withdraw therefrom, yet is the sea adding thereto by the deposit of each incoming wave. The beach and the sea wall are true debatable land, and along some parts of the New England coast the contention for its supremacy is almost thrilling. Here the sea makes inroads, deepening the bend of a bay, and there the land keeps a balance by planting offshore shallow banks, — *terre incognita* at present, yet by and by to attain the dignity of islets and a

geographical christening. Where the reduction of the land goes on the most rapidly the beach sands present a tawny color than in other quarters, where, the sea and the land being at comparative truce, the sands have lain in bleach through a longer period. This tawny color is also characteristic of the lake beach, but nowhere by the seashore have I seen aught resembling the pretty pebbly strand of Erie.

This strip of debatable land has been touched by the rod of necromancy, so that every object, great or small, lying upon the smooth shore is of an haunting, inexplicable interest to the unfamiliar visitor. Here are strewn leaf, stem, and flower of uncouth sea plants: some of them like ironical tokens remotely allusive in form to vegetable growths of the land; some of a slender and beautiful arborescence, reddish or purple in color, and suggesting the vein system of living animal organisms; others like monstrous frills of leather, or portions of the cast coat of some marine pachyderm, and decidedly objectionable to the eye; all with like taste and smell, the one-flavored, one-scented vegetation of the sea's garden. At first we make collection of these things, either for their beauty or their grotesqueness; but I found that what had befallen the spoils of many a wood ramble was aggravatedly illustrated in the case of treasures wrested from the sea wave. They do not wait till removed from their native haunts to lose their attractiveness: no sooner has the hand of one of Tellus's children touched them than they begin to suffer unlovely diminution. The seashell may keep inland its old murmur, but it never looks the same as when just withdrawn from its fellowship with the water and the sands.

The sea beach has its characteristic markings. Here are the footprints of those birds whose abundant table is set along the edge of the surf. Far fewer traces of four-footed kind are noted than

on the Great Lake beaches, — for what creature quenches thirst in this bitter cup? Certain vermicular lines sometimes appear, where the dry and curling blades of eel-grass, blown by the wind, have executed a whimsical etching. Whether shaping the drift of sand or of snow, the action of the wind is much the same, for both substances often acquire the appearance of being ribbed, and the whiteness of sea sands may simulate the tint of old snowbanks.

As to the murmur of the seashell, I am reminded that a shell in my possession whispers equally of the ocean and of the overlooking pine grove whence it was withdrawn; for if the sea has its souvenirs of the land, the latter does not lack reciprocal tokens from the sea. The pine grove I have in my mind has its frequent scallop and oyster shell and crumbling armor of the crab, — all presumably brought thither and dropped by certain sea-fed birds.

They lightly judge who can discern but feud
Between the ancient Earth and elder Sea,
As waves resisted down the shingle flee.
Or chafing tides the wooded coasts denude.
Here where the high, breeze-winnowed floor is
strewn

With silent sheddings from the wave-loved
tree, —

The rugged pine, — lo, here breathes fealty,
And sacred world-old vows are still renewed.
Dear is the Sea's voice to this leaning wood;
And often will the Sea be hushed to hear
The chanting of the dark-stoled brother-
hood

Thanks-giving for the eaglet's timely food.
The fruitful mist that greens the upland sear
And bathes the wild rose with its furtive
tear.

Born and bred inland, one advances but slowly in the lore of continent-lapping waters, assaulted rock, and the companioning rugged groves that stand far out on the hurricane deck of the land (such, for instance, as the windy exposure of Cape Cod). To claim a familiar acquaintance were presumptuous; indeed, I found that any undue confidence of this sort was summarily checked by the *genii loci*.

The brief sojourner of a day
By sea, and high-browed shore, and wood,
Besought them: "If ye may,
Possess me with your native mood."

As, tarrying there, I dreamed or slept,
With will dissolved, of thought set free,
A voice from sea to forest swept, —
A voice that seemed unbound for me.

This voice, unclear but passing sweet,
Ere I awoke, had died away.
"O sovran sea, O woods, repeat
What ye but now did dimly say!"

"I nothing said," replied the Sea.
"I nothing said," soft sighed the Pine.
"I nothing said, — or naught to thee;
Thou art no confidant of mine!"

Edith M. Thomas.

THE LEGEND OF WILLIAM TELL.

SOME years ago the announcement went abroad that the familiar story of William Tell was not historically true; that such a person never existed, or, if he did, could never have played the rôle ascribed to him as founder of the Swiss Confederation. It was discovered that when the methods of research which Niebuhr had used with so much skill to elucidate the origin of Rome were applied also to the early days of the Confederation, the episode of William Tell became a fireside tale, a bit of folk-lore; valuable from a literary standpoint, but without historical significance. Unfortunately, he had long been regarded as a universal household friend, a prime favorite with the children, and one who appealed also to their elders as a singularly picturesque representative of Liberty striving successfully against Tyranny. He had, moreover, called forth the best powers of at least one great poet, Schiller, and one famous musician, Rossini, so that his claim seemed to the world established beyond question by the sanction of genius. It was natural, therefore, that this adverse report should be received with incredulity and indignation. At first people preferred to cling to their belief in William Tell, rather than to sacrifice another illusion of their childhood to the all-devouring, investigating spirit of the age; the more so because they knew little or nothing about

the history of Switzerland beyond this episode. But when the best authorities, one by one, declared themselves against the truth of the tradition, the conviction gradually gained ground that the old hero must be classified as a legendary personage.

There is no period in all history so generally misunderstood as that which marks the origin of the Swiss Confederation; partly on account of the scarcity of authentic contemporary documents, but principally on account of the false versions which unscrupulous chroniclers have handed down to us. In fact, so great is this want of records and so confusing are the traditions that the dawn of Swiss history is probably doomed to remain shrouded in a certain amount of obscurity. It is not my purpose in this article to follow the new school of native historians in their task of reconstructing this perplexing age, but rather to examine the version which they have been obliged to reject as un-historical.

The truth is, there always have been a certain number of objectors to the accuracy of the tradition which based Swiss liberty upon the shot of a skillful archer, but their words have made no lasting impression upon the public mind. As early as the beginning of the sixteenth century, Joachim von Watt, the reformer of St. Gall, better known

under his Latinized name Vadianus, had spoken of the subject in his Chronicle of the Abbots of the Monastery of St. Gall: "Of these three lands" (meaning the present cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden) "they tell strange things in regard to their age and origin. . . . I suspect that much is fabled, and some, again, may not be likened to the truth." In 1607, the writer François Guilliman, of Fribourg, who added some new details to the story of William Tell in his history *De Rebus Helvetiorum*, makes this surprising confession in a letter to a friend: "After having maturely pondered the matter, I consider the whole thing a mere fable, especially as I have not yet been able to discover a writer or chronicler, more than a century old, who mentions it. All this seems to have been invented to nourish hatred against Austria. The people of Uri are not agreed amongst themselves in regard to the place where William Tell lived; they can give no information in regard to his family or his descendants." Again, in 1754, Voltaire said in his *Annales de l'Empire*, "L'histoire de la pomme est bien suspecte;" and in his *Essai sur les Mœurs*, "Il semble qu'on ait cru devoir orner d'une fable le berceau de la liberté helvétique." A momentary sensation was created in 1760 by a pamphlet entitled *Der Wilhelm Tell*, Ein Dänisches Märchen, which was ordered publicly to be burned by the hangman of canton Uri, so bitter had the controversy become. The author was a certain Uriel Freudenberger, pastor at Ligerz, on the Lake of Bienna, and his attack elicited a sharp retort from Felix Balthazar, of Lucerne, a *Défense de Guillaume Tell*. Calm, however, was restored for a time by the authoritative declarations of two noted historians, Emmanuel von Haller and Johannes von Müller, in favor of the traditional hero, although Müller, like Guilliman, privately acknowledged to a friend that he had serious doubts of the truth of what he wrote. Even Schil-

ler, whose play appeared in 1804, was constrained to admit that in the tradition William Tell had really no part in founding the Confederation, and he was consequently obliged to resort to such expedients as his art suggested in order to make his hero the central figure of the struggle against Austria.

The subject finally came up again when Joseph Eutych Kopp submitted it to a thorough investigation by searching the records of the three cantons, and publishing his results in his *Urkunden zur Geschichte der Eidgenössischen Bünde* (1835-1857), his *Reichsgeschichte* (1845-1858), and his *Geschichtsblätter aus der Schweiz* 1853.

To understand the commotion produced in Switzerland by Kopp's *exposé*, we must try to imagine what would be the result in the United States if George Washington were suddenly declared to be a legendary character. Every one sided for or against the truth of the tradition; no one could remain neutral; but from that day to this the impression has gradually forced itself upon the minds of all who have looked into the question that Kopp was in the main right, and that, whatever modifications new discoveries may make necessary in the sweeping judgment which that historian pronounced, William Tell can never again be looked upon as the founder of the Swiss Confederation.

Our confidence in the accuracy of the tradition is first shaken by the fact that the great archer is not mentioned by a single writer of the period in which he is supposed to have lived, or even the faintest allusion made to him in the records of that day. To begin with, therefore, we are warranted in doubting his historical importance, if he could be so completely ignored by his contemporaries. The battle of Morgarten, in 1315, was the baptismal day of the young Confederation, but none of the chroniclers who describe this event and the incidents attending it have a word

to say of a William Tell, or of any one who could be mistaken for him. On the other hand, the whole tenor of these writings and of the documents of the period is opposed to the tradition. The impression we derive from them is that the Swiss gained their independence after a long-continued struggle, not by a sudden rising, and through the efforts of the whole people, not at the instigation of one man. In 1420, a Konrad Justinger, of Berne, in writing the annals of his native city, touched upon the origin of the Confederation, but even he says nothing about William Tell; nor does Felix Hemmerlein, of Zürich, writing upon the same subject in 1450.

In fact, it is not till about 1477, more than a century and a half after William Tell was supposed to have lived, that we can find any reference made to him. At that date an unknown poet brought out a ballad entitled *Song of the Origin of the Confederation*, in twenty-nine stanzas, nine of which seem from internal evidence to antedate 1474. The following translation of the four stanzas which bear upon the subject, the first to my knowledge which has appeared in English, has been made without any attempt at metrical correctness, the original being extremely rough and in dialect:—

“Now listen well, dear sirs,
How the league at first arose,
Nor let yourselves be wearied;
How one from his own son
An apple from the head
Had with his hands to shoot.

“The bailiff spake to William Tell:
‘Now look thee that thy skill fail not,
And hear my speech with care:
Hit thou it not at the first shot,
Forsooth it bodes thee little good,
And costeth thee thy life.’

“Then prayed he God both day and night
He might at first the apple hit;
It would provoke them much!
He had the luck, by the power of God,
That he with all his art
So skillfully could shoot.

“Hardly had he done the first shot,
An arrow did he put in his quiver:
‘Had I shot down my child,
I had it in my mind—
I tell thee for the honest truth—
I would have shot thee also.’”

Subsequent verses describe how an uproar ensues, in which Tell enumerates the evil deeds of the bailiffs. These are then expelled, and young and old unite in a loyal league. It will be noticed, however, that there is no mention of the name Gessler, of a hat set upon a pole, of the leap at the Tellsplatte, or of the murder of the bailiff at Küssnacht: these details appear in another version, dating from almost the same time.

Between 1467 and 1474, a notary at Sarnen, in the canton of Unterwalden, transcribed a number of traditions in the form of a chronicle into a collection of documents, known as *The White Book* on account of the color of its parchment binding. Here the story of William Tell is told as follows, in a style of archaic simplicity which is not without a certain charm of its own: “Now it happened one day that the bailiff, Gesler, went to Ure [canton of Uri], and took it into his head and put up a pole under the lime-tree in Ure, and set up a hat upon the pole, and had a servant near it, and made a command whoever passed by there he should bow before the hat, as though the lord were there; and he who did it not, him he would punish and cause to repent heavily, and the servant was to watch and tell of such an one. Now there was there an honest man called Thall; he had also sworn with Stoupacher and his fellows [a reference to a conspiracy previously described in *The White Book*]. Now he went rather often to and fro before it. The servant who watched by the hat accused him to the lord. The lord went and had Tall sent, and asked him why he was not obedient to his bidding, and do as he was bidden. Tall spake: ‘It happened without malice, for I did not know that it would vex your

Grace so highly; for were I witty, then were I called something else, and not the Tall' [the Fool, a pun upon his name¹]. Now Tall was a good archer; he had also pretty children. These the lord sent for, and forced Tall with his servants that Tall must shoot an apple from the head of one of his children; for the lord set the apple upon the child's head. Now Tall saw well that he was mastered, and took an arrow and put it into his quiver; the other arrow he took in his hand, and stretched his crossbow, and prayed God that he might save his child, and shot the apple from the child's head. The lord liked this well, and asked him what he meant by it [that he had put an arrow in his quiver]. He answered him, and would gladly have said no more [an obscure passage; the original is *hett es gern jm besten ver Rett*]. The lord would not leave off; he wanted to know what he meant by it. Tall feared the lord, and was afraid he would kill him. The lord understood his fear and spake: 'Tell me the truth; I will make thy life safe, and not kill thee.' Then spake Tall: 'Since you have promised me, I will tell you the truth, and it is true: had the shot failed me, so that I had shot my child, I had shot the arrow into you or one of your men.' Then spake the lord: 'Since now this is so, it is true I have promised thee not to kill thee;' and had him bound, and said he would put him into a place where he would never more see sun or moon." The account goes on to describe how Tall, in being taken down the lake in a boat, makes his escape at the Tellsplatte, and later shoots Gessler in the Hohle Gasse at Küssnacht; but he is not mentioned as taking part in the league afterwards made; much less does he figure as the founder of the Confederation.

Now the question arises, How can we account for the sudden appearance of William Tell, both in the Song of the

¹ Root *dalen*, to act childishly.

Origin of the Confederation and in The White Book of Sarnen, after the writers of a century and a half had passed him over in complete silence?

As regards the simple story of the shot, apart altogether from its historical application, there can be no doubt now, after the investigations which have been made in all directions, that we have to do here with a widespread household myth, belonging equally to many branches of the Germanic family, but preserved with special tenacity in the retired and conservative valley of Uri. The same legend occurs in various parts of northern and central Europe, in Iceland, Norway, Denmark, Holstein, on the Middle Rhine, and with another motive in the English ballad of William of Cloudesly. There is always a skillful archer who is punished by being made to shoot an object from his child's head, and who in almost every case reserves an arrow with which to slay the tyrant in case of failure. The names of the men and places and the local coloring of course vary in the different versions, but the structure of the story remains the same in all. The one which bears probably the greatest resemblance to that of William Tell is to be found in a Danish history, *Gesta Danorum*, written by Saxo, surnamed Grammaticus, in the twelfth century. Here the anecdote is told of one Toko, or Toki, and King Harald Bluetooth (936-986). Making due allowance for the great difference between the style of this work, which is in pompous Latin, and the rude and fresh dialect of The White Book of Sarnen, the resemblance is certainly very striking.

Says Saxo Grammaticus: "Nor ought what follows to be enveloped in silence. Toko, who had for some time been in the king's service, had by his deeds, surpassing those of his comrades, made enemies of his virtues. One day, when he had drunk too much, he boasted to those who sat at table with him that his skill in archery was such that with the first

shot of an arrow he could hit the smallest apple set on the top of a stick at a considerable distance. His detractors, hearing this, lost no time in conveying what he had said to the king. But the wickedness of this monarch soon transformed the confidence of the father to the jeopardy of the son; for he ordered the dearest pledge of his life to stand in place of the stick, from whom if the utterer of the boast did not at his first shot strike down the apple, he should with his head pay the penalty of having made an idle boast. The command of the king urged the soldier to do this, which was so much more than he had undertaken, the detracting artifices of the others having taken advantage of words spoken when he was hardly sober. As soon as the boy was led forward, Toko carefully admonished him to receive the whirl of the arrow as calmly as possible, with attentive ears, and without moving his head, lest by a slight motion of the body he should frustrate the experience of his well-tried skill. He also made him stand with his back towards him, lest he should be frightened at the sight of the arrow. Then he drew three arrows from his quiver, and the very first he shot struck the proposed mark. Toko being asked by the king why he had so many more arrows out of his quiver, when he was to make but one trial with his bow, 'That I might avenge on thee,' he replied, 'the error of the first by the points of the others, lest my innocence might happen to be afflicted and thy injustice go unpunished.'"¹ Afterwards, during a rebellion of the Danes against Harald, Toko slays him with an arrow in a forest.

Observe, also, the truly remarkable likeness of the old English ballad of William of Cloudesly to the Song of the Origin of the Confederation, both as regards sense and style. I quote a few of the more striking verses only, in

order not to weary the reader with continual repetitions:—

" 'I haue a sonne is seuen yere olde;
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a stake,
All shall se that be here;

" 'And lay an apple vpon hys head,
And go syxe score paces hym fro,
And I my selfe, with a brode arow,
Shall cleue the apple in two.'

" 'And bound therto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stande styll therat,
And turned the childes face fro him,
Because he shuld not sterte.

" Thus Clowdesle clefte the apple in two,
That many a man it se;
'Ouer goddes forbode,' sayd the kynge,
'That thou sholdest shote at me!'"²

Two explanations are possible in view of this similarity: either the author of the ballad of Tell and the notary of Sarnen copied the account of Saxo Grammaticus, written three centuries before, at the same time making them conform to Swiss surroundings, or the Danish and Swiss writers simply put down a legend current amongst their own people, derived from some common, older source, from which proceeded also the Icelandic, Norwegian, and other versions. This latter solution seems to me preferable. Northern Switzerland was invaded by the German tribe of the Alamanni at the fall of the Roman Empire, and the present cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden were colonized by them somewhat later. William Tell is probably the Alamannian counterpart of Toko the Dane. Moreover, both the ballad and *The White Book* reveal the ring of genuine folk-lore; they do not betray the touch of the copyist; so that we need not necessarily question the good faith of the authors who wrote them down. But whatever explanation be accepted, it is now established that William Tell is no more exclusively Swiss than he is Icelandic.

¹ Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*.

² Child's *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Part V. p. 29.

If, now, we examine the different parts of the legend itself, to see if we cannot establish its historical value from internal evidence, we find our task still more discouraging. All the arguments put forward by the partisans of Tell have been found to fail upon closer scrutiny.

Sertainly it is not unreasonable to suppose that if the great archer had once lived in the forest cantons his name would be found in some of the ancient records, but the most minute search in the archives of the three cantons has failed to show that such a man as Thall, Tall, or William Tell ever existed. In the midst of the controversy upon this question which broke out at the end of the last century, a Johann Imhof, vicar of Schaddorf, a village adjoining Bürglen, the traditional birthplace of Tell, searched diligently for proofs of his existence. He announced that he had discovered the name in two places: in the burial register (*Jahrzeitbuch*) of his own parish, and again in the parsonage book (*Pfarrbuch*) of the neighboring village of Attinghausen. Investigation has revealed that, of these two entries, one had been wrongly read, the other had been tampered with. In the first case *de Tello* was really *de Trullo*, and in the second *Täll*, originally *Näll*. Imhof also cited documents, as well as Balthazar in his *Défense de Guillaume Tell*; but upon examination these supposed proofs failed utterly, and only harmed the cause they were intended to sustain. They consist of quotations from well-known chronicles, which date from a time when the tradition was already fully developed, or of documents bearing the strongest internal evidence of forgery.

Nor can the pilgrimages which are held in his memory, the Tell's Chapels or other local features which are shown to travelers at Altdorf and Bürglen, be regarded as testifying to his existence, since, like the chronicles, they either

date from a time when the tradition was fully developed, or have been found to be connected with altogether different circumstances. The famous chapel on the Lake of Lucerne seems to have been originally designed for the use of fishermen; the one at the Hohle Gasse, near Küssnacht, is first mentioned in 1570, and the one at Bürglen in 1582, long after the chroniclers had fixed the legend upon the hearts and minds of the people.

The supposed site of the William Tell episode at Altdorf is in the centre of the village, not far from the market-place. Here you will come upon an heroic statue of the archer — alas, in plaster! It was made for the Federal *Schützenfest*, held in Zürich in 1857, and presented afterwards to Altdorf. Tell stands in the act of hurling defiance at the bailiff, and the appropriate verse from Schiller's play is engraved upon the pedestal. On the whole, the pose is not bad, but unfortunately the good fellow looks squatly; his breadth is evidently too great for his height, although I ceased to wonder at this disproportion when I was told that he had to be painted over annually in order to keep the plaster from crumbling; with every coat of paint he grows stouter, and old citizens, who remember him in his slim youth, dismayed at seeing him thus swell before their eyes, have determined to dismiss him altogether, and have a grand marble statue once for all.

From this spot Tell is reported to have shot the arrow, while his little son stood just beyond, under an ancient lime-tree. This tree, having withered and died, was cut down in 1569 by a certain Besler, magistrate of the village (*Dorfvogt*), and a fountain erected in its stead, which now stands there surmounted by a rude statue of Besler himself. As a matter of fact, the lime-tree is historical, for we know that assizes were held under it, and sentences signed as having been pronounced "under the lime-

tree at Altdorf;" but of course all this does not bear upon the truth or falsity of the Tell tradition, since chroniclers, if they chose to adorn their tale, would naturally select genuine local features.

Near by rises a tower, at one time pronounced to be over the place where the boy stood, but now known to be much older than the period in which William Tell is said to have lived; that is, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. It was probably the seat of a mayor who collected tithes for the abbey of nuns (*Fraumünster*) in Zürich, to which institution the greater part of the present canton of Uri at one time belonged. As for the tower itself, although it has been ridiculously modernized by the addition of a strange combination of roof and green blinds, it is a simple, square structure, like the towers which still stand in the neighboring villages of Bürglen and Silenen, and like the famous Zwing Uri, the ruins of which may be seen near Amsteg, at the entrance of the Maderaner Thal. The sides are adorned with two frescoes: one almost effaced, but betraying signs of good workmanship; the other well preserved, and representing various scenes in the legend. Nothing more atrocious in the way of design or grotesque in conception than the latter can very well be imagined; for the style, if indeed it can be said to have any, is a sort of exaggerated late Renaissance, — very exaggerated and very late, — the work, doubtless, of some strolling Italian house-painter. Even that highly picturesque incident, the setting of a hat upon a pole, a feature peculiar to the Swiss version of the legend, so far as is known, is susceptible of a perfectly natural historical explanation. The historian Meyer von Knonau, noticing that a hat figures in his own family coat of arms, and in those of many other families whose name is Meyer, has come to the conclusion that the setting up of the mayor's hat was a regular custom at the Altdorf assizes,

and that what is represented in the legend as the whim of a tyrant was in reality a well-established official procedure. Like the statue of Tell in Altdorf, all the so-called facts in support of the legend crumble at the touch of strict inquiry, and are in need of continual repainting if they are to hold together at all.

Not to protract this argument to tedious length, I will merely cite one more proof of the flimsiness of the structure upon which the whole story rests. We now know that the rôle ascribed to the bailiff Gessler is an historical impossibility. The history of the Gessler family has been written by an untiring investigator, Rochholz, who has brought together from every conceivable source the documents which bear upon the subject. From his investigations it results that no member of that family is mentioned as holding any office whatsoever in the three cantons, or as being murdered by a man Thall, Tall, or William Tell. It is contrary to all contemporary documents to suppose that an Austrian bailiff ruled over Uri after 1231, or that such a one would have owned the castle of Küssnacht, the history of which property has been carefully traced, and which was in the hands of its true owners, the knights of Küssinach, at the time when Gessler is reported to have made it his residence.

The fact is that in Gessler we are confronted by a curious case of confusion in identity. At least three totally different men seem to have been blended into one in the course of an attempt to reconcile the different versions of the three cantons. Felix Hemmerlein, of Zürich, in 1450 tells of a Habsburg governor living on the little island of Schwannau, in the Lake of Lowerz, who seduced a maid of Schwyz and was killed by her brothers. Then there was another person, strictly historical, Knight Eppo of Küssinach (Küssnacht), who, while acting as bailiff for the dukes of Austria,

put down two revolts of the inhabitants in his district, one in 1284 and another in 1302. Finally there was the tyrant bailiff mentioned in the ballad of Tell, whom, by the way, a chronicler writing 510 calls, not Gessler, but a Count Hedworf. These three persons were combined, and the result was named Gessler.

To trace the legend to a mythical source and to reveal its inconsistencies is simple enough, but to explain the historical application which has been made of it is quite another matter. If William Tell is the hero of a widespread Germanic myth, how came he to be connected with the history of Switzerland at all? Why has not tradition handed down as founder of the Confederation one of those active patriots who are known to have lived and labored for Swiss freedom, — men like Stoupacher (Stauffacher) of Schwyz, or Attinghausen of Uri? Here lies the main difficulty; but an explanation even of this is at hand, which on the whole satisfies the peculiar conditions of the problem. Generally speaking, pure historical analysis is not entertaining reading, though it is apt to be instructive; but this question of William Tell not only throws a great deal of light upon the extraordinary methods of mediæval writers, but also contains elements that may, without exaggeration, be termed diverting, inasmuch as it resolves itself into a sort of political hoax played by the venerable patriots of Uri upon their unsuspecting contemporaries, centuries ago, and then transmitted to us to be unraveled and exposed.

When the Song and The White Book appeared at the end of the fifteenth century, the Swiss Confederates stood at the very apex of their military glory, having just completed a series of great victories by defeating in three pitched battles the richest prince in Europe, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, who, according to the old rhyme, lost

“Bei Grandson das Gut,
Bei Murten den Mut,
Bei Nancy das Blut.”

Filled with a spirit of patriotic exaltation, they turned to magnify their national origin, as is the wont of all nations when they rise to importance. But each of the three districts which had united to form the nucleus of the Confederation, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, tried to secure for itself as much credit as possible in the founding of it, thus giving rise to a variety of versions. Schwyz supplied the story of a certain genuinely historical personage, Stoupacher; Unterwalden, that of a youth designated as living in the Melchi, near Sarnen, and arbitrarily named Melchthal by later writers; and Uri attempted to turn to political account a legendary William Tell, an old favorite amongst the people of that district. The notary of Sarnen collected these stories, and did his best to give each of the three lands an equal share in the founding of the Confederation. In time the mythical hero distanced his rivals in popular favor, perhaps for the very reason that he was mythical and his family unknown in those parts, a sort of “dark horse” upon whom the jealous claimants could unite.

As subsequent historians based their accounts almost exclusively upon The White Book of Sarnen, it is not necessary to examine their work in detail. Suffice it to say that they did not hesitate to supply the persons with names and the events with dates wherever these were needed, although this was done so carelessly that the greatest discrepancies arose, and discredit was cast even upon that which was really historical. The traditions found their best exponent in Giles (Ægidius) Tschudi, of Glarus, from whom Schiller in turn derived most of the material for his play. But the Swiss chroniclers need not have resorted to legends of doubtful origin in order to invest the rise of their Confederation with the interest it ought always to have

commanded. In attempting this they rather obscured than displayed the qualities which make their ancestors worthy of our admiration, and pressed into the background those features of Swiss history which best deserve to be studied. The impression we derive from the perusal of the documents is nobler, more natural, and more instructive than that which the cycle of legends can give us. The chroniclers would have us believe that the sacred flame of liberty was kindled by the whim of a petty tyrant, the liberation of the people effected by murder; they would make the origin of the oldest federal republic in existence, the most stable of modern states, dependent upon a trick, upon the chances of an arrow in its flight, when in reality it is based upon the eternal laws of the brotherhood of man; they would represent as fortuitous, abnormal, and sudden what was eminently deliberate, lawful,

and long drawn through centuries of strife and struggle. Although it is not within the scope of this article to treat of the real rise of the Swiss Confederation, as reconstructed by modern historians, still it may be said here that thing could have been more heroic, the ceaseless struggle waged by the early patriots of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden against the encroachments of the house of Habsburg-Austria, or more admirable than the patient wisdom with which they finally won their independence. History has recorded no words in which childlike faith in the justice of a cause and prophetic insight into its inevitable triumph have been better expressed than in the closing sentence of the league concluded in 1291 by these three Forest States: "The above written statutes, decreed for the common weal and health, are to endure forever, God willing."

W. D. McCrackan.

THE BIRD OF AUTUMN.

TO —.

LATE bird who singest now alone,
When woods are silent, and the sea
Breathes heavily and makes a moan,
Faint prescience of woe to be,—
A sweetness hovers in thy voice
Spring knows not; autumn is thy choice.

Dear bird, what tender song is thine!
Born out of loss and nursed in storm;
A messenger of grace divine
Enfolded in thy feathery form.
So com'st thou, darling, with the close
Of summer, lovelier than her rose.

Annie Fields.

ROBERT MORRIS.

"WHEN future ages celebrate the names of Washington and Franklin, they will add that of Morris." These are the words of David Ramsay, the worthy biographer of Washington and historian of the Revolution; and writing in 1790, he stated a comparative estimate of these men widely prevalent at that time. But his prediction is as yet far from fulfillment. In these days of centennial celebrations the names of Washington and Franklin are on nearly every tongue; and within a few years they have been the subjects of several noteworthy biographies, and of numerous sketches, criticisms, and reviews. Yet seldom is the name of Robert Morris associated prominently with theirs. Concerning him during the whole century not a dozen papers have been published, and not a single biography of the first class. Was Morris, then, overestimated by his contemporaries? Or is the obscurity that surrounds his name to be ascribed to the prejudice and shortsightedness of historians? Whatever the reason, a character so pure and magnanimous, and a career so varied and active yet so pathetic, should not remain unknown and unappreciated by the American people.

In the early life of Robert Morris two facts stand out in relief, his foreign birth and his honest, sturdy self-help. To their influence, doubtless, was due much of that independence, boldness, and robustness which marked his maturity. He was born in Liverpool in 1734, and came to America at the age of thirteen. Left an orphan soon after, with but little property, he resolved to give up his studies, and to obtain remunerative employment; and naturally his course was largely determined by what had been the occupation and associations of his father. The latter had been

a merchant for many years in Liverpool, England, and for a short time prior to his death at Oxford, Maryland. The same calling was now chosen by the son, and under very favorable auspices. He changed his residence to Philadelphia, the thriving metropolis of the colonies, and obtained a position in the counting-house of Charles Willing, the proprietor of a large and well-established mercantile business. Evidently this opportunity was fully improved; for in 1754, at the death of Charles Willing, his son, Thomas Willing, took Morris into partnership, though the latter was but twenty years of age.

The firm of Willing and Morris enjoyed great prosperity, constantly gaining in the confidence of the public and in the extension of its trade. At the approach of the Revolution it had become the largest importing house on the continent. From a commercial standpoint, therefore, it viewed with deep concern the gradual alienation of the colonies from Great Britain, involving as it did a corresponding diminution in the import trade. Yet both Willing and Morris preferred patriotism to self-interest. They promptly signed the non-importation agreement in 1765, and readily joined other temperate measures against unwarranted aggression. But to all violent or revolutionary movements they were uniformly and firmly opposed. Throughout the exciting events and fierce contests that preceded and finally precipitated the Revolution they were found on the side of the moderate or conservative party, which, led by John Dickinson, advocated constitutional resistance, in opposition to violent separation, as a means of maintaining the rights of America.

This course ran directly counter to the Declaration of Independence. When

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that measure was moved in the Continental Congress, Morris was present as a representative of Pennsylvania, having a few months before entered public life for the first time at the urgent solicitation of his friends and fellow-citizens. From first to last he strenuously opposed the motion, believing with Dickinson and many other able and patriotic members that it was both premature and impolitic. In reference to his attitude he wrote thus to Joseph Reed: "I have uniformly voted against and opposed the Declaration of Independence, because in my poor opinion it was an improper time, and will neither promote the interest nor redound to the honor of America; for it has caused division when we wanted union, and will be ascribed to very different principles than those which ought to give rise to such an important measure."

Morris's position must be conceded to have been taken with much reason and with thorough consistency. Throughout the early stages of the controversy with Great Britain unanimity had marked the general plans and action of the colonies. It was not until the scheme of absolute separation was broached that discord arose; and the more the idea was promoted the greater became the breach. Moreover, to aim at independence was inconsistent with the professions, all along reiterated and emphasized, of attachment and loyalty to the mother country. The aim would belie these professions. From the conservative standpoint, it would cast dishonor on both cause and people. Complaint would merge in treason, and patriots would turn rebels.

Yet the conservative position has not been fairly treated by historians. For their caution and consistency, Dickinson, Morris, and their party have been called cowards and time-servers; and for their devotion to principle they have suffered obscurity. But radicalism having finally triumphed in the Declaration

of Independence, its adherents have ever received unmeasured praise.

Nor were the conservatives more fortunate at the hands of their contemporaries. Their cause was not popular. Nearly all those members of Congress who had espoused it suffered defeat in the ensuing election. Dickinson, Allen, Willing, and Humphreys were all relegated to private life. Indeed, Robert Morris was the only delegate from Pennsylvania opposed to the Declaration of Independence who was returned to the next Congress; and apparently to no one was this a greater surprise than to himself. "I did expect," he wrote to Joseph Reed, "my conduct on this great question would have procured my dismissal from the great Council; . . . and although my interest and inclination prompt me to decline the service, yet . . . it is the duty of every individual to act his part in whatever station his country may call him to, in hours of difficulty, danger, and distress. . . . The individual who declines the service of his country because its councils are not conformable to his ideas makes but a bad subject; a good one will follow, if he cannot lead."

It was doubtless largely due to this reasonable, disinterested spirit that Morris was thus excepted from the popular displeasure. He possessed throughout the contest the good will even of his opponents. "I will tell you what I think of him," replied John Adams to an inquiry made by General Gates at this time concerning Morris. "I think he has a masterly understanding, an open temper, and an honest heart."

In Congress these qualities gained him great favor and confidence. His vigorous intellect and uncommon business experience were speedily recognized and widely employed. He had barely entered Congress when he was made chairman of the Secret Committee, a position at that time demanding the highest integrity and abilities; for to this commit-

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as entrusted the power of expending the public money at its discretion in supporting the Continental forces. He was placed on the early committees charged with providing a navy. But his talent and experience were suited rather to finance and commerce, and it was in these departments that he became particularly useful. In April, 1776, he was specially commissioned to negotiate bills of exchange, and otherwise to obtain money for the emergency; and in March, 1777, he was placed upon the Committee on Commerce, the successor to the Secret Committee already mentioned.

So varied, valuable, and patriotic were Morris's services in finance that Washington himself soon began to look to him when all other help failed. In December, 1776, when, at the approach of Cornwallis, Morris was left as chairman of a committee in charge of Philadelphia, — Congress having fled to Baltimore, — he received a letter from Washington, then at Trenton, entreating him immediately to send money, that the army might be kept together. The response is graphically described by Bancroft: "On New Year's morning Robert Morris went from house to house in Philadelphia, rousing people from their beds to borrow money of them; and early in the day he sent Washington fifty thousand dollars, with the message, 'Whatever I can do shall be done for the good of the service; if further occasional supplies of money are necessary, you may depend upon my exertions, either in a public or private capacity.'" Washington did repeatedly depend on Morris's exertions, and seldom, if ever, in vain; and the gratitude and respect which they inspired begat a lifelong friendship.

Congress was quick to recognize and appreciate the spirit and abilities thus displayed. It desired also to honor them. When, in the fall of 1777, John Hancock was obliged, from illness, to

resign the presidency of Congress, Robert Morris was urged to accept the position. It was the highest civil office in the United States, but it did not entice him from the course he was pursuing. He was still a member of the great commercial house of Willing and Morris, now the agents of the government in furnishing military and naval supplies; and what time he could take from his engrossing business was already fully and usefully occupied in the service of his country.

He could well be spared as a presiding officer; for he was becoming indispensable in another capacity. Both in and out of Congress his abilities and energies were taxed to the utmost in providing for the destitute army; at one time he was conferring with Washington in camp, at another devising plans in the Committee on Finance, and at another founding in Philadelphia the Bank of Pennsylvania, and himself subscribing fifty thousand dollars for its objects. To estimate the number or value of his services at this time would be a difficult though worthy task. They were fully appreciated by his associates; and when, in the spring of 1781, Congress, with a view of reforming the Continental finances, instituted a superintendency of finance, it unanimously selected Robert Morris for the position.

The appointment was regarded with much favor by the leading patriots. Franklin, from Paris, expressed his "great pleasure" at the selection. "From your intelligence, integrity, and abilities, there is reason to hope every advantage that the public can possibly receive from such an office." "It is by introducing order into our finances," Hamilton wrote to Morris, "by restoring public credit, not by gaining battles, that we are finally to gain our object. . . . You are the man best capable of performing this great work." Equally cordial were Washington's congratulations: "I felt a most sensible pleasure

when I heard of your acceptance of the late appointment of Congress to regulate the finances of this country."

The choice also met general approval. In fact, it marked the culmination of Morris's popularity. The admiration and respect felt for his long and honorable career as a merchant had been enhanced by his disinterested, incessant, and efficient exertions as a patriot. They were further strengthened by his attractiveness as a man. He possessed a tall and massive person, an open countenance, and engaging yet dignified manners. Genial, frank, and generous, he attached friends and conciliated opponents. Few public characters of the time revealed so much to charm and so little to repel.

It was in the home and in society that these qualities appeared to the best advantage; and here, fortunately, they were supplemented by the virtues and accomplishments of his wife. In 1769, at the age of thirty-five, he had married Mary White, sister of William White, who became the second bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. She was then in her twentieth year, a belle in Philadelphia society; and her beauty was celebrated, after the manner of the day, by Colonel Shippen, in his *Lines* written in an Assembly Room. Her excellent training and her social career well prepared her to preside over the luxurious home of Robert Morris. Possessing wealth corresponding to his success in business, he maintained a style of living surpassed by none; and in such surroundings his wife's grace and dignity found a fit setting. Elegant, easy, and refined, she deserved to be what she now became,—the first lady in Philadelphia.

Shortly after his marriage, Morris purchased a tract of about eighty acres in one of the most beautiful situations in the vicinity of the city. Bordering on the Schuylkill where its banks were high and wooded, it commanded varied

and delightful scenery, while in inclusion it had the aspect of a retreat. This estate he improved and adorned at great pains and expense. He laid it out in walks, drives, groves; and on an eminence he erected a commodious house with broad piazzas overlooking the river. This was his favorite summer residence, and was called *The Hills*. It formed a delightful refuge from the toil and turmoil of the neighboring city. Here he could have, as Mrs. Morris wrote to a friend, "the enjoyment of all that's beautiful to the eye and grateful to the taste."

More imposing and elegant than *The Hills*, though less inviting and restful, was his city mansion, the scene of the greater part of his generous hospitality. Notwithstanding his intense activity in business, he found time to perform those many social duties involved in his prominence as a public man. He kept his house open, both to his fellow-citizens and to strangers, with a cordiality and a liberality as constant as they were unaffected. Thus, after the alliance with France, he entertained several Frenchmen of distinction, notably the Chevalier Chastellux and the Prince de Broglie, each of whom has left a racy account of his reception. For many years this house was the centre of social life in Philadelphia.

The extent to which Morris did the honors of the city may be inferred from the part that he took in entertaining Washington and Rochambeau when, in 1781, they passed through Philadelphia with the allied armies on the way to Yorktown. Morris himself describes the incident in his *Diary*, under date of August 30: "Went out to meet his Excellency General Washington, who arrived in this city about one o'clock, amidst the universal acclamations of the citizens, who displayed every mark of joy on the occasion. His Excellency alighted at the City Tavern, received the compliments of many gentlemen who went out

escort him, and of others who came to pay him their respects, and adjourned to my house with his Count de Rochambeau, the Chevalier Chastellux, General Knox, General Mifflin, and others, to dinner." Such public services, the more valuable because few were either able or disposed to undertake them, were frequently and heartily performed by Morris, and that with great honor to his city and his country. They made him the more acceptable as superintendent of finance, since it became evident that he would fully maintain the dignity of the position.

It was not so great a task to uphold the dignity as it was to meet the difficulties of this office. For its institution there had been no precedent in American finance; so there was none for its management. It had come into existence by force of circumstance, and was subject to the same influence in the formation of its policy and conduct.

The great gain effected by the establishment of a superintendency of finance lay in the fact that it fixed responsibility. Before, during the Revolution, the finances of the general government had been managed by a committee appointed and supervised by Congress, with the result of great disorder and confusion. Such a result had early been foreseen by Morris. Writing to the Committee of Secret Correspondence in 1776, he had said, "If the Congress mean to succeed in the contest, they must pay good executive men to do their business as it ought to be, and not lavish millions away by their own mismanagement." Now, after four years of costly experience, Congress followed his advice. The unwieldy committee was superseded by a single responsible superintendent. But the evil consequences of the old system and practice were not so easily eliminated. They persisted, to the constant annoyance of the new régime.

The worst of these consequences were

those which resulted from the repeated infatuated efforts of Congress to pay the cost of government and war by bare promises. Such expenses should have been met by a resolute draft upon the resources of the country through taxation; but to this method there were serious obstacles. Taxation in any form was obnoxious. To be sure, in the several colonies, it had been tolerated as indispensable to the support of civil government, but it had been kept jealously and exclusively in the control of the people, who, for general purposes, had usually delegated the power of laying taxes to their immediate representatives, the popular branches of their several legislatures; and they were not willing now to extend and entrust that power to Congress, — a body in which they had only indirect representation, and over which they possessed but limited control. Though the advantage and even necessity of an interstate union were generally acknowledged, a large portion of the people regarded with some suspicion the government by Congress which embodied that union. It seemed inimical to the state governments, for it took to itself many powers formerly exercised by them. It was a creature of circumstance, an outcome of revolution, self-constituted, not popularly chosen, with powers suggested by necessity rather than defined by law. Yet distrusted and crippled as it was, Congress was expected to support the Continental armies, and it could not decline the task for lack of power or repute. Those armies were in the field. Foreign invaders were at hand. Money must be had, at whatever cost, by whatever means; and it was provided in a manner that was certainly expeditious and not without precedent. It was made out of paper.

In the colonies, as early as 1690, bills of credit had been issued to meet a sudden and urgent demand for money. Soon their circulation was attended by

depreciation, fluctuation, speculation, and other concomitants of an unstable currency; but they relieved the immediate stress, and were ultimately redeemed. The people therefore overlooked or forgot the intervening losses and disturbances; and when, subsequently, like emergencies arose, they resorted to the same expedients, though invariably with similar consequences.

It would seem that by 1775 these repeated uniform experiences must have disclosed the folly of issuing paper money without securing its credit. Yet in that year, either ignoring the teaching of the past or yielding to the imperative need of money, Congress adopted the old baneful policy. It issued two millions of dollars in Continental bills of credit, and pledged for their redemption, not the gold or other commodities, but merely the good faith, of the colonies.

At first the precariousness of this security caused but little anxiety, so great were the confidence and enthusiasm of the people. The bills were freely accepted for their face value, and were quickly expended in maintaining the war. No evil results yet appearing, and the same emergencies recurring, fresh issues were repeatedly made. The war would soon close, it was believed, and the unlimited resources of the country would quickly redeem its promises. *Facilis est descensus Averni*. By 1781 the issues of this Continental paper exceeded the enormous sum of three hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

In America, never had the craze for paper money gone so far, and never were its consequences so calamitous. Two years more of war were followed by no prospect of peace; the enthusiasm of the people began to cool, and immediately the mountain of public credit was trembling. The Continental money steadily depreciated in value, and national bankruptcy was imminent. In alarm, Congress took measures to revive confidence and fortify credit. It endeavored to

raise money first by popular loans, then strange to say, by a lottery, and finally by taxation, but without much success. Having lost faith, the people had no more money they had, in preference to loaning it to such a government or regarding it in a lottery; and to taxation they were never less inclined to submit. Nothing availed to stay the falling credit. By the spring of 1781 the Continental bills had depreciated to one five hundredth of their nominal value; in May of that year they ceased to circulate.

Unfortunately, it was not public credit alone that suffered loss; there was depreciation of public virtue and private character. Speculation prevailed to an unprecedented extent, carrying with it many forms of luxury, extravagance, and vice; while suffering reduced the Continental armies and misery filled the hearts of the poor.

Such was the climax of gloom and disaster to which the colonies had come when, in the spring of 1781, Robert Morris was chosen superintendent of finance. To him all eyes anxiously turned for relief. Surely throughout the Revolutionary War no service more puzzling or more harassing was asked of any patriot, Washington himself not excepted. No one so well as Morris appreciated its perplexities and difficulties; and, considering the variety and importance of his relations in business and society, no one could less afford to undertake it. Yet his response was characteristic: "In accepting the office bestowed on me, I sacrifice much of my interest, my ease, my domestic enjoyments, and internal tranquillity. If I know my own heart, I make these sacrifices with a disinterested view to the service of my country. I am ready to go further, and the United States may command everything I have except my integrity."

If the spirit thus exhibited deserved the confidence with which he was regarded, so also did the intelligence and

with which he comprehended and met his new duties. As he wrote to General Schuyler, he imputed the impending ruin to "a want of system and economy in spending and vigor in raising the public moneys." To supply this want, therefore, he now bent all his energies. Through his intimate acquaintance with the details of business, he readily detected many abuses that had crept into the management of the finances during the recent reign of disorder and irresponsibility. He was also prompt and resolute in correcting them. Before becoming superintendent he had exacted from Congress the exclusive power to appoint and dismiss all officers employed in his service, and he now used his authority with unsparing hand for the introduction of vigor and economy. In a single day he discharged one hundred and forty-six supernumerary officers.

On the other hand, he called to his aid men of acknowledged talent and fidelity, placing at their head his intimate friend, the brilliant Gouverneur Morris. Through them he extended scrutiny and order to every branch of public expenditure. In particular, he introduced the system of supplying the army by contract, and discarded, so far as possible, the wasteful, haphazard means formerly in vogue. In short, as Continental financier he showed that zeal and frugality by which he had succeeded as a private merchant.

This watchfulness over the public outlay was the more necessary from the meagreness of the public income. The Continental bills of credit, by which, mainly, the war had been prosecuted, had lost nearly all their purchasing power. At the suggestion of Morris, they were now stripped of the character of a legal tender with which they had been clothed, and as fast as they were received in payment of taxes were withdrawn from circulation. Meanwhile, what was there to take their place in supporting war and government? Spe-

cie payments had, indeed, been resumed, but with very little specie. What hard money there was in the country was not forthcoming through the inefficient machinery of taxation. Nor could it be obtained by loans; for, as Hamilton wrote to Greene, "public credit is so totally lost that private people will not give their aid, though they see themselves involved in one common ruin."

Fortunately, there remained to Morris one source of supply not yet exhausted. Mainly through the tact and persistence of Benjamin Franklin, the secret encouragement long accorded to the Americans by the French court had at last given place to open grants of money and dispatch of troops. Upon this aid, several times renewed, Congress had come more and more to rely in maintaining the war; and soon after Morris became superintendent of finance he found it to be almost his only immediate source of supply. To Franklin, therefore, he appealed with an earnestness and insistence proportional to the need, and at first not without success. The French government was induced somewhat to extend its loans to America, but at the same time it discouraged further appeals, and advised the Americans more fully to use their own resources.

This advice had been anticipated by Robert Morris. Appreciating the uncertainty of foreign support, he had early planned more effectively to enlist the wealth of the country. For this purpose his most important expedient was the Bank of North America, the first incorporated bank on this side of the Atlantic. As early as 1763 he had considered with his fellow-merchants the scheme of establishing a bank in Philadelphia, to accommodate the increasing business of the town, but had given it up on the approach of the Revolution. Now he broached the plan again, but with a more definite, more earnest purpose. "I mean," he wrote to Franklin, "to render this a principal pillar of

American credit, so as to obtain the money of individuals for the benefit of the Union, and thereby bind those individuals more strongly to the general cause by the ties of private interest."

To a considerable degree the scheme was successful. In December, 1781, the bank was incorporated by Congress, and a month later was opened under the presidency of Thomas Willing, the partner of Morris. Its notes, secured by deposits of coin, and convertible at the pleasure of the holder, afforded the first example in America of the proper use of paper as currency. They soon circulated at par, and, being also receivable for taxes, greatly facilitated the transaction of business. The capital of the bank was at first four hundred thousand dollars, of which Morris subscribed one half on account of the United States. On the other hand, he immediately employed its aid in anticipating the public revenues, within a short time obtaining advances to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars.

Nevertheless, this assistance did not suffice even for current expenses; and to support the American armies Morris, having exhausted all other sources, repeatedly staked his private credit. In this manner he facilitated the capture of Lord Cornwallis; for, in September, 1781, by borrowing on his own credit a large sum of money from Count Rochambeau, he was able to discharge a portion of the back pay due the Continental troops; thus checking the revolt that they had threatened, and enabling Washington to execute his designs against Yorktown. Indeed, at one time the amount of Morris's private notes, issued for the public benefit and received freely in trade, was nearly six hundred thousand dollars; and on several occasions only by strenuous exertions was he able to honor them. His personal credit had been built up slowly by toil and integrity. To him it was a priceless possession, yet he risked it all for the sake of his country.

In striking contrast with his patriotism were the distrust and disparagement with which many treated his efforts. Fortunately, he had foreseen this consequence. Upon becoming superintendent of finance he had written in his Diary, "A vigorous execution of the duties must inevitably expose me to the resentment of disappointed and designing men, and to the calumny and detraction of the envious and malicious." He therefore did not alter his policy or conduct. From the men qualified to judge he received hearty appreciation and praise. Hamilton wrote to the Viscount de Noailles, in 1782, "Our financier has hitherto conducted himself with great ability, has acquired an entire personal confidence, revived in some measure the public credit, and is conciliating fast the support of the moneyed men." In like manner, the confidence of Congress never wavered. Its committee, appointed to investigate his administration, made their report in June, 1783, expressing their entire approval of his policy, and reciting the success with which it had been executed. "When men came to look closely at his acts," says George W. Greene in his *Historical View of the American Revolution*, "it was seen and acknowledged that he had saved the United States annually thirteen millions in hard money."

Indeed, had the exertions of Morris been matched by those of the people, American credit might soon have been established. As it was, their meagre, tardy responses to his appeals for revenue constantly neutralized his efforts, and finally drove him to despair. They also provoked his righteous indignation, involving as they did a shameful neglect of the public creditors. Notwithstanding his repeated expostulations both to the States and to Congress, no permanent revenue was provided for paying even the interest on the Continental debt. His position, therefore, became irksome, and when, as the war drew to a close,

the people grew less and less mindful of their obligations, he would endure it no longer. In January, 1783, he tendered his resignation of the superintendency of finance; and it was only at the urgent request of Congress that he retained the office till the Continental army was disbanded. Upon his retirement in 1784, the superintendency of finance was discontinued. No one man was found to whom Congress was willing to entrust the power it had freely given to Robert Morris.

Recent historians have imputed this failure to raise a revenue rather to the inability of Congress to enforce taxation than to an unwillingness in the people to support the general government. Morris rightly ascribed it to both causes. His experience soon revealed to him the selfishness of the people, and hence the necessity of a strong government. As early as September, 1783, in a letter to John Adams, he adverted to "the necessity of strengthening our confederation, providing for our debts, and forming some federal constitution." Accordingly, four years later, the movement toward that end received his earnest support.

Nevertheless, in the Convention of 1787 he did not have that influence over the framing of the Constitution to which his experience and talents entitled him. It would seem that, like Hamilton, Morris was suspected of leaning toward centralization and aristocracy, and the suspicion was not unfounded; for he proposed that the Senators should be chosen for life, and should be "men of great and established property,—an aristocracy." He believed that the democratic Representatives would constitute a sufficient check to excess. "If," he declared, "we continue changing our measures by the breath of democracy, who will confide in our engagements? Who will trust us?" Morris's experience as financier had impressed him first of all with the need of a strong and

stable government. But it had also lessened his sympathy with the people, and so far unfitted him to shape republican government. In fact, this work belonged, and so it fell, to men more democratic in principles, like Wilson, and more cautious in temperament, like Madison.

In organizing and conducting the new government, however, the men of executive power naturally came to the front. Such a man, preëminently, was Washington, the first President, and such were the men summoned to his side. When, in 1789, the President elect visited Philadelphia, on his way to the seat of the new government, he stayed, as was his wont, with Robert Morris. He consulted him regarding the formation of the cabinet, and invited him to become Secretary of the Treasury. As Washington faced the difficult task of organizing and administering a new government, he leaned instinctively, as it were, on his closest friend, the man whose timely and generous aid had secured the glorious victories of Princeton and Yorktown, and whose house had ever afforded the welcome of a home. At the same time he deemed him the one best fitted for the position. "After your invaluable services as financier of the Revolution," said the President, "no one can pretend to contest the office of Secretary of the Treasury with you."

The invitation was declined. Morris was at this time, as he had been from the first, absorbed in his private affairs, and he had uniformly accepted only such offices as no one else could fill. For this position he believed that there was another equally if not better qualified, namely, Alexander Hamilton, and so he intimated to the President. The suggestion, though a surprise, was at once followed, such was the confidence with which Morris was regarded. What momentous consequences it has brought to the development of the United States!

Though he declined to enter the cabi-

net, Morris nevertheless maintained his intimate relations with Washington. As one of the first Senators of the United States from Pennsylvania he became a prominent supporter of the administration, and in official society he continued to receive marked attention from the President. He was held in equal honor among the people. Indeed, at this time no one save Washington was believed to have done more for the success of the Revolution than Robert Morris.

At the close of his term in the Senate, in 1795, he retired finally from politics. Had he withdrawn at the same time from business, the distinction that he then enjoyed might have come down in history unquestioned and undiminished to the present day. But his superabundant energies knew no rest. Nay, rather, they seem in these later years to have shaken off that check and rein by which they had been held, for he was now led to make strange ventures, and to explore unknown fields in business enterprise. He seems in his old age to have been carried away, as it were, by the lust and pride of riches; and the misfortune and disgrace to which they brought him almost eclipsed the memory of his patriotism.

The beginning of his misfortune was popularly ascribed to extravagance. In 1793, he began to erect for himself in Philadelphia a residence that for elaborateness of design and richness of execution had no precedent in America. Of two stories and a mansard roof, it was built of red brick freely ornamented with pale blue marble. It had a large central doorway with marble pillars, and at each corner a portico doorway supported by two marble columns; while distributed to advantage were marble bas-reliefs, pillars, and pilasters. In 1795, this splendid mansion was reported to have "cost upward of fifty thousand guineas;" and it was still unfinished. It subsequently transpired,

however, that "Morris's Folly," as the structure was named, actually cost much less, and could not itself have caused financial embarrassment. This arose chiefly from reckless speculations in land. Morris had early become convinced that the United States was soon to experience a vast increase in population through immigration, and a rapid rise in the value of its unoccupied land; and to anticipate the movement he purchased, partly on his private account, partly in company with others, large tracts of land, mainly in the Middle and Southern States. Some profitable transactions at the beginning led subsequently to the speedy enlargement of the enterprise, till he had become interested with others in over fifteen millions of acres, and by himself in over six millions more.

Unfortunately, the national development upon which he had counted delayed its coming, and he suffered the consequences of his rashness. Financial stress and failure soon ensued; and Morris, threatened and harassed by desperate creditors, fled for refuge to The Hills. In this beautiful place, where he had ever found peace and happiness, he now became a voluntary prisoner; and for several months he endured intense anguish, overwhelmed in the utter wreck of his large fortune, and haunted by the dreadful vision of a debtor's cell. The vision was soon realized. In February, 1798, his retreat was invaded: he was arrested for debt, and cast into the Prune Street jail. The man who had saved the credit of the nation found no resources in the gratitude due to him for the discharge of his own debts to his fellow-men.

Yet Morris did not repine. Rather, at no time were his virtues more manifest. Cheerful and kind, yet dignified, toward his fellow-prisoners, he endured with fortitude the fate to which, as he acknowledged, his temerity had brought him. Even the fever pestilence, that

stalked through the bars and seized its victims by his side, had no terror for him. It was only when his wife and daughter, in their faithful ministrations, were exposed to the disease that he was filled with alarm; and he was bowed in sorrow when he recalled the destitution and disgrace that had come to his family, and the dishonor that had fallen upon his good name. Yet at all times he was "supported," to use his own words, "by the consciousness that he neither intended evil to himself, or to any creditor or other person whatever." For over three years he "suffered the severest penalties that opinion and law could inflict;" and when at last he was liberated by the operation of a new bankruptcy law, he lived but a few years to enjoy his freedom.

He had failed for about three millions of dollars, an enormous sum at the beginning of this century; and of course, among his contemporaries, the damage to his reputation was correspondingly great. At the present day, however, the misfortunes of his old age should not detract from the successes of his prime. The latter were signal and unique. As a patriot and a public benefactor he should stand in the front rank of American statesmen.

Few men have served the United States at so great a sacrifice. Indeed, few have been called to face so great a crisis. In the spring of 1781, after an exhausting struggle with Great Britain extending over five years, the American leaders were almost in despair of achieving independence. With money exhausted, credit lost, and spirits depressed, how could they longer sustain the war? Their only hope lay, they at last perceived, in centring responsibility and guidance in some one man, fertile in resources, prompt and vigorous in execution, and stout of heart; and such a man, happily, they recognized in Robert Morris. To him, therefore, they appealed with one accord, and not in vain.

Had it been merely a public honor to which he was invited, undoubtedly he would have declined it, as already he had refused the presidency of Congress. But this was a summons to rescue his country in her direst distress, and he could not resist. For her sake he was willing, as in the event he was obliged, to neglect an engrossing business, to part with peace of mind, and even to risk a great fortune.

He must have known—it was evident to his associates—that to reform the Continental finances was a service which he alone could do. It demanded a business man; and neither John Hancock nor Thomas Willing, the other men of that class then prominent in Congress, had received such severe and varied discipline as had Robert Morris. They had but increased or confirmed the wealth and social influence which they had inherited. But he, by his wits and his integrity, had gradually raised himself from a clerkship to a partnership, from comparative poverty to great wealth, and from the position of an obscure orphan boy to that of a leading financier. Nor were his talents less original than acquired; for with this experience in the details and intricacies of business and finance he combined rare readiness, buoyancy, and force of mind. Above all, his convictions were grounded in justice and common sense. "The whole business of finance," he declared, "... is to raise the public revenues by such modes as may be most easy and most equal to the people, and to expend them in the most frugal, fair, and honest manner." "I have no system of finance except that which results from the plain, self-evident dictates of moral honesty." Indeed, Morris resembled Washington in the rectitude of his conduct and the elevation of his character; and the resemblance may well have been the basis of their intimacy.

As superintendent of finance he did not disappoint the expectations of his

associates. He accomplished substantial, far-reaching reforms. Husbanding his scanty resources, he spread economy and efficiency throughout the public expenditures; while he rapidly destroyed the pernicious bills of the Continental Congress, introducing in their place convertible notes of the Bank of North America. But to the founding of this institution — the forerunner of our national banks — his constructive work was mainly limited. He was prevented from accomplishing his more important objects — the invigorating of national taxation and the funding of the public debt — by the impotency of the Confederation and the decline of patriotism.

Unfortunately for him, he encountered that period of which he wrote to Franklin: "There is a period in the progress of things, a crisis between the ardor of enthusiasm and the authority of laws, when much skill and management are necessary to those who are charged with administering the affairs of a nation." His skill in administration was manifest, if not unprecedented; and his financial policy was comprehensive, wise, and practicable. But for its success it lacked the enthusiastic support of the people.

In justice, Morris should be credited fully as much with what he planned and attempted as with what he accomplished. His courageous and persistent efforts at reconstruction greatly accelerated, at least, the movement toward

consolidation. Upon this point even Bancroft, who is not uniformly fair and considerate toward Morris, is appreciative; for he says that "the first vehement impulse towards 'the consolidation of the federal union' was given by Robert Morris." In this respect Morris was the precursor of Hamilton. The latter, discovered and brought forward by the former, carried out under more favorable circumstances the work so well begun.

In establishing American credit, therefore, these men deserve a common recognition. Perhaps Morris, the pioneer, encountered greater obstacles, while Hamilton, his successor, assumed greater responsibilities. In their several functions both displayed preëminent skill and zeal. They are the greatest financiers that the United States has yet produced. If Hamilton be called a great genius, Morris should be named a magnanimous patriot. Nowhere is the noblest spirit of the Revolution better manifested than in the words of Robert Morris in accepting the superintendency of finance: "The contest we are engaged in appeared to me, in the first instance, just and necessary; therefore I took an active part in it. As it became dangerous, I thought it the more glorious, and was stimulated to the greatest exertions in my power when the affairs of America were at their worst."

Frank Gaylord Cook.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

POOR Love loved two whom anger did inflame.
 Each sought Love's aid. But when at last, all loath,
 Importuned Love a piteous champion came,
 Those two now friends, Love took the stripes of both.

FELICIA.

X.

THE jets in the great chandelier were slowly lowered; the large semicircle of the auditorium, over which the flutter of fans and ripple of smiles suggested the fugitive effect of breezes and butterflies about a bed of flowers, sank gradually into deep shadow; the footlights became suddenly brilliant; the prompter's bell tinkled; the curtain glided upward; the second act had begun, and Prince Rod-eric advanced down the right centre to a soft pizzicato movement of violins, through which floated the melody, sustained by cornets and flutes.

A round of applause greeted him. The curtain had fallen upon him as the central figure of an effective scene, and the situation was one which appealed to the sense of pity and the sense of justice, thus moving the popular heart. And now was introduced in hiding in certain woods this potentate, vaguely described as prince, deposed from his indefinite high station through his own confiding nature and the machinations of a false and trusted friend, whose office seemed to embrace all the functions of a Grand Vizier. Abundant opportunity was afforded for soft and deft stepping about and for graceful attitudinizing, as the prince assured himself that no hidden foe lurked in ambush among the trees and rocks. Satisfied that he was alone, save for a thousand or so people in the audience, who do not count, except in the sordid computations of the ticket office, he gave himself up to despairing reflections on his situation, supplemented by vows, in sufficiently heroic strain, of vengeance. His voice, rich and robust, embodied a certain nobility, and the covertly martial orchestration heightened the effect. The contrast to sudden tenderness — expressing the idea

of an amazed incredulity and grief for the perfidy of his friend — in the succeeding movement was so well done, assisted as it was by a very soft and taking melody, that it brought down the house and extorted an encore.

It is seldom that any prince, on or off the stage, is watched with such a complication of feelings as those which animated a pair of violet eyes in one of the proscenium boxes. Felicia had been married six months, and this was her first acquaintance with the prince — as a prince. To the mere man she had given much intelligent appreciation and her tender heart; now, what of the prince? She was proud of him; she could not help that, — he did it so well. Her musical training had been sufficient to enable her enthusiastically to admire his voice and gauge the extent of its culture. She was ashamed of him, — that he should display himself and his capacities so that all these people, who had paid their money, might be entertained, might approve or disapprove at their good pleasure. She pitied him. To her it all seemed so small, so false, so utterly unworthy of him; and yet he was so thoroughly satisfied with it, and — he did it so well. And she had discovered that it was no light task, — to do this well. She had had glimpses of the incessant labor; the unceasing exercise of judgment, of patience, of memory; the tense strain on the nerves; the exhausting attention to detail, that go to make that airy structure, a success on the lyric stage, which presents the very perfection of spontaneous inspiration.

She had arrived late, and had missed the first act. When he came walking down the stage in this new guise, so strange to her, she felt her heart beating fast and heavily, and the color slowly left her face. It returned with a rush when

the sound of clapping hands broke the silence, and she leaned slightly forward, watching him with a grave face and intent eyes.

Thus she was looking at him when he caught sight of her.

There was little change in her since the enchanted days of last summer; none but a keen observer might detect a subtler expression on her expressive features. Something was suggested of the emotions of a woman who loves entirely and is entirely loved. There was beside something more complex than this, — not pain, not restlessness, yet partaking to a degree of each, and contending with that deeper, stiller look which happiness had given to her face.

This was a good deal to see in one half minute, but Hugh Kennett saw with his intellect and his heart as well as with his eyes, while, with long golden curls hanging beneath his plumed hat, and arrayed in a costume of violet velvet, combining two tones, very faint and very dark, which gave back the lustre of the footlights, yet held rich shadows, he stepped deftly about in his search for Prince Roderic's implacable foes among the tangled intricacies of the canvas rocks and bushes.

As the tenor finished his encore, the baritone came on in a green hunting suit, apparently winding a silver horn, which office was judiciously delegated to a member of the orchestra. Felicia gathered that the baritone and the prince were rivals in love, and that the baritone had left the court in dudgeon because of the prince's presumptive success with the lady previous to his exile, brought about by the perfidious Grand Chamberlain. There was a melodic defiance, pitched on a high key, and later, when matters were explained, much graceful and musical magnanimity on both sides. With the offer on the part of the baritone to join the usurper's forces, and to introduce the prince in disguise into his own dominions, in an

effort to regain his status, the scene closed; the silver horn was again wound; the prince, by agreement, passed up the left centre; and a party of huntsmen came into view at the back of the stage, to the prelude of a dashing chorus chronicling the joys of the chase.

The face with which Hugh Kennett dropped into a chair in his dressing-room, after changing his costume, was not Prince Roderic's face, nor was it the serene face he usually wore. The paint did not obscure its expression: it was anxious; it held some impatience, some depression, some uncertainty. "How did she happen to come?" he said to himself. And then, "I suppose she considers me a sort of Harlequin," he reflected, bitterly.

Abbott entered a moment later. He too had changed his dress, substituting for the green hunting suit a blue and white costume very resplendent with silver lace, supposed to be the acceptable court attire. He flung himself into another chair, lighted a cigar, and for a moment the two men were silent.

The room was small and in disarray. Much-bedizened costumes were tossed about the chairs; several pairs of stage slippers were on the floor; the gas-jets on each side of a mirror were alight, and from the elbow of one of the brackets depended a blond wig. The hair was very long and curled, and the effect was that of a decapitated head as the locks waved in the breeze, for the window was open. It was a warm night for the season, — the first week in April; there had been rain, and the air was heavy. Abbott picked up a palm-leaf fan, and as he swayed back and forth he fanned himself. His mobile, irregular face was in this brilliant light ghastly and unnatural, with its staring contrasts of red and white; those heavy lines about his mouth and brow were plastered over, but there were black semicircles under his eyes. His nervous temperament was manifest by the restlessness of

his movements : he changed his attitude abruptly ; he glanced about him with eagerness ; he plied the fan with energy ; the very act of rocking was done with a rapid, uncertain motion.

"Your wife is here," he said, suddenly.

Kennett glanced at him.

"I don't mean in here," said Abbott, with a laugh. "Outside, — in the audience, — in one of the boxes."

"I know it," returned Kennett.

There was a short pause.

"She does n't honor you often," remarked Abbott.

Kennett made no reply. These men had known each other long and well ; each was perfectly aware of the other's thought, — nay, Abbott even divined his friend's impulse to declare that her absence was through his own desire, and the instantaneous rejection of the half-formed intention as useless for the purpose of deception. And Kennett knew that Abbott was triumphant because she had not come before this, and was contradictorily and characteristically resentful of her neglect.

"Sometimes I think," Abbott went on, reflectively, "that it is best for a man not to marry out of meeting, as the Quakers say." He himself had married, while yet a chorus singer, a young girl with a rustic style of beauty, also a chorus singer, who had left the stage before progressing beyond that point.

Kennett again said nothing.

"The identity of interest, — that's the thing ; the sympathy, you know. I suppose it is impossible for an outsider to feel it exactly."

"If you lay down a general rule, no doubt you are right," returned Kennett, coolly.

Abbott looked at him hard, with a feeling which is somewhat difficult of analysis. His was a nature in which the sweet and bitter were mixed in exact proportions. There was something feminine in his disposition, illustrated just

now in an impulse to say that which would cut and rankle ; yet his affection for his friend was strong and sincere. His unreasoning and unreasonable perversity went hand in hand with magnanimity. He could throw himself with ardor into another man's effort, sincerely sympathize with his defeat and rejoice in his achievement ; and he could no more refrain, when in the mood, from gibe and fleer than a freakish woman, in irritation or disappointment, can leave unuttered the word that stabs the heart she loves best. He had, at the time, deplored Kennett's marriage as a calamity. Judge Hamilton and his son might possibly have enlarged their estimate as to the scope of human impudence, if they could have divined Mr. Abbott's point of view. Since that event he had not altered his opinion.

After a pause he spoke again.

"Marriage is a mistake, and don't you forget it," he said, thoughtfully ; "that is, for a man with ambitions. It does well enough for mediocrity."

Kennett looked at him fixedly, with set teeth and compressed lips, which brought into play the latent fierceness his square lower jaw could express ; there was a steely gleam in his gray eyes.

The crisis required only a look. Abbott retreated in good order. He glanced innocently at his friend and vaguely about the room, fanning himself and smoking.

"Good house," he remarked, with a nod in the direction of the audience.

"The duet went well," said Kennett.

"You bet," rejoined Abbott.

His quick sense caught the step of the advancing call-boy before the door was opened. He sprang from his chair to the mirror, took a swift, comprehensive look at himself, readjusted with a dextrous hand the collar of stage jewels about his throat, and vanished without another word.

Kennett, left alone, rose and walked to the window. His step was heavier

than its wont. A warm, dank breeze was blowing; the clouds were low. The sounds from the street, the rattle of wheels as a carriage drew up near the mouth of the alley, the pawing of a horse, the accents of a voice raised in objurgation, the distant tinkle of car-bells, came muffled on the thick air; an almost imperceptible drizzle of rain made itself felt on his face. It was an imprudent thing for him — the most prudent of men — to stand in his airy attire at the open window, and it was almost equally imprudent to give himself up to his purely personal interests, in this interval which belonged, as distinctly as active duties, to his professional work. Instead of devoting the wait to mere mental and physical rest, or to the anticipation of what remained to be done in the next hour, his mind was busy with a brief review of the last six months and the effect of a foreign influence on his life. Abbott's ill-natured dictum came back to him with malignant iteration. Was his marriage a mistake? For his own heart, his happiness, he indignantly denied this. But for his ambitions, his future, his artistic development?

So far the foreign influence had been negative. Felicia had held apart from his professional life; she had ignored as much as was practicable the fact that he had any life except the one she shared. In the early weeks of their marriage, the perception had come to him that her persistent pretexts for declining to accompany him to the performances and rehearsals were part of a premeditated plan. When he realized this he ceased to urge her, and without explanation there came to be a tacit agreement that his stage life was a thing apart from his domestic life. It was very quietly but very firmly accomplished. He winced under it, but his pride was roused, and he accepted the situation without protest. Now he was asking himself how it was that a mere negative influence could chill. He did not believe that a

difference was as yet perceptible in his work, for thorough training and the habit of a lifetime go far as substitutes for ardor, but he sometimes knew — and it was growing upon him — a deep-felt want; he recognized it, — it was a lost impulse, a lost inspiration. While still in his possession it had dignified his calling, it had made toil light, it had invested the tedious details with recurrent interest. Now that he missed it he appreciated its worth both as a sentimental possession and as a tangible factor in achievement. He wondered how this would end; he wondered if a change was impending; he wondered how she happened to come here to-night. He wondered again if she rated him as a bedizened Harlequin, — it must be all buffoonery to her.

The call-boy stuck his head in at the door.

“Stage waits.”

The reflections that had absorbed the last ten minutes narrowly missed being a singularly unfortunate preparation. For the first time in many years Kennett experienced, as he left the wings, the poignant anguish of stage fright. He pulled himself together by a great effort; he called up all his faculties. At this moment he met her eyes again; she smiled, and her face wore an expression he often saw in that closer life which had come to be so much dearer to him than his public life. Under the impetus of the thought that perhaps after all she might reconcile those diverse existences he regained his self-command, but he was vaguely aware of a sub-current of surprised dismay that her approval or her objection should exercise so strong a control. His capacities had responded to that smile of hers like a horse to a touch on the curb.

The representation continued to a felicitous conclusion. The usurper, unconscious of his impending doom, robed in power and red velvet, made welcome the stranger — all unsuspecting the prince

in disguise — in a fine bass solo, embodying some elements of self-gratulation and braggadocio which afforded the opportunity for an arrogant and mocking ha! ha! peculiarly rich and full. Laughing and dying were conceded to be this gentleman's province; and he presently demonstrated his claim to superiority in the latter accomplishment when the counterplot culminated, and, overwhelmed and despairing, he stabbed himself, circumventing the representatives of justice, who would fain have dragged him to a dungeon, by dying melodiously in E minor. The rightful prince was restored to his possessions, including the heart of the soprano; the baritone made the timely discovery that he had mistaken his feelings, had been unawares interested in another young lady, and was satisfied with her hand; the faithful adherents vociferously proclaimed their joy; the orchestra sympathetically and vivaciously accented their sentiments; the tableau formed itself swiftly and incomprehensibly into a glittering semicircle of brilliant colors and flower-like faces; the lights in the auditorium brightened; the curtain slowly descended; there was a final crash and bang of instruments, and the performance was over.

As she stood watching the audience making its way out of the building, a note was brought to Felicia. It was signed with Kennett's initials, and merely asked her to wait for him a few moments. In a short time he entered the box.

An old lady, whom he had not before observed, was with his wife, — a sedate old lady, dressed with punctilious regard to the fashion in some respects, and in other respects disdainfully ignoring it. She regarded him intently when he was presented, and the three made their way across the street to the hotel. At supper, of which she was induced to partake, she gazed at him with a covert curiosity, which had in it some-

thing at once ludicrous and embarrassing. She accorded the gravest attention to whatever he said, and seemed to weigh carefully her somewhat commonplace and obvious replies. Before the conclusion of the meal she demurely bade them good-night, adding that she was unaccustomed to such late hours, and betook herself to her own room.

"Who is she?" asked Kennett, as the rustle of her black silk dress died on the air.

"She is the wife of one of my father's old friends. Her husband and she happened to be passing through the city. I met her in the hotel parlor, and asked her to go to the opera."

"She seemed to think me a queer fish."

Felicia laughed. "You must forgive her," she said. "This is a remarkable experience; she never before took supper with a singer and a singer's wife."

He did not quite comprehend her tone, and he was vividly conscious that for the first time she had mentioned him as a singer and herself as a singer's wife. Nothing more was said on the subject until they returned to their own room. She threw herself into a low chair, and he lighted a cigar and stood near her, with his elbow on the mantelpiece.

"This is a new departure, is n't it?" he asked, after a pause.

She raised her eyes slowly. "It is an experiment," she replied.

"Why did you come?"

"I thought the other experiment had been tried sufficiently."

"Has it failed?"

"I think it has."

He walked up and down the room for some moments, with his hands behind him; then resumed his former place and attitude.

"What was your experiment, Felicia?"

"I wished to prove to myself that in marrying a singer I had not necessarily married his profession."

"And you did not prove it?" She did not reply directly.

"A woman who marries a lawyer takes no thought of his clients; a woman who marries a doctor, — what does she care for his patients or their diseases? I suppose Sophie hardly knows whether her husband deals in cotton, or wheat, or dry goods. Your vocation is business, like any other pursuit: women have nothing to do with business."

"You dislike it so much," he said, not interrogatively.

"Oh, so much!" cried Felicia, impulsively. Then she checked herself. "I take that back. I should not say that. You chose your line in life long before you ever met me; it has the prior right. I don't complain."

"If you dislike it so much," he said, disregarding her retraction, "you need see very little of it. Why not continue as we have begun?"

All at once he was made aware that while he was enacting mimic woes a drama of real feeling had been going on very near to him. Again she lifted her eyes, and now their expression cut him deeply; her lips were quivering.

"I am so lonely," she said, simply.

It is a bitter thing for a sensitive man to see that look on the face of the woman he loves, and to realize that he is to blame that she should be called upon to endure the feeling which elicits it. For the first time he took into consideration the fact of his own absorptions; of his eager and unfailing response to the demands of his profession. He saw in a swift mental review what her life must be as a whole. He realized the gaps of time that she must sit alone in the hotel bedroom, with its dismal simulacrum of comfort, and occasionally of luxury; in the huge caravansaries which marked their progress eastward or westward. What could she do with the hours that she thus waited for him to come from rehearsals and the evening performances? Write

letters? To whom? All her valued friends she had alienated by her marriage. To be sure, there were books, painting, fancy-work. These, he realized with sudden insight, are the resources of people who are not living their own dramas. Of what did she think in those long hours? Did memory take possession of her? So young a woman should have nothing to do with memory. Ah, had regret too made acquaintance with her heart, while he was away? He appreciated that she must have experienced much of the sensation of isolation. Her connection with the little world of theatrical people amounted to a formal bow to certain members of the troupe, in the hotel dining-rooms or on the trains, and for many reasons he hardly cared to have this otherwise. He recalled now — it had made scant impression at the time — the gleeful interest with which she recounted, one day, in Buffalo, an interview she had had with a little girl, who had stopped her in a corridor tearfully to relate her woes, exhibit a broken doll, and be consoled. Once when she had attended a morning service in Washington, — alone, for he was no church-goer, — the white-haired old lady to whose pew she was shown had spoken to her, and hoped she would come again. She had recurred to the circumstance more than once; saying wistfully that she wished they could stay longer in Washington, and that they knew some one who could introduce them to that old lady, — it would be "so pleasant." And once in New York Madame Sevier had called; he had fancied, that evening, there were evidences of tears on his wife's face, but she said nothing, and the incident slipped into the past.

This had been her social life for the last six months, — she whose instinct for human companionship was so strong and had been so assiduously cultivated. Even of his leisure he had been unconsciously chary, giving much of it to the

details of his work ; only this very day she had waited long by the piano until he satisfied himself that certain passages were susceptible of no further improvement.

In this sudden enlightenment other facts acquired new meaning. There was now something pathetic in the touches of ornamentation about them. He had been amused by her efforts to give a homelike look to the stereotyped rooms of the hotels at which they had temporarily lived, in their ceaseless progress "on the road." She had provided herself with vases, portières, books handsomely bound and illustrated ; the tables were draped with embroidered covers ; the two armchairs were decorated with scarfs. He had called these things her properties, and had laughingly threatened to send them on ahead with the stage effects of the troupe. Now he was touched by the feminine longing for a home and its associations which this tendency implied. For himself, his personal tastes were of the simplest ; perhaps the attention to matters of effect and fabric incident to his professional life had satisfied whatever predilection in that line he possessed.

When a man has been successful, flattered, admired, and always in the right, and when he suddenly discovers that he is in the wrong and his feeling is deeply involved, expressions do not readily present themselves. Kennett's thought was — and at the time it was perfectly sincere — that his insensibility had been brutal. To her he said nothing for some moments.

"Try to like us!" he exclaimed at last, with emotion. "There are some good men and women among us. There are even some agreeable people among us. Idealize us a little. Half the world lives and is happy by means of illusions ; why not you ?"

But even while he spoke there came upon him a stunning realization that many conditions were utterly metamor-

phosed by the changed point of view. His toleration in judgment, which she had once noticed, was exercised instinctively, good-humoredly, but always impersonally. These men and women, for example, whom he mentioned, many of them sterling, hard-working, talented, — he could approve of them as members of society, as his own casual associates, his comrades, his friends. But it had not before occurred to him that he had judged them leniently because he had held himself a little — just a very little — above them ; that for many complicated and subtle reasons he condescended ; he felt himself a little above the profession. It was a fine thing in its way, and eminently calculated, taking into view his peculiar order of talent, to advance *him*. He felt that this was an absurd position for him to have assumed. He was with the operative stage, he was of it ; his interests were identical with the interests of those he had unconsciously patronized ; they were his circle ; they must necessarily be his wife's circle, unless she preferred isolation.

The next day she went with him to rehearsal.

There was much to interest her in her new experience, and she did not observe that she herself was the object of curiosity and covert attention on the part of members of the troupe, as she sat in the dim twilight of one of the proscenium boxes. The huge empty semicircle of the auditorium was unlighted save by a long slanting bar of sunshine that shot adown the descent of the dress circle. The stage also was dim, although several gas-jets were burning. A number of men and women in street attire were grouped about, presenting a very different appearance from the glittering throng of last night. Many of the faces were at once curiously young and old. Some were careworn ; some were anxious ; some were bold ; some were hard ; many told no story and held no meaning. A man evidently in authority

was talking loudly and vivaciously; now and then he walked about fitfully, and occasionally he gesticulated in illustration of his words. Most of his hearers had so bored and inattentive a look that it might have seemed worn of set purpose. The members of the orchestra lounged in their places, their instruments ready.

The weather had changed in the course of the night; a cold wind was blowing. The building was not well heated, and from some opening at the back of the stage came a strong draught, bringing a damp, vault-like taste and odor. Felicia, who had removed her wrap, an expensive fur garment, more in keeping with her previous circumstances than her present, shivered slightly. Kennett rose and readjusted it about her.

"Don't signalize the occasion by taking cold," he said.

A voice behind him broke upon the air, — a mocking, musical, penetrating voice, subtly suggestive of possibilities and of meanings not to be lightly understood.

"'Benedict, the married man'!" exclaimed the voice.

Kennett turned his head. "Is that you, Abbott?" he said. "Come in."

Abbott entered, and seated himself near them.

"Don't let your husband lavish his care," he continued. "It will not do for him to be thoughtful and attentive, like any commonplace, good husband."

"I think it is very proper for him to get my cloak," returned Felicia, a trifle aggressively.

"That is only a little thing, but it shows which way the wind blows."

"It seems to blow every way to-day," interpolated Kennett, lightly.

"He has, or has had up to this time, a sort of divine right to immunity from small cares; it has been his prerogative to make himself comfortable."

"Abbott thinks I am selfish," said Kennett.

"You are if you know what's good for you, and don't you forget it," retorted Abbott, quickly.

Felicia, irritated by the imputation and offended by the slang, was silent for a moment, but her interest in the subject prevailed.

"Why should he be selfish?" she asked, stiffly.

"Because, when a man has a great future, he can't give himself a thought too many."

"Has he a great future?"

Abbott looked at her steadfastly, then at his friend. Kennett's fine gray eyes rested tranquilly on Abbott's unquiet, expressive face, cut by deep lines of hope, of disappointment, anxiety, excesses; his eyes, too, were gray, but eager, fiery, restless, penetrating. The two men exchanged a long look.

"Well?" said Kennett, smiling.

"I don't know," answered Abbott, shortly. He turned his face toward the stage.

Changes were in progress there. The talking man was loquaciously retiring, looking over his shoulder. A lady in a gray dress and cloak, and with a black feather in her hat, had detached herself from the others, and advanced toward the footlights. She glanced about her hardily, and shrugged her shoulders with a show of contemptuous impatience as the stage manager's prelection seemed suddenly to take a new lease, and he continued speaking. All at once he came to a standstill. "Now there's your cue, Miss Johnson," he said, — "'Me hopes, me honor, and me broken heart!' Go 'n!" very peremptorily.

She began to declaim in the loud, hard stage voice which has so unnatural a sound in an empty theatre.

A man with a worn face and a *blasé* air had placed himself near her, and at his cue took part in one of those dialogues so useful as connecting links of the story. Little of action was required, but even that little was not satisfactory;

the talking man found it desirable several times to dart forward and eagerly correct, explain, and suggest. At last there came a rap of the conductor's baton,—the members of the orchestra were tense and alert in their places; another rap,—the dialogue developed into a duet, and the duet was succeeded by a chorus.

It had seemed to Felicia that disproportionate care and pains were requisite for individual excellence; she now saw that even more were necessary to produce a good *ensemble* effect. Again and again the sharp raps of the baton re-sounded with a peremptory negative intention, which brought a sudden silence, invaded in a moment by the melancholy voice of the Gallic leader, with unexpected pauses and despairing inflections.

"That was 'orrible, 'orrible, 'orrible!" he said, definitely; or, "A mos' slovenly *attac'*!" or, "Tenors, you sing a minor third instead of a major third;" or, "*Mon Dieu!* Sopranos! Sopranos, you are *fl-t-l-at!*"

When at last the chorus was progressing smoothly Kennett rose.

"*Au revoir*," said he to Felicia; and she fancied that there was something propitiatory, even appealing, in his expression. Did he recommend Abbott to her leniency, and vicariously deprecate her criticism?

"Now watch them tumble to his racket," Abbott said.

He misunderstood the haughty displeasure on her face. All the nicer issues of social training were as a sealed book to him. He did not dream that the rudeness of his phrase was in her estimation almost criminal; that she deemed slang—unless, indeed, it were the trick of expression of "the best people," and not fairly to be called slang at all—as an affront to her and a degradation to him. He placed his own interpretation on her evident intolerance.

"Confound the little minx, she is ashamed of him!" he thought, angrily.

"She must have married him in a freak. She considers herself too good for him, and he with the best voice of its class in America."

He looked at her resentfully.

Her attention had become riveted on what was in progress before her. She had noticed, the previous evening, the marked effect of Kennett's presence on the stage. Life was infused into the inert business; among the other singers there was sudden alertness of glance and intention; the action began to revolve about him as if animated by his controlling thought; smoothness and ease replaced mere mechanical effort, under the strong influence of an intelligent enthusiasm and a magnetic personality.

The manager, at the back of the stage, leaned against the frame of the canvas, took off his hat, mopped his face with his handkerchief, and uttered an audible "Whew-w!" in which were infused both fatigue and relief. Abbott called Felicia's attention to him.

"The governor feels easier now that Kennett is on. He's worked pretty hard to-day. Looks all tore up, don't he?"

Felicia disdained to say that the governor did or did not look "tore up."

"You see that woman with dark hair, in a black dress? She is under-studying Miss Brady. She can sing if she only has a chance. You bet your sweet life she goes into some church after every rehearsal, and prays God Almighty and the saints that the other woman may get run over by the street-car or the fire-engine, or something." He looked with a laugh into Felicia's horror-stricken eyes. "For a fact she does. Told me so herself. You see she's waiting for her promotion. She used to be with the Vilette Company, until they went to pieces last fall; then she"—

Felicia lifted her hand imperiously, imposing silence. "He is going to sing."

There had floated upon the air a prelude familiar to her. She leaned slightly forward, her eyes on him while

he sang, all unconscious that Abbott's eyes were on her. No man, especially with the soul of an artist in him, could misinterpret that expression: her face was for the moment transfigured by the emotion upon it; so proud, so tender, so absolutely enthralling, was it, — as intense and as delicate as white fire.

Abbott looked at her meditatively. "The man," he said to himself, "has got a big possibility in the future; and the woman thinks small beer of his future, and don't care a continental for his best possibility; and, God help 'em, they love each other. Now, what are they going to do about it?"

It was his opinion, frequently expressed, that a man was a fool to fall in love. He cogitated on this theory with reference to the present case. After a time he rose, left the box unobserved, and went to wait for his cue at one of the wings.

Under the ethereal fire of those violet eyes, the man with a possibility in his future sang well that day. The members of the orchestra laid down their instruments and applauded. The stage manager bawled that it would be an easier world if there were more like him. The other singers looked at him with eyes animated by every degree of intelligent admiration and appreciative envy. It seemed to Felicia that it was distinctly an ovation he was receiving; she wondered that adulation had not spoiled him. She did not realize that with a fully equipped capacity ambition dwarfs possession.

As he went off, he encountered Abbott in the narrow passway between two "sets." Each placed his hands on his friend's shoulders and looked long into his eyes.

"Well?" said Kennett, in the tone with which he had uttered the word an hour before.

"If this world does not offer you everything heart can desire in the next five years, it will be your own fault — or

your wife's fault!" cried Abbott, with the thrill of sincere feeling in his voice.

"I shall have everything that heart can desire!" exclaimed Kennett, airily. "There's your cue, old fellow." And he went back, with a satisfied smile, to Felicia.

He noticed, as the rehearsal proceeded, that Preston often looked with some wistfulness at their box, as he lounged at the back of the stage and about the wings. During one of the waits he stood near them, and Kennett called him in an undertone.

"I must go on again in a few moments," he said to Felicia, "but Preston will come and talk to you."

Preston was evidently pleased and flattered, but to Felicia's surprise he was inclined to taciturnity. He was bold enough among men, — in fact, he was sometimes accused of impudence, — and not too gentle and meek with the women with whom he was usually thrown. In the little world of the troupe he was considered by the feminine members a singing Adonis, and was greatly approved; with them he was gay, boisterous, flip-pant. But with Felicia he was shy. He was quick of perception: when she bent her violet eyes upon him and allowed her gracious smile to rest on her lips, he apprehended that the gentle demonstration was merely a surface effect; it was not the flattering and flattered smile he was accustomed to receive. He appreciated the dignity underlying the soft exterior of her manner, and realized that she probably had a distinct ideal of the proper thing to be and to feel, to which he might not altogether conform. This sort of influence makes many a man restive and defiant, and it is to Oliver Preston's credit that he was a trifle timid and propitiatory.

Their conversation, constrained at first, grew gradually more easy. She drew him on to talk of himself. She saw presently that he was not by any means so young as his boyish manner

and regular, delicate features made him seem. With her alert interest in the vivid drama of life and character, she speculated on this existence of his, and the strange fact that excitement and variety do not make the inroads on mind and body which are compassed by inaction and tranquillity. He had happened to mention that he was thirty-two years old. "At that age men in little country towns are advancing into middle life," she said to herself, "while he has the buoyancy, and to all intents the youthfulness, of twenty."

After a time she was struck by something unfeeling in his tone, — the more objectionable in that he was unconscious of it. When the contralto was sharply reprimanded for a mistake in a short interjectionary phrase, which threw the other singers out and necessitated repetition, he laughed with genuine gusto that she should become confused, blunder again, then dash at her phrase with ludicrous precipitancy. "What a fool!" he said, contemptuously. "And flat besides."

He listened with great attention while Abbott sang a solo, saying, at its close:

"Abbott will never get much further than he has already gone. He is limited," he added, with a certain complacence.

"I think he has a very beautiful voice," remarked Felicia.

He reflected a moment.

"Yes, it is sympathetic and true, and it has a vibrating quality, but it is uneven; both the upper and lower registers are better than the middle. Then he works spasmodically; he is kept down by his habits. Sometimes he does pretty well for a while; then, the first week off he gets, he puts in every minute painting the town red."

Felicia looked at him with wide eyes. "Did you say painting?" she asked. "Do you mean pictures?"

His laughter rang out so suddenly that the people on the stage glanced at

them in surprise; even the conductor twisted adroitly in his place, and turned upon them his gleaming spectacles, his eyebrows raised to an acute angle.

Preston smothered his merriment, and explained:—

"No, no. I mean he drinks, — gets on a long spree, — tipsy, you know."

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Felicia, enlightened.

"Abbott says," continued Preston, "when he sees how Kennett is running for the cup, he feels like a man who has been buried alive. He says he wants Kennett to win. That is what he would do if he could get out from under the ground."

This figure of a despairing and buried ambition, and this wistful and generous acceptance of an humble share in another man's triumph, denied to him, touched Felicia. She looked with meditative pity at Abbott's ugly, expressive face, with its spent fires and spoiled purposes. His melodious voice was at its best in the soft melancholy of love songs; he was singing a serenade now, and the building was filled with the insistent iteration of tender strains.

"'Buried alive,'" she repeated. "I think it is very sad that he should feel that."

"I think it is very funny," said Preston, with a rich ha! ha! He really thought so. Tragedy of feeling was, in his opinion, good stuff to act; as to sympathizing with a man's heart-break, how could he understand the language as foreign to him as if spoken by the inhabitants of Jupiter or Mars? He lived in another world.

"Why does he drink, then?" he asked, after a pause, as if realizing that something deeper was expected of him, and vaguely defending himself. "No fellow pays him anything for drinking."

He was regaining his usual mental attitude, which was a trifle dictatorial and tyrannical, as that of a spoiled young fellow is apt to be. When he presently

went on, he said in a grumbled aside to Abbott that Kennett had all the luck, got *all* the plums, — a big salary, and managers always patting him on the back, and now marrying “a tip-top woman like that.”

As the rehearsal drew toward its close, a marked change was perceptible in the spirit of the performers. An air of great fatigue had come upon them, and the lassitude which accompanies continuous and exhausting effort of brain and body. With the physical break-down the moral supports gave way; they were evidently as cross as they dared to be. The stage manager was more eager, excited, and far more impatient than when the morning's work began. The conductor sometimes laid down the baton, rubbed with both sinewy hands the wisps of scanty hair on each side of his brow, took off his spectacles, replaced them, and resumed the baton with a loud, long sigh. Of the singers, Kennett only was unharassed. “I suppose that is part of his system of ‘running for the cup,’” thought Felicia.

It seemed to her that the performers took pleasure in annoying each other, and presently this theory received confirmation. One of the chorus — a small girl, with a dainty figure, a pert face, black hair, and a somewhat conspicuous dress of red and black plaid — had been more than once called sharply to order for inattention. After the last of these episodes, as the music, which was in valse time, recommenced, she defiantly placed her arms akimbo, tossed her head saucily, and began to balance herself with the perfunctory dance steps which, with appropriate costumes, serve for the ball-room illusion in the modern light opera. She looked mischievously at the tenors near her, and a few of the younger men laughed, but the others discreetly kept their eyes before them, and forbore to smile. The manager, in a rage, stopped the orchestra, and advanced

upon her with an oath that was like a roar.

“Quit that damned monkeying!” He caught her arms and thrust her back to her place; then, as he turned, a sudden thought struck him. He wheeled abruptly, and, with a grotesque imitation of her attitude, ludicrously caricatured her dancing. She shrank back, blushing and discomfited, as a peal of appreciative laughter rewarded the managerial pleasantry.

When he had advanced upon the girl with that loud oath, Felicia had cowered as if herself threatened by a blow. She glanced at the other men, in expectation of their interference. Abbott's mouth was distorted by an abnormal grin. Kennett was looking with a contemptuous smile from the absurdly dancing manager to the equally absurd victim. Preston's handsome head was thrown back; his white teeth gleamed under his black mustache, while the building echoed with his delighted laughter.

The chorus was the last work of the day, and as Kennett rejoined his wife he found her standing at the entrance of the box with brilliant cheeks and flashing eyes.

“Why did n't you strike him, Hugh? Why did n't you knock him down?” she cried, impulsively.

“Who?” he demanded, in amaze.

“That man, — that stage manager.”

“For what?” he asked, completely at sea.

“For swearing at that girl, and pushing her, and mocking her.”

He looked at her in silence.

“Felicia,” said Hugh Kennett at last, with a long-drawn breath, “I would not imperil my prospects by striking a stage manager for the sake of any chorus girl on the face of the earth.”

She thought at the moment that this was cruel and selfish to the last degree.

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

A SUCCESSFUL HIGHWAYMAN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THAT which is commonplace to one age becomes picturesque to the next. The time was in England when the exploits of Robin Hood had as little romance in them as have the triumphs of a train robber to-day in the West. In France, two centuries later, there flourished another great brigand, who made his deeds a proverb among the people, though he had for rivals in his profession some of the most energetic men in the kingdom. The skill of a distinguished French historian and the industry of a respectable Spanish scholar have been devoted to the life of this forgotten hero, the most successful highway robber and the most celebrated bandit of his day. Guided by the labors of these two gentlemen and helped by the many chroniclers of the fifteenth century, we can trace the likeness of the great brigand, — very disagreeably commonplace to his contemporaries, no doubt, but to us decidedly picturesque.

Rodrigo de Villandrando was born in Castile about the year 1378. The chroniclers of the fifteenth century were quite as ready to ascribe to their heroes a lineage illustrious, and even royal, as are the chroniclers of to-day to dwell upon the early poverty and the hardships of the self-made men whose final success they celebrate. According to his biographers, Rodrigo was descended from the sovereign Counts of Biscaya; in truth, his grandfather, a respectable burgher of Valladolid, esteemed himself fortunate when he married the sister of a French adventurer, who had entered Spain with Du Guesclin, and had received for his services the Spanish county of Ribadeo.

Of Rodrigo's early life very little is known, but that little considerably discredits the legend of his noble birth. "In his youth he despised the lazy life of a village, and, as he knew well the

idle spirit of the Castilian grandees, whom he regarded as worthless men, he joined himself to a merchant who had been robbed by pirates, for the sake of voyaging to strange countries, and in order to assist the merchant in recovering his fortune." Rodrigo's character already showed itself. Throughout his life we shall find combined in him the most reckless love of adventure and the keenest eye for gain, the ferocious brigand and the shrewd trader rolled into one. As he served the merchant, he fell in with certain ships richly laden, which he attacked and captured out of hand. His biographer informs us that they were "pirate barks," but so complete a reversal of the ordinary course of nature excites a suspicion which Rodrigo's later exploits hardly tend to allay.

At about this time Rodrigo's great-uncle, the old Count of Ribadeo, grew tired of his life in Spain. Fortunately for him, his Spanish estates were not entailed upon the family, and so he was able to exchange them for the so-called kingdom of Yvetot, in Normandy, famous in legend, where probably

"He let all thoughts of glory go
And dawdled half his days abed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny with a night-cap crowned
Slept very sound,"

as Béranger says. Before his departure, however, he seems to have fired Rodrigo's imagination with tales of the glorious life he had led when he served under Du Guesclin. Froissart tells us that Aimerigot Marcel, once a companion of the old count, thus bewailed the pleasures he had been persuaded to exchange for a peaceful life. "He was very sad and thoughtful," says the chronicler, "when he considered his diminished condition; for he wished not to

lessen his store of money, and whereas he had been wont daily to commit fresh acts of pillage and robbery, now he saw that this source of gain was closed to him. Therefore he made up his mind that he had repented of his good deeds too soon, inasmuch as the habit of pillage and robbery which he had formerly practiced was, all things considered, an excellent way of life. Whereat he said to his companions: 'There is no delight or glory in this world like the life of men at arms as we used to live it. How rejoiced were we, when we rode forth into the country and by chance fell in with a rich abbot, or with a caravan of mules belonging to Montpellier or Toulouse, laden with cloth from Brussels or furs from the fair at Lendit, with spices from Bruges or silks from Damascus or Alexandria! Upon everything we levied such toll as we would, and every day we gained fresh sums of money. The peasants of Auvergne and Limousin provided for our needs, and brought into our castle corn and flour and bread all baked, fodder and straw for our horses, good wine, cattle, fat sheep, poultry, and game. We were appareled like kings, and when we rode forth the whole country trembled before us. All was ours, both coming and going. How we took Carlac, I and the bastard of Compagne, and Caluset, I and Perrot of Béarn! How we scaled the strong castle of Mercœur, you and I, without other help! I kept it but five days, yet on the table before me five thousand francs were counted down, though I remitted a thousand for love of the count's children. By my faith, that was a good and fair life, and I repent me from the bottom of my heart that I have given it up.'

When Rodrigo heard of a life like this, he naturally wearied of the sea; accordingly, he sold out his share of the venture, and crossed the Pyrenees in search of a fortune. His natural sagacity made him choose France for his

field of operations, as that kingdom was torn in pieces by the feud which then raged between the partisans of the dukes of Burgundy and Orleans. In the midst of the turmoil Henry V. of England invaded the country, and as Burgundians and Orleanists were agreed in nothing but in accusing their opponents of betraying France to the English, and in their own perfect willingness to treat with the invaders, it is not surprising that the English arms gained ground rapidly.

In the first years of the fifteenth century, regular military service was almost impossible except among free companions and the like. Two or three centuries before, one feudal noble was as good a soldier as another, the practice of arms being almost universal. But in Rodrigo's time the soldier by profession was separated from his neighbors, while the peaceful portion of the community was not yet strong enough to keep him within bounds. This condition of affairs was a most fruitful cause of brigandage.

On entering France, Rodrigo joined himself to the Lord of L'Isle Adam, a little town on the Oise, to the north of Paris. This lord was an Orleanist captain, but, when the Duke of Burgundy approached the place, he readily sold himself, his fortress, and his company to the duke, having changed sides, indeed, more than once within a few years. As a reward for his treachery he was appointed by the Duke of Burgundy captain of the important town of Pontoise, and from this place he marched secretly upon Paris. Being admitted into the city by the partisans of Burgundy, he drove out the Orleanists, or Armagnacs, as they were called, and seized the person of the crazy king. The mob of Paris has always been ferocious, and the story of its exploits in the fifteenth century reads like a prophecy of the days of September. It was thoroughly Burgundian in its sympathies,

and wreaked its fury upon every one suspected of being an Armagnac. It massacred men, women, and children, dragged their dead bodies about the streets with savage glee, and cut the Burgundian cross of St. Andrew into the skin and flesh of the corpses. L'Isle Adam was an old soldier and hardened to all ordinary bloodshed, but he was aghast at the cruelty of the Parisians, and tried to check them. In a moment his own life was in danger. "Cursed be he who has more pity on a false traitor Armagnac than he would have on a dog! They have made sacks wherein to drown us with our wives and our children. Say no more to us, for, by the devil, we will do as we please, for all you can say, by God's blood." "My friends, do what you will," answered the terrified captain. "And they would not," says a chronicler, "have received to ransom a single man for all the treasure in the world, of such nature are the common people when they are aroused. Truly, they love the death of a man better than anything that can be given them." In this school Rodrigo learnt the pleasing art of war.

For several years he served with credit in the company of L'Isle Adam. He proved his prowess in many a single combat, and gained rapid promotion. Naturally, his companions grew jealous of his success, and by taking advantage of some misfortune, perhaps, they persuaded their commander to drive Rodrigo from the band. Probably he was not very sorry for his expulsion; indeed, one of his biographers ascribes it to an interposition of divine Providence in his favor. He was now of mature age, had served his apprenticeship in brigandage, and knew himself fit to command. Wandering about the country, he met first one ruffian, then another, and with them set up as a highway robber, at first in a small way.

The beginnings of a life of brigandage were by no means free from danger.

Two of Rodrigo's followers one night stabled their horses in a shed, and lay down beside them to sleep. The owner of the adjoining cottage, "thinking on the frightful ills and countless wrongs they had done," crept secretly out of his house after dark, and visited the cottages of two of his neighbors. With them he sought the church of the village, which was fortified, like many churches in the open country, so as to afford refuge to the peasants against these same brigands. Most of the country folk were gathered there. With two of them the three new-comers took counsel, and then, armed with stout sticks and a sickle, the best weapons they could find, they stole softly into the shed where the robbers were sleeping, seized them before they were awake, and bound them securely. So fearful of vengeance were the captors that they dared not make known their exploit even to their neighbors assembled in the church, but started into a neighboring wood with the prisoners and their horses. Coming to a lonely spot in the heart of the forest at about midnight, they stripped the bandits half naked, and then ordered them to confess their sins to each other. The elder made a last desperate effort to escape, whereupon one of the peasants who held him cut his throat with his own sword. The younger brigand was then dispatched with his own knife, and the murderers stole away to sell the horses and divide the booty. Rodrigo was brave, shifty, and very shrewd, and thus he managed to avoid mishaps like these.

At first he lived absolutely as a free lance, professing no regard for either English or French, Burgundians or Armagnacs. If he showed any partiality, it was toward his late employers, but before long he discovered his mistake. Very considerable license was allowed to the Burgundian and English captains, who now usually acted together, and their methods of warfare would

not altogether commend themselves to a modern general. Compared, however, with the Armagnac chieftains, they were orderly and humane. In the so-called army of Charles VII., who had now succeeded his father, hardly any attempt was made to restrain freebooting. Rodrigo, therefore, declared himself a partisan of Charles, and, in his fashion, remained faithful to the king during his whole career in France. Occasionally, he served against the English; oftener, he seized one of his fellow-soldiers, and compelled the king to pay him a good ransom; oftener still, he engaged in perfectly indiscriminate destruction and pillage. "When he saw that others of our captains kept the fields in diverse parts of our kingdom, and there wrought all kinds of harm and damage, he also took to the fields like the rest, and allowed his men to commit pillage, robbery, murder, rape, and sacrilege, to ransom men and cattle, and to live off the country as men at arms are wont to do." So spoke the king, thus mildly deprecating the excessive zeal of his followers. In short, Rodrigo conducted himself with so much energy and discretion that he soon earned an excellent reputation, and was able to surround himself with devoted followers.

Then as now, Lyons was one of the largest cities in France. It was entirely faithful to Charles, and so was especially open to Rodrigo's approach. Making common cause with two other captains, Rodrigo encamped near the city, pillaged the country round about, and demanded a ransom of four hundred crowns. The council of the city assembled. There was much difference of opinion among its members, and some of them argued that to buy off one bandit was the surest way of encouraging others, but the majority voted to pay the four hundred crowns. But Rodrigo's price had risen; he now demanded eight hundred crowns in addition to the booty he had already collected, accompanying

the demand with some very significant threats. This was more than even a town council could brook. The eight hundred crowns were promptly voted, and with them the bailiff was requested at once to hire five or six score men at arms who should drive Rodrigo from the country. On Tuesday, the very next day, however, the party of economy got the upper hand, and the council voted to give the bailiff a hundred crowns if he would drive out the brigands with the militia of the neighborhood. This commission the bailiff very naturally declined. On Friday a very full meeting of the council was held; all the laymen and one clergyman were for fighting, while the rest of the clergy talked much about the shedding of blood and favored a compromise. For the moment the warlike party had its way, but on Sunday, "after dinner, the larger and wiser part of the assembly concluded that the bailiff should get rid of the men at arms now in the country on the best terms he could make."

Naturally, the men of Lyons were not eager to part with their crowns, but it is clear that they did not consider Rodrigo's conduct specially reprehensible in the abstract. When a captain of free companions was established in business on a large scale, no one considered him a thief, any more than people nowadays confound a financial wrecker of railroads with a pickpocket. Rodrigo used to keep some of his money on deposit in the city, and the citizens sent him presents of candles and sweetmeats from time to time. In fact, his energy and skill recommended him so highly to this same bailiff of Lyons, and to the other officers of the king in the neighborhood, that his services were soon sought in a matter of the highest importance. The Prince of Orange, a partisan of the Duke of Burgundy, thought the opportunity a good one for invading Dauphiny. With his usual imbecility, Charles VII. refused aid to Raoul de

Gaucourt, governor of the province. Fortunately, Gaucourt was a man of resolution. He borrowed a large sum of money on the credit of the province, took the bailiff with him, and started for Rodrigo's camp, which was not far off. Rodrigo never procrastinated. He crossed the Rhone by night, surprised one of the prince's castles, and took the outworks by storm. Within two days the donjon surrendered.

A fortnight afterwards, the prince approached at the head of his army. Rodrigo begged to command the advance guard of the royal troops, and this honor was granted him, although the bailiff stood upon his dignity and demanded the post for himself. The brigand chief placed his men in ambush, fell suddenly upon the prince's flank, drove in his pickets, routed his main body, and hurled the disordered mass of fugitives into the Rhone. His skill was not confined to the battlefield. "A man full of malicious devices," says a chronicler, "he bore himself right bravely in battle, without forgetting the profit to be made therefrom." Very many prisoners were left in the hands of the victors, and, while the other captains were reposing after their labors, Rodrigo promised liberty to one of his own captives if he would reveal the quality of all those who had been taken with him. Acting upon this information, the wily brigand was enabled to buy his prisoners in a cheap market, while he afterwards ransomed them in a dear one. It was a very dear market indeed. From one of these unfortunates, who had lost his nose in the battle, Rodrigo extorted in the shape of ransom everything that the poor man possessed, beside eight thousand florins paid down by his mother. So great became the poverty of the wretched gentleman that when an escort was sent to conduct his daughter to the residence of her grandmother, the party was compelled to return with its errand unaccomplished, "because the

young girl was found destitute of clothing and almost naked."

Rodrigo's success in the war with the Prince of Orange established on a firm basis his reputation as a skillful captain, a man whose support kings might seek, while great nobles were glad to ally themselves with him. One of these, George de la Trémoille, was then the absolute master of the wretched king. A short time before, Rodrigo had been employed to pillage his estates, and the brigand's thoroughness in executing his commission, though distressing at the moment, commended him to La Trémoille as a man decidedly worth buying. The favorite himself was a miserable traitor, who sought only his own advancement. To secure this, he was entirely willing to treat secretly with the English, or to spend the resources of the kingdom in private war with other nobles who were anxious to supplant him in the king's favor. Rodrigo was a man altogether after La Trémoille's own heart, ready to fight the English, the Burgundians, the Constable of France, the king's brother-in-law, or the king himself, if handsomely paid for the job. Accordingly, the favorite secured Rodrigo's services, and, in addition to a castle in Dauphiny, conferred on him the title of squire of the royal stables.

We must not suppose that this accession of wealth and dignity in any way changed the tenor of Rodrigo's life. He still looked after the pence which could be extorted from the poor peasant, with the full assurance concerning the pounds guaranteed by the proverb, and he differed in opinion from certain modern thieves who hold the smaller kinds of theft unworthy of men who can steal upon a large scale. Indeed, as the poor could be robbed most safely, he seems to have preferred that part of his business; though, to do him justice, he lacked neither the courage nor the enterprise needed for more

considerable undertakings. Of course he respected nothing, sacred or profane. A wild legend concerning him lasted for centuries in Velay. It told how the freebooter rode his horse into the church of Aurec, and fastened him to a statue of St. Peter which stood on the altar. The horse reared and plunged so furiously that Rodrigo was forced to remount. He could not control the frightened animal, which dashed out of the church, and plunged into the Loire, drowning its rider, whose body was recovered further down the river. The horse escaped, and the boss which ornamented his bit was preserved in the church as a reminder of the miracle. Unfortunately for the men of Velay, there is no truth in the legend so far as the drowning is concerned; the sacrilege is probable enough, as we shall see.

In occasional service against the English, in frequent attacks upon noblemen obnoxious to La Trémoille, and in incessant pillage of the common people, Rodrigo passed the next years of his life. He was loaded with riches and honors, presented with fine castles, appointed royal chamberlain and a member of the king's council. His reputation extended to all parts of western Europe, and his name became a proverb in his profession for energy, rapacity, and cruelty. His services were sought both by Aragon and Castile, and, in the latter country, the old estates of his great-uncle, bartered for the Norman kingdom of Yvetot, were conferred again upon the nephew. He maintained the most exact discipline in his troop, divided the booty with strict justice, provided carefully for the needs of his men, and caused his safe-conducts to be respected. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that he never respected those granted by any one else.

Even the life of a bandit had its gentler side. Rodrigo went to court in great state, and, combining business with pleasure, then and there collected the debts

owed him by other courtiers, and reinvested the proceeds to advantage. It is true that only a few months had passed since he was carrying on war against the king's lieutenant in Languedoc, while, shortly afterwards, Charles paid a round sum to a certain captain for defending his castle against the freebooter. These were mere trifles; as the court chronicler said, in a moment of frankness, "He who could plunder and rob poor men the most was the most dreaded, and could obtain what he wanted from the king of France sooner than any other man."

Private entertainments, also, were given to the brigands. Occasionally the noblemen of the country, hoping to soften the hearts of the robbers, invited them to their country-seats. Once on a time several most distinguished bandits thus visited the Lord of Chastellux. Their host pointed out to them the beauties of the scenery, and, in particular, took them to a neighboring hill-top, whence there was a fine view of the country round about. Afterwards "they played games in the meadow by the castle with the said Lady of Chastellux and with the young girls staying there, and then returned whither they pleased." To influences like these Rodrigo yielded now and then. He was a man in middle life, and he desired to perpetuate his distinguished name. Having had many dealings with the house of Bourbon, he sought and won the hand of Margaret, natural daughter of John, Duke of Bourbon, one of the great princes of the blood. The irregularity of the lady's birth was of little disadvantage to her. Illegitimate children of royal and princely families were proud of their lineage, and, like the great Dunois, repudiated with scorn the legitimate descent from humbler parents which was sometimes assigned to them. Margaret of Bourbon was richly dowered, and the Count of Clermont, the head of the family in the absence of his father, welcomed

Rodrigo as a brother-in-law. The latter enrolled in his troop two "Bastards of Bourbon," one of whom relinquished a canonry to enter a profession more congenial, and probably more lucrative as well.

Within a few weeks of Rodrigo's marriage, his patron and employer was driven from power, and this event changed entirely the course of the freebooter's later career. La Trémoille, as he slept in a chamber of the royal castle of Chinon, was dragged from his bed by a party of his enemies. The king was powerless to protect him, and it was by rare good fortune that the captors allowed him to depart with his life. The feeble Charles now fell into the hands of the Constable, Arthur de Richemont, a man by no means immaculate, but blessed with a genuine and enduring hatred of brigands. The work of exterminating them was a long one, however, and for many years to come Rodrigo was to work his sweet will in central and southern France.

In the practice of his profession he had never been hampered by religious scruples. This thorough devotion to the interest of his patrons seems to have commended him to the "holy and sacred general Council, lawfully gathered in the Holy Ghost at Basle, and representing the Catholic Church." "To Rodrigo de Villandrando, the beloved son of the Church," the reverend fathers at this time sent "greeting and the blessing of Almighty God." "You have written to us," say they, "of the full and sincere affection which you bear to the Church, and have offered yourself and yours to this sacred Council, whereat we rejoice, commending your true devotion to the Lord, and being ever ready to do that which is pleasing to you. Now, as we have heard with sorrow that the venerable Peter, Cardinal of Foix, to the prejudice of the Council, has assailed the city of Avignon, and as we fear lest this attack shall scandalize the Church,

we therefore exhort and beg you, in whose army is our greatest hope, to succor the said city as quickly as possible. Again and again we beg you to do this, inasmuch as by so doing you will put under a lasting obligation both God and the Catholic Church which we represent, and you will find us ever mindful of your interests."

Whether Rodrigo was chiefly moved by the obligation thus to be conferred on Almighty God, or by certain advantages more immediate and tangible, we can only guess. It is certain, at any rate, that he set himself in his most approved manner to ravage the country in the neighborhood of Avignon. The "venerable Peter," however, would not turn aside from the siege of the city, and Avignon surrendered at last. Rodrigo withdrew with what plunder he had collected, and it is not impossible that the Church was somewhat scandalized in the end.

Very naturally, other work was soon found for a son of the Church so beloved as Rodrigo de Villandrando. Two priests were fighting for the archbishopric of Albi. On this occasion Rodrigo took arms against the candidate of the Council, having been offered very favorable terms. His success was complete, and so, we may hope, all scandal to the Church was avoided. Having laid waste the country about Albi until the wearied citizens opened their gates, he entered the place, rode to the door of the cathedral, dismounted, walked the length of the church, spurred, helmeted, and fully armed as he was, and sat himself down on the archbishop's throne, thus taking possession of the see in the name of his candidate. The story of his sacrilege at Aurec was not so far from the truth, after all.

Having exhausted, for the moment, the resources of southern France, Rodrigo marched northward again to try his luck in Berry and Touraine. At first all went well, but the times had changed.

An attack upon some of the king's servants, just the sort of exploit which had gained him honors and castles when La Trémoille was in power, now enraged the king, or rather the Constable, who was the king's master. An army was gathered; the protection of Rodrigo's brother-in-law, now Duke of Bourbon, availed him nothing, and he was forced to flee for his life. Across the country he raced, seeking to get out of France. By the speed of his horses and by his knowledge of the roads he succeeded in evading the royal troops, and he passed the Saône by a ford he had often used before. Though he was safe at last, his retreat had cost him dear. The countryside rose upon him; in every gloomy pass, on every dark night, the peasants hung upon his tracks, ready for vengeance. Some of his men were seized, and hanged after a trial at law, while others met with a worse fate. Two wandering freebooters were captured by wretches from whom they once had taken everything. Spared for the moment, the robbers were delivered up to the seneschal of the nearest castle; "and finally the said seneschal put them in a deep hole, where they remained fourteen or fifteen days, as is reported, in the custody of the said seneschal, without the said seneschal's giving them either to eat or to drink: wherefore, as is reported, they died of hunger in the said prison." "And I certify," says a chronicler, "that the Saône and the Doubs were so full of these robbers that oft-times the fishermen, instead of fish, would draw out their bodies, two by two or three by three, tied fast together with ropes."

The miserable peasants had good cause for any vengeance, however cruel. When the country grew more peaceful, inquest was made into their condition, and the tale of their sufferings is horrible to read. The brigands first stripped the country of everything worth carrying away, and then, in sheer wan-

tonness, burnt what was left. The rest of the story is darker still. One poor widow "makes very light" of her other losses, "for the loss of her husband is her greatest loss. He was led as far as Cheminet, and there his throat was cut, wherefore she cries for vengeance to Almighty God." Another peasant "said and swore that the brigands carried away his boy, being about ten years old, whom he never saw afterwards, nor could get any news of him, and he would be right glad to see him again for forty florins." When we know that little children were starved in cages until a heavy ransom was paid, or until they died of hunger, we can realize the meaning of this peasant's words. Sometimes the stories were so terrible that the scribe refused to write them down.

In France, however, a brigand's occupation was almost gone, and none understood this better than did Rodrigo. For a year or two longer, with varying success, he plied his trade in Languedoc and Guienne, but he knew that he must leave the country before his reputation should suffer too seriously. In 1439 came his opportunity. Alvaro de Luna, Constable of Castile, who ruled the feeble John II., called the great freebooter to his help. In executing the commissions entrusted to him, Rodrigo was promptness itself. He crossed the Pyrenees with a strong force, and defeated a detachment sent against him by the nobles allied to overthrow De Luna. In spite of this success both king and Constable lost heart. Rodrigo, indeed, was treated with great respect and was loaded with favors, but De Luna was driven from court, and even Rodrigo was required to send his men back into France.

His conduct in this emergency shows very plainly the foresight and sound judgment which always distinguished him among men of his profession. Like Froissart's hero, Rodrigo too must have

pined for the glorious life he had led during more than a quarter of a century, but he sternly put all vain regrets behind him. His neck was far too precious to risk in a losing game; and, besides, he was now sixty years old, and had lost a part of his old appetite for hair-breadth escapes. Full of wealth and honors, he remained in Spain, while Salazar, his ablest lieutenant, led the brigand army back into Languedoc. For the use of Rodrigo's name, for the good will of the business, so to speak, Salazar agreed to pay his old captain a large share of the profits.

At first these profits were considerable, though uncertain; then they ceased altogether. The Constable Richemont, having gained sufficient power, notified all the brigands in France that they must quit the country at once, or else enter the royal service on an ample but fixed salary, with no perquisites whatever. Salazar chose the latter course. Though his habits of plunder still clung to him, and several times brought him into disgrace, he finally achieved distinction as a regular soldier, and died much respected. His son was the last French prelate to appear fully armed on the field of battle. A different fate befell Rodrigo's brother-in-law, the Bastard of Bourbon. He went into Champagne, long a happy hunting-ground for men of his profession. At last, however,

"The king forthwith dispatched
The Constable among them,
Who very soon the knaves dispatched;
To wit, he drowned and hung them,"

as a contemporary writer of doggerel happily observes. The Bastard gave himself up, trusting in Charles's weakness. This was, indeed, so great that at one time the king was induced to publish an ordinance forbidding himself to pardon anybody, and ordering every one to disregard the pardon if granted. But the Bastard had now to deal with the Constable, a very different man from the king. He was tried, found guilty,

sewn up in a sack, and drowned in the Aube. The only concession which the ex-canon could obtain was the permission to have his dead body fished out of the river and buried in consecrated ground.

The peace in Spain soon came to an end. Alvaro de Luna and the great Spanish nobles again fell out; the latter took to arms, and tried to seize the person of the king. He was approaching Toledo with a few gentlemen, one of whom was Rodrigo himself. Suddenly the rebels appeared in force. Resistance to them seemed impossible, but the great brigand had been in peril too often to lose his presence of mind. The royal party was near the church and infirmary of St. Lazarus. Familiar with fortified churches as he was, he drew the king and his retinue into the building, closed and barricaded the doors, skillfully posted the small force at his disposal, and held out until reinforcements came up. For this deed John II. conferred upon him a privilege of the sort dearest to the Spanish heart. Every year, upon the feast of the Epiphany, the Day of the Kings, as the feast is called in Spain, Rodrigo and his descendants were allowed to dine in person with the king, and to take away, after the ceremony, the clothes which the king should wear. At the beginning of this century the enjoyment of the privilege was interrupted by the troubles in Spain, but in 1841, on the four hundredth anniversary of Rodrigo's exploit, the privilege was recognized by Queen Isabella as vested in the family of Sarmiento, Dukes of Híjar, descended from Rodrigo de Villandrando in the female line.

Very rich, and loaded with honors, Rodrigo now lived the life of a Spanish grandee. He was no rude soldier of fortune, but a clerkly man, specimens of whose handwriting have come down to us, and very good handwriting it is. He was fully versed, also, in courtly

ways, and, if occasion called, he could still ruffle it with the bravest young gallant in Spain. Soon after his action in the king's defense he was taken captive by the charms of Doña Teresa de Zuñiga, the daughter of the Count of Monterey. Rodrigo was now past sixty, and his wife was living, though he had left her in France. Nevertheless, he appeared at a court ball wearing a cap such as bridegrooms then wore, with this device : —

"The knot tied by a fate unkind
May kindlier fate for me unbind,
And tighter draw the band now loosely twined."

As the obstacles to a second marriage appeared insurmountable, "the Count of Ribadeo carried a brazier full of dead coals" at the next ball, with this despairing motto : —

"Let him the flames of love that burn
On this hope set his thought :
As hottest fires to ashes turn,
May his hope come to naught."

Fate, however, was always kind to Rodrigo. Margaret of Bourbon died soon afterwards, and "the band now loosely twined" was drawn to a satisfactory tightness.

Rodrigo spent the last years of his life with his young wife and with the children she bore him, respected and honored throughout Castile. Once or twice he again undertook military service, but the service was always safe and entirely legitimate. There is some slight indication that the Count of Ribadeo was occasionally henpecked by his second wife, but he does not seem to have resented this. In his will, indeed, he made elaborate provisions for her burial beside himself in the church of Our Lady of Mercy in Valladolid, and so he must have trusted that she would not avail herself of his impending death to marry again. Probably he considered constancy purely a feminine virtue; at any rate, his confidence appears to have been justified.

When he reached threescore and ten,

his stout constitution gave way, tried by half a century of peril and adventure. As the time of his death drew near, he betook himself to the consolations of religion as naturally and as sincerely as a man puts on a diving suit when going to the bottom of the sea. He was more than a month in dying; and in his will he provided masses for his own soul, for that of his widow, when she too should die, and even for that of the obliging Margaret of Bourbon. Following a habit of his age, he left five thousand maravedis, a trifling sum, to ransom Christian captives from the Moors. When we consider that the most of his enormous fortune had been obtained by extorting ransom from Christian captives, the legacy has in it a delicious touch of irony. Two hundred thousand maravedis were to be paid for his tomb and for a chapel to contain it.

Naturally, Rodrigo's wealth and his final success had washed his memory clean of every stain left by the questionable means he had sometimes employed. Eulogy after eulogy was pronounced upon him by his contemporaries, with scarce a suggestion that his life offered anything but a shining example. One carping Frenchman, indeed, wrote that "the Spaniards make a great fuss over the exploits, or rather the lucky depredations, of their Rodrigo de Ribadeo, that partisan whom the last generation saw carrying fire and sword throughout almost all Aquitaine; but is it not clear that such examples bring dishonor rather than glory upon those who set them?" Against this petty exhibition of national envy we may set the words of the veracious Hernando del Pulgar, who thus describes the last moments of his hero : —

"And at the last, God, who neither permits men to escape without punishment nor denies them his mercy, gave him time wherein to amend his ways and repent, seeing that he was now old, and infirm through suffering from which

he could not escape. Verily it was a thing right marvelous and an example for mortal men to follow, both his great contrition, and his penitence for the sins he had committed, and the great flood of tears which he poured out continually for many days before he died; praying

to God with all his heart, and beseeching Him that He would pardon his sins and have mercy upon his soul. In such penitent fashion did he complete his days, being seventy years old; and, for the pious end which he made, I have reckoned him in the number of illustrious men."

Francis C. Lowell.

AN AMERICAN HIGHWAYMAN.

ON account of her extreme youth, America, as has often been remarked by discriminating tourists from across the sea, lacks much of that picturesque background which goes far toward lending interest to the older countries of the other hemisphere. Along the Hudson and the Connecticut there are none of the tumble-down castles which perch upon the rocky headlands of the Rhine; across the plains are found no Roman roads or walls such as were built by Cæsar and his successors in France and Spain; there are none of the ivy-grown monastic arches which tell Englishmen of the time when the learning and the wealth of their country reposed in the Holy Church. The romances which cluster about a throne are wholly wanting; the vista of powdered periwigs, of patches and brocade, of knee-breeches and silver shoe-buckles, ends abruptly against the dark green of the primeval forest; and there has been no native Turpin or Duval to stop the traveler on the lonely heath, and politely relieve him of his watch and purse. The Western "road agent," to be sure, has done something in this line in his adventures with the Deadwood stage, but his efforts, though sometimes daring, have invariably lacked that refinement which was a distinguishing characteristic of those popular heroes who ended their lives at Tyburn. This is not wholly the poor fellow's fault, since he has done his

best; but he needed breeding, and how was he to obtain it in the midst of the prairies?

But there was a time, nearly a century ago, when but for the interposition of Nature and two other women America might have had a highwayman for whose deeds his countrymen would have had no cause to blush. In his too brief career he displayed all the rudiments of future greatness, excepting the cynical hardness of heart which marked his illustrious predecessors, and doubtless that would have come in time. His public life ended abruptly, whence he came and whither he went remaining alike undiscovered. All that is certainly known of him is contained in a little old pamphlet dedicated to his exploits, for he too had his chapman; and if more was ever ascertained it has long since passed from the memory of men. The story may be gathered from among the old-time phrases and the quaint reflections of the biographer who, some years after the events narrated had taken place, was moved to set them down for the benefit of posterity.

One snowy afternoon, something over a week before Christmas of the year 1808, a stranger rode up to the door of landlord Whitmore's old stone tavern, which stood in Green Street, in the town of Albany. Dismounting and shaking the snow from his rich furred mantle, he desired the hostler to lead his animal to

the warmest stall obtainable, and to feed him well. He then entered the tavern, and it could be seen at a glance that he was a person of consequence. He was tall and strongly built, with a handsome dark-skinned face and keen black eyes which betrayed his Southern origin. His manner was courteous and pleasant, and, in short, he seemed to his host and to those who frequented the tavern to be a thorough gentleman, "agreeable and diffuse in conversation, as he was extremely well informed in the lore of literature, as well as any and all parts of the globe, the governments of the different nations, the bearing of universal politics, and the balance of power between the different nations of Christendom."

Tavern discussions must have taken a wide range in those days. But in spite of the diffuseness of his talk, the stranger was careful not to mention the place whence he had come nor the nature of his business in the old Dutch town, matters of which mine host and the rest would no doubt have learned willingly. It was remarked, indeed, that when left to himself he became silent and abstracted, and that his face often wore a melancholy expression as he sat gazing into the open fire.

He remained several days at the old tavern, employing his time mainly in making short excursions, by means of which he gained a knowledge of the neighborhood. He visited many of the public houses in the vicinity, and especially that kept by "Pye the Englishman," on the road to Troy and Canada. Here on one or two occasions he passed the night, saying that his name was Johnson, and that his object was the selection and purchase of a house. John Pye and his good wife could not do too much for the pretended buyer of real estate, and he had every opportunity to acquaint himself with the disposition of the rooms and the location of the doors and windows, and to learn about what

sum was usually taken at the bar during the day. If he made a mental note of these things, he did so without taking Pye into his confidence, and departed as affably as he had come.

On the afternoon of the fourth day before Christmas he was observed cleaning a heavy and richly ornamented pair of pistols. When he had set them in order, he paid his reckoning, mounted his beautiful mare, and set off toward the north, which, he said, was the region of his destination. The tavern friends who watched him as he rode around the corner and disappeared little thought they were to hear more of him before morning.

About two miles south of the city stands a toll-gate, the keeper of which at that time was one Baker. An hour or two after the stranger had ridden away, professedly to the north, on the other side of the city, Mrs. Baker, who had been left by her husband in charge of the gate, saw a horseman come galloping down the road. She made ready to raise the gate, in order that the hasty wayfarer might pass without loss of time; but, to her surprise, when he came up he reined in his horse, which stood perfectly still without tying, leaped from his saddle, and advanced toward her, fiercely demanding the toll-money. Now, as it happened, the good woman had that very afternoon tied up the toll-money in a small bag kept for the purpose, and, as the robber pushed by her into the gate-house, she contrived to cast this bag under the front stoop, unperceived by him. At the same time she protested "with great earnestness and womanish simplicity" that her husband had but now carried the money to the city, to pay it over to the agent of the company. The man examined the drawer where the tolls were usually kept, and finding only a few shillings believed her story. Mounting his mare with a curse, he made off at full speed toward the city, northward this time in earnest, along

the road by which he had come, his fur mantle floating out behind him.

Thus in his first attempt the highwayman was balked by a woman. Turpin, had he been present, would not have let her go out of his sight for an instant, and, had he failed to obtain the booty, would have ridden away more slowly, lifting his three-cornered hat and paying the dame a smiling compliment as he went. That our hero failed in this shows that he was but an amateur, after all. Had he secured the gate-money he might have gone on his way satisfied, and so have escaped what afterward befell him; but he had been too ready to place confidence in the words of the woman, and, though a novice, he did not lack courage.

From the toll-gate he rode to an inn at Gibbonsville, some four or five miles north of the city. It is plain that he had it in mind to empty the till of landlord Goewey, but the dogs, of which a number were kept about the place, raised such an uproar with their barking that he was forced to abandon the attempt. Fortune was against him, but his case was desperate, and he turned his horse's head once more toward the city. Before Pye's tavern he paused, but, seeing lights within and hearing the voices of late guests, he rode slowly on again. A few rods beyond the tavern, in a field, stood a stack of hay. Turning in to this, the rider dismounted and waited, leaving his mare to nibble. It was hard upon midnight, and soon he had the satisfaction of perceiving that the lights were put out in the tavern and the voices had become quiet.

The young man crept up to a window opening into a back room, raised and secured it by thrusting a splinter between the sash and the casing, and softly stepped inside. His first move was to light the dark lantern which he had brought with him. Then with a pail of water he extinguished the coals which still glowed in the great fireplaces of

the kitchen and the front room. After this had been accomplished, no doubt with a beating heart, for he was but a beginner, he crept up the stairs leading to Pye's sleeping-room. The hostess, who had been up late attending to the wants of her guests, had but just fallen asleep, when she was roused by a voice calling upon her husband. Springing from her bed, she confronted the intruder, and demanded what he wanted at that late hour, in a place where he had no business.

"It is to your husband, madam, and not to his wife, that my business is addressed," muttered the stranger, shaking the sleeping Pye by the arm.

By his voice and figure she knew him to be the man who had called himself Johnson, and who had been in search of a house, but, being a prudent woman, she said nothing of this. Her husband had now waked, and in a peevish voice asked who was there, and what he wanted at such a time.

"Your money or your life I must have, and that immediately," answered the robber, in a stern voice.

Pye, thinking that he was the victim of some waggish young man from the city, who was merely trying to frighten him, replied boldly, "It's damned little money you'll get out of me, my lad; the thing is but indifferently plenty with me."

"Sir," answered the robber, "there's no jesting in this matter. I am in earnest, and not to be trifled with. Your money, or here is that which can make its own terms," and he pressed his pistol against the landlord's breast.

The poor man was silent and not a little alarmed. He knew that in a box under the foot of the bed lay five hundred dollars in gold coin, and that there was as much more in notes in the bureau close at hand. But when the robber commanded him to lead the way downstairs to the bar, he complied gladly, thinking to be quit of the affair for the

trifle that might happen to be there. In his agitation he forgot that his wife kept the key of the bar-room, as she kept all the other keys, and having arrived at the door, and finding it locked, the two were obliged to return to the upper story. Mrs. Pye, who had her wits about her, knew that this would be the case, and no sooner were their backs turned than she hastened across the hall to a room where two travelers were lying. Finding them sound asleep, she seized the one nearest her by the arm, and, being a woman of superior strength, brought him with one pull from his couch to the floor. Hurriedly whispering that the house was beset by a highwayman, and desiring him and his companion to help as best they could, she darted back into her own room, and waited as if she had never left it. As her husband and the robber came up, the two travelers whom she had warned opened their door and made as if they would interfere; but the muzzle of a pistol caused them to beat a hasty retreat, and for a time nothing more was heard of them.

"Wife, give me the key to the bar," said Pye; "we are set upon by a robber, and we must give up our money, or we may lose our lives."

"I will give the keys to thee nor to no man else," quoth she bravely.

"Nay, wife," he urged, "give them up, or worse may come."

"I will not," she replied again. "I will give the keys to thee nor no man living, I tell thee!" and with that she ran to the corner of the room, where there was a loaded gun.

It was an unlucky move. She had no sooner laid hold of the gun than the robber raised his pistol and shot her husband in the side. One of the bullets glanced on his ribs and fell to the floor, while the other passed through his left arm and buried itself in the wall close by where she stood. Nothing daunted, however, she cocked the piece and thrust

it into her husband's hands, crying, "Fire, Pye, fire, or he will kill thee! He is fumbling for his other pistol!"

"I cannot hold the gun," he groaned; "I am sore wounded in the arm."

At this she seized his hand and placed the barrel of the gun within it, supporting it and directing it toward the robber while he pulled the trigger. There was a deafening report, and the intruder fell, extinguishing his lantern as he went down.

Mrs. Pye's first thought was to procure a light, by which the exact position of affairs might be ascertained. As she groped her way to the door, she stumbled over the prostrate body of the robber, and concluded that he was dead. Obtaining a light from the coals below, for there had been a fire in her own parlor, which the robber had failed to put out, she returned with her candle to the scene of action, to find her husband lying in a faint on the bed where he had fallen, and the robber nowhere in sight.

The two travelers, whom the chronicler speaks of derisively as "bedroom knights," now ventured forth. By the marks of blood upon the walls and floor they traced the robber to a side door by which he had escaped, and they determined to set out at once for Albany for men to assist in his capture. This they did; but they had not gone far before they came upon the highwayman by the haystack, rolling in the snow, as if trying to stanch the flow of blood from his wound. The ball had taken effect in the back of his head, fracturing his skull. He could hardly have been in his right mind with such a wound, and that his brain was injured his subsequent actions plainly showed.

The two "bedroom knights" thought best not to disturb him, but left him rolling, and hastened on to the city. When they arrived they gave the alarm, shouting, "*A robber! A robber!*" at the top of their lungs. The night-clubs of the watch were soon heard on the pavement,

as they passed the alarm on from one to another, and in a few moments a considerable number of people had collected to listen to the story of the travelers. This was hurriedly told, and meantime the populace came running out of the adjacent streets, each man crying, "*A robber! A robber!*" as loud as he could. William Winne was the captain of the watch, a brave man, who had served in the Revolution, and who had performed several famous feats both in running from and running after the Indians. The speech which he is said to have delivered on this occasion was short and to the point. "Gentlemen of the watch and citizens of Albany," said he, "who among you all is willing to take part in the pursuit and apprehension of the robber? If there be any such, let them follow me!" And so saying he at once set out. But hardly had the crowd started when it was brought once more to a halt by the command of the wary captain, who had caught the sound of rapid hoof-beats approaching from the north. In a moment the horseman had burst upon them, hatless, with a bloody handkerchief bound about his head and his face spattered with blood. Again the cry of "*A robber! A robber!*" arose, but no man was found bold enough to stand before the furious horse and rider. The throng gave way to the right and left, and the highwayman dashed down the lane thus opened before him. One of the citizens did indeed strike at him with a heavy cane, as he passed, but he bent forward and escaped the blow. He had lost one of his pistols at Pye's, but drawing the other from its holster, he turned in his saddle and fired as he fled. The bullet went wide, and the weapon fell from his hand.

The street before him, which was, parallel with the Hudson, was now open, and he might perhaps have escaped had he followed it. But instead of doing this he turned aside into another street, which cut across the first at a right angle,

and led to a wharf on the river front. Neither horse nor rider hesitated when they found the river before them. The leap which the mare made was talked of for years after. She struck full twenty feet from the edge of the wharf, upon the ice eight feet below. The citizens who had followed expected to see the ice give way beneath her feet; but it held, and soon both horse and rider had gained a little island in the midst of the stream, from which they made their way to the other shore, and climbed the steep slope. Here the highwayman might have turned to the right and followed the road to New York; but he was probably bewildered by his wound and the excitement of the chase, so that he took small note of his course. At any rate, he ignored the road, and dashed on across field and fence until he reached the wooded crest of the slope; and here, in the edge of the timber, he stopped to listen and to breathe his mare.

He soon found that if he would escape he had no time to lose, for the hue and cry of the pursuit came rolling toward him across the ice, and by the sounds he perceived that some of his followers were mounted. He turned, and plunged in among the tree-trunks; but his speed was slackened by the undergrowth and the deep snow, so that the pursuers gained on him every moment. One of them, who had outstripped the rest, came riding along a wood-road, hoping to capture the fugitive single-handed, and so win undying fame in the city. Suddenly the object of his search burst out through the bushes which fringed the way, and confronted him with a naked dagger which glittered in the gray of the morning. One glance at the pale and desperate face dissolved his courage. With a cry of terror, he wheeled his horse, dug his heels into its sides, and clattered off down the hill to the main band as if he had seen a ghost. In place of the honor he had sought he got only jeers and laughter.

The highwayman was as startled at the unexpected meeting as the other, and instead of following the open road he dashed recklessly into the woods again, making for a point where the dense foliage of some fir-trees seemed to promise concealment. Alas! as he had been before beguiled and thwarted by two women, he was now deceived by Nature herself. Just as he was on the point of reaching the friendly shelter of the pines he came upon a bog, in which his mare struggled and floundered for a moment, and finally sank to her body, throwing him over her head into the mire.

His pursuers had now reached the point where he had abandoned the road, and the bold Winne leaped from the saddle and continued the chase on foot; uttering as he went cries of astonishment at the wonderful strides of the mare in her last desperate burst for freedom. It was more than twenty feet between the hoof-marks in the snow. Being a fleet runner, the captain of the watch soon left the others behind, and presently came upon the highwayman, stretched at full length among the brown grasses of the bog. When the poor wretch heard the sound of footsteps, he raised himself to a sitting posture, clenched his dagger more firmly, and prepared to sell his life as dearly as he might. But Winne drew nearer, and with a fortunate blow of his staff of office sent his opponent's only remaining weapon spinning away into the snow. The latter now grasped the cudgel of his assailant, and with a desperate effort wrenched it away. As the plucky veteran sprang upon him, he was met with a half blow from the staff that dashed his front teeth into his mouth, "which he afterward took out at his leisure," remarks the historian. But in spite of the blow he succeeded in catching the knotted kerchief, which had slipped down about the highwayman's neck, and, twisting his fingers in this, he soon choked him into submis-

sion. It was the end of a gallant fight for liberty.

The others had now come up, and together they pinioned the captive's arms, drew the mare out of the mud, and led them both away down the hill and across the river to the town. As the triumphal procession passed through the narrow streets, many an exclamation of pity was uttered by the good housewives and their tender-hearted daughters, who viewed the scene from behind the curtains of their chamber windows underneath the peaked roofs. In truth, the young man presented a sorry spectacle, as he walked with bent head among his captors. His long black hair was stiff with gore, and his garments were splashed with blood and mire from head to heel. He was taken at once to the prison, and irons, attached to staples some distance from each other, were placed upon his ankles. "Iron me as you will," said he, "they can hold me but a short time." He meant that death would soon set him free, but his captors thought he intended to escape, and so placed additional manacles on his wrists, and fitted an iron band about his waist, by which he was chained to the wall. They would also have put a collar of iron about his neck, but this his wound prevented.

So he lay in prison, and hundreds came to view him, among them Mrs. Pye, who insisted on being admitted to his cell, with the intention of reproaching him for his barbarity. She found him lying face down on the bare stone floor, but he raised himself when he knew that his visitor was a woman.

"Johnson, don't you know me?" she asked, calling him by the name he had given.

"Indeed, madam, I do not," he replied.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Pye; "don't you know the woman whose apartment you entered a few nights since, and demanded money, and whose husband you have shot, so that I fear he will die of the wound?"

"My God, is he not dead, then?" cried the prisoner joyfully. "I thought I had killed him on the spot, though indeed I had not intended to do so. And are you the woman whom I have so deeply injured, and whose courage and address on that fatal night were so far beyond what is common to your sex? I bitterly deplore that adventure, and it has cost me my life, for the wound received from the shot of your gun is dreadful."

When she entered the prison Mrs. Pye had felt only hardness of heart toward the robber, but this speech, in which sincere repentance was mingled with admiration of her courage, and the feeling that she had been instrumental in reducing him to the present pass subdued her anger. She felt the natural sympathy of her sex overcome her. With streaming eyes, she consoled with the prisoner, and tried to draw from him his story. He refused to disclose his true name and whence he had come, though he admitted that his family was respectable, and that he regretted the disgrace he had brought upon them. At last, much moved, Mrs. Pye left him, begging to be allowed to bring him some few comforts and dainties, and promising to return soon, as he was very desirous to know whether her husband was

likely to recover. But before she had business in the city again the smith had filed away the prisoner's irons, and he had stretched himself on the bed where presently he died.

His body was given over to the doctors who had attended him, and one of them preserved his skeleton and hung it up in his cabinet; so that even after his death his fate bore some resemblance to that of certain of his famous predecessors whose bodies were hanged in chains.

Such is the history of the only American highwayman who has ever shown himself in any degree worthy of the name.

To this day his identity remains shrouded in mystery, but no doubt there hung in a secret closet in the mansion of some Virginia planter another skeleton, whose dry bones rattled whenever the name of a certain son was mentioned. As a stranger he came, and a stranger still he passed beyond the reach of human questioning; but had not the presence of mind of one woman, the courage of another, and the treachery of a swamp intervened, the Hudson valley might have had a highwayman whose exploits would have been sung in ballads and pictured in story-books to this day.

Robert H. Fuller.

THE FOURTH CANTO OF THE INFERNO.

THE power of Dante lies in his use of words. There are many great works of fiction where the interest lies in the situation and development of the characters or in the wrought-up climax of the action, and where it is necessary to read the whole work before one can feel the force of the catastrophe. But Dante's poem is a series of disconnected scenes, held together only by the

slender thread of the itinerary. The scenes vary in length from a line or two to a page or two; and the power of them comes, one may say, not at all from their connection with each other, but entirely from the language in which they are given.

A work of this kind presents great difficulties to the translator, because the verbal felicities, to use a mild term, of

any poem are essentially untranslatable. This may in some measure account for the dullness of translations of Dante. What English words, for instance, can render the mystery of that unknown voice that calls out of the deep, —

“Onorate l'altissimo poeta,
Torna sua ombra che era dipartita”?

The cry breaks upon the night, full of awful greeting, proclamation, prophecy, and leaves the reader standing next to Virgil, afraid now to lift up his eyes to the poet. Awe breathes in the cadence of the words themselves. And so with many of the most splendid lines in Dante, the meaning inheres in the very Italian words. They alone shine with the idea. They alone satisfy the spiritual vision. But for all this, Dante will always have plenty of translators. One cannot read him without thinking that if only these miraculous words could be exactly translated the effect would be great. His vivid fiery force of expression will probably to the end of time tempt persons of other nationalities to translate him; yet in all likelihood there will be no adequate translation of his poem until a poet very nearly as great as Dante shall set himself to the task.

Of all the greatest poets, Dante is most foreign to the genius of the English race. From the point of view of English-speaking people, he is lacking in humor. It might seem at first blush as if the argument of his poem were a sufficient warrant for seriousness; but his seriousness is of a nature strange to northern nations. There is in it a gaunt and sallow earnestness which appears to us inhuman.

In the treatment of the supernatural the Teutonic nations have generally preserved a touch of humor. This is so intrinsically true to the Teutonic way of feeling that the humor seems to go with and to heighten the terror of the supernatural. When Hamlet, in the scene on the midnight terrace, addresses the

ghost as “old mole,” “old truepenny,” etc., we may be sure that he is in a frenzy of excitement and apprehension. Perhaps the explanation of this mixture of humor and terror, of which many other instances might be given, is that when the mind feels itself shaken to its foundations by the immediate presence of the supernatural, palsied, as it were, with fear, there comes to its rescue, and as an antidote to the fear itself, a reserve of humor, almost of levity. Staggered by the unknown, the mind opposes it with the homely and the familiar. The northern nations were too much afraid of ghosts to take them seriously. The sight of one made a man afraid he should lose his wits if he gave way to his fright. Thus it has come about that in the sincerest terror of the north there is a touch of grotesque humor; and this touch we miss in Dante. The hundred cantos of his poem are unrelieved by a single scene of comedy. The strain of exalted tragedy is maintained throughout. His jests and wit are not of the laughing kind. Sometimes they are grim and terrible, sometimes playful, but always serious and full of meaning. This lack of humor becomes very palpable in a translation, where it is not disguised by the transcendent beauty of Dante's style.

There is another difficulty peculiar to translating Dante into English. English is essentially a diffuse and prodigal language. The great English writers have written with a free hand, prolific, excursive, diffuse. Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Browne, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Browning, all the typical writers of English, have been many-worded. They have been men who said everything that came into their heads, and trusted to their genius to make their writings readable. The eighteenth century in England, with all its striving after classical precision, has left behind it no great laconic English classic who stands in the first rank. Our own Emerson is con-

cise enough, but he is disconnected and prophetic. Dante is not only concise, but logical, deductive, prone to ratiocination. He set down nothing that he had not thought of a thousand times, and conned over, arranged, and digested. We have in English no prototype for such condensation. There is no native work in the language written in anything which approaches the style of Dante.

In translating a poem, the object is to make something that shall produce the effect, or some semblance of the effect, of the original. For those who have read the original no one can hope to do more than call up a reminiscence. Now, the form and metre of the original are the strongest means at the translator's command for getting a resemblance of some kind, at least an external resemblance; and he had need be a strong man who discards these in his translation. To translate a poem and reproduce it in a different metre is much as if one should transpose a piece of music from one instrument to another, and in so doing should change the time. It follows that a translation of Dante must be in *terza rima*, for the ear's sake: otherwise it will not give an echo of Dante. But the *terza rima* has never been domesticated into English. It is rare that we find the metre in English poetry, and the rhymes fall in a way which at first puzzles the mind. The progressive sets of rhymes, each overlapping the other, weave a texture of verse close-knit and flexible, which has been aptly compared to a coat of mail. The requirements of this poetical form are strict, and the reduction of any thought to rhymed lines of a given length is a task requiring patience and ingenuity, as any one who has ever tried to write a sonnet — and who has not? — can witness. The terseness of the original Italian words cannot in general be imitated by the employment of the corresponding cognate or derivative

words in English. Words of Latin origin, though the English tongue swarms with them, cannot be made to express the caustic sense of Dante. They are not close enough to the life of the language. And with the use of Saxon words comes an immense difficulty with the metre. Nothing can be farther from the linked sweetness of the Italian *terza rima* than the rough-hewn Saxon words. They end short, generally finishing in a consonant or two consonants, and they end very heterogeneously, so that rhymes are hard to find. In Italian almost all the rhymes are two-syllabled, for most Italian words are accented on the penultimate, and this feature of the language lends its aid in producing the native melody of the verse. In writing the following translation I have been especially conscious of its metrical shortcomings, some of which might perhaps have been avoided by a freer use of double rhymes.

My heavy sleep a sullen thunder broke,
So that I shook myself, springing upright,
Like one awakened by a sudden stroke,
And gazed with fixed eyes and new-rested sight
Slowly about me, — awful privilege, —
To know the place that held me, if I might.
In truth I found myself upon the edge
That girds the valley of the dreadful pit,
Circling the infinite wailing with its ledge.
Dark, deep, and cloudy, to the depths of it
Eye could not probe, and though I bent mine
low,

It helped my vain conjecture not a whit.
“Let us go down to the blind world below,”
Began the poet, with a face like death.
“I shall go first, thou second.” “Say not so,”
Cried I when I again could find my breath,
For I had seen the whiteness of his face,
“How shall I come if thee it frighteneth?”
And he replied: “The anguish of the place
And those that dwell there thus hath painted
me

With pity, not with fear. But come apace;
The spur of the journey pricks us.” Thus did
he

Enter himself, and take me in with him,
Into the first great circle's mystery
That binds the deep abyss about the brim.

Here there came borne upon the winds to us,
Not cries, but sighs that filled the concave dim,

And kept the eternal breezes tremulous.

The cause is grief, but grief unlinked to pain,
That makes the unnumbered peoples suffer
thus.

I saw great crowds of children, women, men,
Wheeling below. "Thou dost not seek to
know

What spirits are these thou seest?" Thus
again

My master spoke. "But ere we further go,
Thou must be sure that these feel not the
weight

Of sin. They well deserved, — and yet not
so. —

They had not baptism, which is the gate
Of Faith, — thou holdest. If they lived before
The days of Christ, though sinless, in that state
God they might never worthily adore.
And I myself am such an one as these.

For this shortcoming — on no other score —

We are lost, and most of all our torment is
That lost to hope we live in strong desire."

Grief seized my heart to hear these words of
his,

Because most splendid souls and hearts of fire
I recognized, hung in that Limbo there.

"Tell me, my master dear, tell me, my sire,"

Cried I at last, with eager hope to share
That all-convincing faith, — "but went there
not

One, — once, — from hence, — made happy
though it were

Through his own merit or another's lot?"

"I was new come into this place," said he,

Who seemed to guess the purport of my
thought,

"When Him whose brows were bound with
Victory

I saw come conquering through this prison
dark.

He set the shade of our first parent free,

With Abel, and the builder of the ark,

And him that gave the laws immutable,

And Abraham, obedient patriarch,

David the king, and ancient Israel,

His father and his children at his side,

And the wife Rachel that he loved so well,

And gave them Paradise, — and before these
men

None tasted of salvation that have died."

We did not pause while he was talking then,

But held our constant course along the track,

Where spirits thickly thronged the wooded
glen.

And we had reached a point whence to turn back
Had not been far, when I, still touched with
fear,

Perceived a fire, that, struggling with the
black,

Made conquest of a luminous hemisphere.

The place was distant still, but I could see
Clustered about the fire, as we drew near,
Figures of an austere nobility.

"Thou who dost honor science and love art,
Pray who are these, whose potent dignity
Doth eminently set them thus apart?"

The poet answered me, "The honored fame
That made their lives illustrious touched the
heart

Of God to advance them." Then a voice there
came,

"Honor the mighty poet;" and again,

"His shade returns, — do honor to his name."

And when the voice had finished its refrain,
I saw four giant shadows coming on.

They seemed nor sad nor joyous in their mien.

And my good master said: "See him, my son,
That bears the sword and walks before the
rest,

And seems the father of the three, — that one

Is Homer, sovran poet. The satirist

Horace comes next; third, Ovid; and the last

Is Lucan. The lone voice that name expressed

That each doth share with me; therefore they
haste

To greet and do me honor; — nor do they
wrong."

Thus did I see the assembled school who
graced

The master of the most exalted song,

That like an eagle soars above the rest.

When they had talked together, though not
long,

They turned to me, nodding as to a guest.

At which my masters smiled, but yet more high

They lifted me in honor. At their behest

I went with them as of their company,

And made the sixth among those mighty wits.

Thus towards the light we walked in colloquy

Of things my silence wisely here omits,

As there 'twas sweet to speak them, till we
came

To where a seven times circled castle sits,

Whose walls are watered by a lovely stream.

This we crossed over as it had been dry,

Passing the seven gates that guard the same,

And reached a meadow, green as Arcady.

People were there with deep, slow-moving eyes

Whose looks were weighted with authority.

Scant was their speech, but rich in melodies.

The walls receding left a pasture fair,

A place all full of light and of great size,

So we could see each spirit that was there.

And straight before my eyes upon the green

Were shown to me the souls of those that
were,

Great spirits it exalts me to have seen.

Electra with her comrades I descried,
 I saw Æneas, and knew Hector keen,
 And in full armor Cæsar, gryphon-eyed,
 Camilla and the Amazonian queen,
 King Latin with Lavinia at his side,
 Brutus that did avenge the Tarquin's sin,
 Lucrece, Cornelia, Martia Julia,
 And by himself the lonely Saladin.

The Master of all thinkers next I saw
 Amid the philosophic family.
 All eyes were turned on him with reverent awe;
 Plato and Socrates were next his knee,
 Then Heraclitus and Empedocles,
 Thales and Anaxagoras, and he
 That based the world on chance; and next to
 these,
 Zeno, Diogenes, and that good leech

The herb-collector, Dioscorides.
 Orpheus I saw, Livy and Tully, each
 Flanked by old Seneca's deep moral lore,
 Euclid and Ptolemy, and within their reach
 Hippocrates and Avicenna's store,
 The sage that wrote the master commentary,
 Averois, with Galen and a score
 Of great physicians. But my pen were weary
 Depicting all of that majestic plain
 Splendid with many an antique dignitary.

My theme doth drive me on, and words are vain
 To give the thought the thing itself conveys.
 The six of us were now cut down to twain.
 My guardian led me forth by other ways,
 Far from the quiet of that trembling wind,
 And from the gentle shining of those rays,
 To places where all light was left behind.

John Jay Chapman.

MARYLAND WOMEN AND FRENCH OFFICERS.

AMONG the old historic families of Maryland, none were more prominent in its social and political life at the period of the Revolution than the Ogles and Dulany. Governor Samuel Ogle and the second Daniel Dulany married sisters, daughters of the Hon. Benjamin Tasker, who was for thirty years president of the Council, and at one time acting governor of the colony. Mrs. Samuel Ogle had been a widow many years, and her son, Benjamin Ogle, also a governor of Maryland at a later date, was at this time a young married man, living in Annapolis, with a gay and pretty wife, and thinking just then, possibly, more of society than of politics. He was quite in sympathy with the Revolution, however, and ready at need to give it his support. Not so his talented uncle, the famous Maryland jurist, Daniel Dulany, secretary of Maryland. In 1765 he had written a patriotic pamphlet against the Stamp Act, proving his liberal sentiments. But later, becoming engaged in a bitter political controversy with Charles Carroll of Carrollton, in 1773, the personal alienation from the

leaders of the Revolution in Maryland which grew out of this affair led him to be ranged, in 1776, with his country's enemies. The three children of Daniel Dulany and Rebecca Tasker were Daniel, Benjamin Tasker, and Ann. The first of these adopted the profession of his father, and, like him, was a loyalist. He died in England, leaving no heirs. His brother, Colonel Benjamin Tasker Dulany, threw himself into the Revolutionary cause with all the ardor of generous youth, and General Washington appointed him one of his aids. He removed to Shuter's Hill, Fairfax County, Virginia, becoming one of Washington's neighbors, and marrying, in Fairfax County, Elizabeth French, of Claremont. Washington, in one of his letters, speaks of this lady as "our celebrated fortune, whom half the world was in pursuit of."¹

William Eddis, an Englishman, who held office in Annapolis under Governor Eden, in his published letters, which

¹ Commodore French Forrest, late C. S. N., was a grandson of Colonel Benjamin Tasker Dulany.

give a vivid picture of Maryland's social life from 1769 up to the Revolution, tells how he found refuge, when Annapolis became too revolutionary for his comfort, at Daniel Dulany's beautiful country-seat, Hunting Ridge, about six miles from Baltimore. "I write to you," he says to his wife, November, 1776, "from one of the most delightful situations on the continent of America, where I have obtained an occasional retreat from the noise, the tumult, and the miseries of the public world. From the back piazza of our habitation we command a truly picturesque view into several fertile counties, a distant prospect of the Eastern Shore, the magnificent waters of the Chesapeake, and the river Patapsco from the entrance at the Bodkin Point to its apparent termination at the town of Baltimore. After this inadequate description I need not observe that we reside on a lofty eminence, where

‘the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.’”

Here Ann Dulany, who shared the sentiments of her father and elder brother, spent part of her time during the Revolution, and bemoaned the changed aspect of society since her friends, the British, were no longer in the ascendant. She wrote to her cousin, Miss Lowndes, who lived near Bladensburg, on the 26th of October, 1780: "I am just returned from the race. Mamma and I went by way of amusement, and a poor affair it was; very different from the races in good times (as we Tories call them). What a strange mixture of Dutch, French, and every nation but the right [one]; quite a ribble-ralble. However, this is my secret opinion, my friend. I would not have it known for the world. I should be deemed a person void of taste."

Two other letters written from Hunting Ridge, in the following year, to the same correspondent, have been pre-

served, in which the Tory Ann betrays a good deal of political excitement:—

HUNTING RIDGE, *February 3, 1781.*

By what you tell me, my dear friend, at least three of my letters have been stopped by the inspectors. They were sent by our servants to the post office at Baltimore Town, and I am certain they went from there unmolested. It must have been between or *at* Annapolis, that Den of ——. I hope Mr. Hambleton may make us a visit, though he will find this a very different place from the Wood Lands (his elegant seat), which that villain, J. Read, wanted to call his own. Poor fellow, he has been sadly persecuted. But even bad as this place is, in all probability we shall not have it in our power to remain here much longer, as I believe there is little doubt of the Confiscation Bill passing. These In...als should consider well, before they put this most infamous work into execution, the policy of such an act (humanity is out of the question); for, as somebody says, "though they have now the rein, it may not always be the case." However, S. C. [Samuel Chase?] can make his geese do anything. . . .

What a beautiful mixture bright red and a full orange must be! I am sure it must be French, for no other people under the sun could invent anything half so tawdry. Also hoops are the rage. Mamma has been giving me a description of one. They were fashionable many years ago. Aunt Lowndes will tell you what they are,—a very good match for the above colors. The cushion you were so obliging as to send me is *quite* the thing, and exactly as I would have wished. I wish I had it in my power not to be outdone in generosity.

I am determined for the future to direct to your papa in the most unlady-like manner, that it may pass without inspection. What a noble thing deception is! I wish I could learn the art.

I am wild to go to F^m Tn. I think it must be a little New York. . . .

Happiness attend you.

ANN DULANY.

"Mr. Hambleton" of the Woodlands was either Andrew or William Hamilton, of Pennsylvania. These brothers owned a handsome country-seat west of the Schuylkill, called the Woodlands, which at that time was considered the finest estate in the province. Andrew Hamilton married Abigail Franks, of Philadelphia, a Tory belle of that city. Her sister, Rebecca Franks, distinguished for her wit and social graces, afterwards the wife of a British officer, is often mentioned in the annals of the day.

March 6, 1781.

I have, my ever dear cousin, to return you thanks for two letters, both of which I should have answered sooner, but had not the good opportunity I now send this by. Give my love to your sister, and tell her I have no receipt for dieing [sic]; it is a mixture that I have had some time that I use on that occasion. And I also beg you will tell her that if she will trust me with a gown, or anything else (that is white), I shall have very particular pleasure in giving it the *fashionable hue*, or as many shades paler as she pleases. I am about dieing a calash for myself of the fashionable color. If she will direct the parcel by a careful hand to me, to the care of Mr. Clarke, merchant at Baltimore Town, it will be as safe as in her own drawer.

I am much obliged to you for poor dear André's epitaph, and do most ardently join in the wishes of the writer in regard to a certain very, very great personage. I like the comparison between him and Richard, — even Richard gains by it. The other has not feeling enough to have a *troubled mind*!

Mamma desires her love to my aunt and thanks her for the strawberries, and also to Mr. Stoddert for the trouble he

has been at. Apropos of Mr. S., tell *your little* sister, if I have not an invitation when a certain event takes place, woe be to her.

Papa is calling for this scrawl, or I should have scribbled on all sides. Farewell, my dear friend.

Believe me entirely yours,

ANN DULANY.

The "certain very, very great personage" was probably General Washington. Miss Seward, the Swan of Lichfield, in her Monody on Major André compares Washington to Nero.

Mrs. Benjamin Ogle wrote from Annapolis, in this same month of March, 1781, in quite a different strain from Tory Ann. The letter is to her husband's cousin, Ann Dulany's correspondent. "The town is so dull," says this lively lady, "it would be intolerable were it not for the officers. I sometimes see them, but am not acquainted with many. I scarcely ever see or hear the name of a gentleman of our former acquaintance. 'T is all marquises, counts, etc. One very clever French colonel I have seen. I like the French better every hour. The divine Marquis de la Fayette is in town, and is quite the thing. We abound in French officers, and some of them very clever, particularly the colonel before mentioned. But the marquis, — so diffident, so polite, in short everything that is clever! I have seen one *tolerable* American among them, a Major Macpherson, one of the marquis's family; perhaps that has polished him. The British ships are still here, and a great number of boats, with the troops on board, are gone out to-day, and I expect every moment to hear the cannon. Everybody seems quite anxious to know the fate of this day." Both ladies, Whig and Tory alike, were inclined to look down upon the soldier of home manufacture. Major Macpherson, the "*tolerable American*," was from Philadelphia. He had received a military

training in the British army, joining the Continental troops in 1779. He was at this time serving as aid-de-camp to Lafayette. In March, 1781, Annapolis was blockaded by two British sloops of war, which for a time obstructed the progress of the forces under Lafayette, then on their way to Virginia. But, by a skillful manœuvre of the young commander, the English ships were led to believe the allies too strong for them, and they retreated.

In the fall of 1781 the Dulanys removed from Hunting Ridge to Baltimore, from which place Ann Dulany dates the rest of her letters. Meanwhile, America was rejoicing over the victory at Yorktown and the surrender of Cornwallis. Tory Ann makes no felicitations upon this event, but has slighting words for both Americans and French. She shows her goodness of heart, however, by her sympathy for Mrs. Washington in the loss of her son. She must have met young Jack Custis while a school-boy in Annapolis, and a lover of Nelly Calvert, Governor Eden's niece, whom he married in 1774. Now, after a few short years of wedded happiness and of honorable political service in the Virginia Assembly, John Custis was dead, a victim of camp fever at Yorktown. Ann Dulany writes:—

"I am very sorry for the death of Mr. Custis, but much more so for the sufferings of poor Mrs. Washington. Does not this prove, had we wanted a proof, that there is no such thing as perfect happiness in this world of uncertainty? I dare say, a few days before this accident happened, Mrs. Washington thought herself completely happy. I have heard he got the disorder of which he died by going into the British hospitals at York.

"There is just going past five hundred men from Virginia, on their way to the northwest. It is impossible they can be of any service,—nothing but *parade*. Lord Cornwallis must laugh at such

poor creatures. It was the French that did everything. But, do what they will, even the Whigs dislike them. There are several in this place, but very little notice taken of them."

Ann was to change her opinion of the French a little later. But at first there were none to compare with the "dear Britains," as she called them. She declared she would not give one for all the French nobles she had seen in "Baltimore Town;" and Sir William Draper was "superior in everything to all." He and Sir Robert Eden were her models of fine gentlemen. The former had visited America in 1769, and spent some time in New Berne, North Carolina, where he wrote a Latin inscription for the famous executive mansion in that town. He was an accomplished man, and had crossed swords in controversy with the formidable Junius in defense of the Marquis of Granby. While in America he had married a New York lady. He was made subsequently lieutenant-governor of Minorca. Ann Dulany had probably met him frequently at her father's house in Annapolis. Here also she had known and admired Governor Eden. Mrs. Eden had brought over, in 1768, a letter to Ann Dulany's aunt, Mrs. Lowndes, from Barbara Bladen, a first cousin of the Tasker sisters on her father's side, as on her mother's she was related in the same degree to Lord Baltimore's daughter, Jane Calvert, the wife of Robert Eden. "Without prejudice I do say," wrote Ann Dulany to Miss Lowndes, "I would not give one dear Britain for the whole tribe [of Frenchmen]. The formidable Count Dillon that there has been such a work about you have seen; should he be named in the same century with our old acquaintance Sir Robert Eden?" One of Ann's cousins was the object of her unmerciful raillery. This was Robert Bladen Carter, son of Councilor Carter, of Nomini, in Virginia. The latter was a wealthy Virginia planter, and

a worthy representative of the Old Dominion both in character and attainments, as well as a man of fine personal appearance, as his portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds gives evidence. But his son and namesake did not resemble him, it would seem. Ann Dulany compares her "cousin Bob" to the Viscount de Rochambeau, a son of General Rochambeau, and lieutenant-colonel of one of the French regiments, who, it appears, did not meet with the Tory lady's approbation. "I did not imagine," she writes, "till I saw Viscount de Rochambeau, there had been anything on earth like our cousin Bob. I think there is a great resemblance between them."

One of the unique features of social life in America during the Revolution was the presence of the French officers. As early as 1777 quite a number came over to the colonies, some as mere soldiers of fortune, others with the enthusiasm for liberty which inspired the chivalric Lafayette. In Judge Iredell's biography there is an entertaining notice of a party of Frenchmen who were in Edenton, North Carolina, in 1777, and offered their services to the government of that State. Chief among them were Pucheu, Noirmont de la Neuville, and La Tours. The two brothers, the Chevalier de la Neuville and Noirmont, did gallant service later in the Continental army. While in Edenton they gave a ball to the ladies, but the provincial belles were rather shy of the foreign beaux. Noirmont de la Neuville became quite intimate with James Iredell, who was a good French scholar, and could converse with him in his own language. On his departure he sent a letter to Iredell with the present of a book, and in his quaint English he adds: —

"j take upon myself to offer your lovely niece another, entitled the Art of Loving, though written in French; j rely upon you about the translation of this witty poem. Besides, you shall think as j, that it is convenient of pre-

senting the art of loving to which possesses the art of pleasing. j am, with the sentiments of the most lively gratitude," etc.

Charles Armand Tuffin, Marquis de la Rouerie, was another French officer who came over in this year, and was appointed a colonel in the Continental service. Armand's legion suffered severely at Camden in 1780, and three years later Colonel Armand received the rank of brigadier-general. He passed with his command through Maryland in 1783, and afterwards wrote his thanks to the governor for the courteous treatment they had met with, taking occasion at the same time to compliment the Maryland line. In 1780 Count de Rochambeau, with his troops, landed at Newport, Rhode Island, and remained in America for two years and a half. Many of the first nobles of France were among the officers of this army, and to enumerate them is to call up a vision of the *ancien régime*, of the courtiers and fine gentlemen who graced the salons of France in the early years of the reign of Louis XVI. and his fascinating, beautiful queen. There were the Counts Christian and William de Deux Points, the Count de Custine, the Viscount de Chartres, the Viscount de Noailles, brother-in-law of Lafayette, the Baron and the Count de Viomenil, the Count de Dumas, the Count de Segur, the Chevalier de Lameth, and Count Arthur Dillon. Chief among Rochambeau's officers, in the romantic interest attaching to his name through its connection later with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, was the handsome and amiable Swede, Count Axel de Fersen. Afterwards, in memoirs and travels, the Duke de Lauzun, Chastellux, and others of these gay and accomplished men recalled their American life in more or less complimentary colors.

Going to and from Virginia in 1781, the memorable year of Yorktown, the French troops passed through Baltimore

and Annapolis, and at other times some of the officers must have visited these two places and enjoyed the gayeties they afforded. The Abbé Robin, a chaplain in Rochambeau's army, was struck with the appearance of wealth and luxury in Maryland's little capital. He thought the ladies very extravagant, and he writes: "Female luxury here exceeds what is known in the provinces of France. A French hairdresser is a man of importance amongst them; and it is said a certain dame here hires one of that craft at one thousand crowns a year." One of these luxury-loving dames of Annapolis, doubtless, was the wife of Benjamin Ogle, the pretty Quakeress, Henrietta Hill. She had doffed gray gowns and sober fashions on her marriage, in 1770, with a young gentleman who loved society, it would seem, as much as she did, and she became one of the leaders of the *ton* in the important small city, which was to be for a brief period a federal as well as a state capital.

The marriage certificate of Governor Benjamin Ogle and Miss Hill is still preserved by one of their descendants, and runs in this wise: —

September 13, 1770.

I hereby certify, That by permission of Licence, granted by his Excellency Robert Eden Esq: Governor and Commander-in-chief in and over the Province of Maryland; Benjamin Ogle and Henry [sic] Margaret Hill were this day lawfully married together, according to the Form and Manner prescribed in the Liturgy of the Church of England.

DAV. LOVE,

Rector of Allhallows,
Anne Arundel County.

But to return to Ann Dulany, who, though still enamored of her English friends, was beginning to look with a more gracious eye upon the sons of France.

BALTIMORE TOWN, December 29, 1781.

Your agreeable (but short letter without a date), my dear cousin, I received yesterday by the post. Why in the name of goodness did you not (as you once intended) write to me by the British officer? A letter even from an indifferent correspondent by such an opportunity would have been welcome; judge, then, what a treat yours must have been.

A few days ago I had the pleasure of three French gentlemen (real gentlemen) to drink tea with me. One of them was a Count Somebody with a hard name; a very elegant man of fashion, one might see it at once. He holds his commission under the French king, and not under King Con. Also a youth of sixteen, who is the best performer on the violin without exception I ever heard. He was on board the ship that captured Lord Rawdon. He told us in broken English that Madam Doyl is a sweet lady, and that he could not tell how much he loved the British prisoners, and that he cried like an infant when they parted.

What a pity it is that every nation on earth show more liberality than our poor infatuated countrymen! Lord Cornwallis, I am told, has sent many acceptable presents to the French commander in Virginia, with a polite letter thanking him and the French officers in general for their many civilities, but not a *word* to *others*.

There have been petitions on petitions for and against the playhouse. I have nothing to do with petitions, but I have done all in my power to contribute my part. L'Argeau is to have my harpsichord, and they talk of having part of Lord Cornwallis's band. If so, there still will be wanting another thing to make it perfect — and you are that *very thing*. . . . I have scarcely left room to tell my dearest cousin how affectionately I am hers.

Adieu.

ANN DULANY.

P. S. If ever you have an opportunity of writing by a British officer, I beg you to write. I have inclosed for your perusal an epitaph on Angel André. Let Mrs. Stewart see it, and return it in your next.

BALTIMORE TOWN, *March 22, 1782.*

I am so charmed with the last evening's entertainment, and so much fatigued with sitting up till two o'clock in the morning (a very late hour for me), and my head is crammed with what I saw and heard. You must know this ball was given in honor of Saint Patrick; and as the managers knew that we were allied to this old saint, we were favored with an invitation several days before it happened. In the first place, the British band played a hundred new and elegant tunes. You know my passion for music (I need say nothing of the British). The whole affair was conducted with the utmost decorum, every delicacy on the table that can be imagined, infinitely superior (with sorrow I say it) to anything I have seen these six years. You would be surprised, my friend, to see the behavior and dress of the girls of this assembly. The *polite* end of the town have cause for envy (for you must know this ball was at Fell's Point). There is a Miss Steele, who I wish you could see, as I know you are fond of looking at pretty things. She has, without exception, the finest face I ever saw; in the Plater style, but without art or affectation.

The playhouse continues to be crowded every night. There had like to have been much mischief occasioned by a party of young fellows who were very drunk at the last play, but, by the mediation of friends, it is managed to the satisfaction of all. I saw a Frenchman next day, and said to him, "There was a fight last night." He laughed very much, and said, "They made lady *fright*, but no blood, madame. Upon my word, they did very great things,"

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said the little Frenchman, and away he tripped.

Mamma joins me in affectionate love.
Ever yours, ANN DULANY.

BALTIMORE TOWN, *April 14, 1782.*

MY DEAR COUSIN, — I am extremely obliged to you for your kind inquiries after the health of my dear brother. Mr. Cheston, who left London in October, informs us that he left him well and as happy as any person could be in his situation. But as he knows everything is inspected before it reaches us [he] declined writing.

Our old acquaintance, Dick Tilghman, is returned to England possessed of amazing wealth. And what is much to his credit, he boasts that it was all obtained with *clean hands*. He has wrote to his father to draw for a thousand a year, which he assures him can be paid without the least inconvenience. I never admired Dick so much in my life, though I always had a regard for him. It is not for his riches, but for his liberality and gratitude to a worthy father. If it were possible (and I was a man) to take his profession, I never would rest till I went to India and followed his noble example.

I am glad to hear my aunt Ogle is well. I do not wonder at her wishing to spend the Holy Days with her friends, or at her wishing to return, for surely any place on earth must be preferable to America.

Several Frenchmen visit me, and I find them agreeable. They are all easy and polite, and ready to oblige. They say the Tories are the people of fashion, at least, and they love and pity them for all their great sufferings. This is French flattery, some may think. But I beg leave to differ with all such. Because, when we reflect on their great loyalty and attachment to their king (and love for all kings in general), and their very great contempt for the rulers of *this land*, I believe them sincere. . . .

Remember me to all. With sincere affection,
Yours,

ANN DULANY.

I wish you would write nonsense, as I do, and then your letters would not be so short.

French flattery was winning over the fair Ann, and she ends at last by marrying a Frenchman. In 1783-84 the war was over, and the foreign troops were leaving America, while the Tories were coming back, and society was shaping itself anew under the changed conditions of peace times. More than one of America's patriot daughters, no doubt, felt that a pleasant element was passing out of their midst with the departure of the amiable, fraternizing Frenchmen; and Tory Ann acknowledges, at last, their power to charm. She writes, May 4, 1783:—

"I have felt myself in a very awkward situation for several days past. The cause is parting with the French officers that were intimately acquainted with us, and many of them most valuable acquaintances. I often wish myself as senseless as the paper I am writing on, but to no purpose."

Congress met at Annapolis in 1783, and here Washington resigned his command. The Maryland Assembly was also in session, and the little town was very gay. There were still a few Frenchmen lingering on the scenes. Major-General du Portail and Brigadier-General Armand were in Annapolis memorializing Congress on the subject of their pay and that of the officers under them. The Chevalier d'Annemours, consul-general of France in the States of Maryland, Virginia, etc., was holding conferences with a committee of the Maryland Assembly. The Chevalier de la Luzerne, the successor as French envoy to Gérard de Rayneval, was attending the session of Congress, and writing home to his government reports which should prove interesting material for the future histo-

rian. General Mifflin, the president of Congress, though a Philadelphian, was much at home in Maryland, where his stepmother, the wife of John Beale Bordley, was living at the latter's beautiful and cultivated estate on Wye Island.

Among the returned loyalists at Annapolis at this time were Robert Eden, the late governor, and Henry Harford, the last lord proprietary of Maryland. The following undated letter of Henrietta Ogle's to her cousin, Miss Lowndes, was evidently written in this winter of 1783-84:—

This cruel weather has prevented me for some time hearing from my dear Miss Lowndes, but I hope it is now growing more moderate, and that people will soon travel about a little. But when the roads will be fit for you to come to Annapolis I know not.

I assure you the town is very agreeable. The minister has been about two weeks here, and two agreeable men with him, and a gay French officer, General Armand, with whom I danced last night at a ball where there were sixty ladies. Our friend was there in scarlet and gold, and looked like himself. You know I always thought him superior to most. We supped with him two nights ago, a snug party. Generally dine once a week with the president. The last time was day before yesterday, with forty. I must lay down my pen for some time, as I am told the prettiest fellow in the world is below, to whom I hope soon to introduce you.

The above was written yesterday, when I thought to have finished my letter, but was engaged in the evening to Mrs. Thomson, who has a tea-party every Saturday. Sometimes there will be thirty; however, it was a small one last night. I came home early, and had Mr. Harford and Mr. Smith to supper. Sir Robert at Strawberry Hill. . . .

Mr. Ogle says this is such stuff, don't

read it. He is as fat — and quite the beau ; never happy but in a party. . . .

Our tender love attend you all.

Very sincerely yours,

H. OGLE.

This moment a card to drink tea at Mr. Harford's.

"Our friend in scarlet and gold" was evidently Sir Robert Eden, who seems to have been staying at Strawberry Hill, the residence of Richard Sprigg, in Anne Arundel County, near Annapolis. Sir Robert was in Maryland for the purpose of recovering some of his property. He died while in this country, and was buried under the pulpit of an old church two or three miles from Annapolis, probably the same Allhallows where Mrs. Ogle was married. Henrietta Ogle survived her husband, who died in 1809, and lived to a ripe old age. One among her many descendants, Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, an accomplished gentleman and lover of art, will be remembered in connection with the interesting collection presented to the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, which bears his name. A lovely portrait of his mother, Ann Ogle, daughter of Governor Benjamin and Henrietta Ogle, painted by Gilbert Stuart, is conspicuous among the family pictures in the Tayloe room. A

volume of Benjamin Ogle Tayloe's letters and essays, published by his widow for private circulation, contains a good deal that is characteristic and curious in relation to a generation that is passing away.

Ann Dulany married M. Delaserre, of whom her relatives in America at the present day seem to know nothing beyond the fact of his nationality. They went to England to live, probably on account of the troubles of the French Revolution. The only child of Mrs. Delaserre became the wife of Sir John Hunter, physician to the queen. She died childless, and bequeathed a large fortune to one of the Dulanys of Virginia, a descendant of Daniel Dulany's patriot son, Colonel Benjamin Tasker Dulany. From Lady Hunter also came across the sea, to the young relative who bore her mother's maiden name, the bequest of many valuable jewels. But when the jewel cases arrived, they were found to be filled with sets of pinchbeck and glass, the precious stones having all been stolen. Only two rings, a magnificent diamond and a carved ruby, reached their destination. The little heiress, then but nine years old, married later her cousin of the same name, and a son of this marriage now enjoys the fortune of Ann Dulany's daughter.

Kate Mason Rowland.

THE HIDDEN GRAVE.

THEY put you into a coffin, my sweet,
And buried it in the clay ;
They trampled the earth above with their feet,
And left it and went away.

But oh, in my living heart you lie, —
My loving heart, with its roses ;
Our souls there meet, they kiss and they sigh,
And no one this grave discloses.

A. R. Grote.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

XII.

THERE was a great tinkling of teaspoons the other evening, when I took my seat at the table, where all The Teacups were gathered before my entrance. The whole company arose, and the Mistress, speaking for them, expressed the usual sentiment appropriate to such occasions. "Many happy returns" is the customary formula. No matter if the object of this kind wish is a centenarian, it is quite safe to assume that he is ready and very willing to accept as many more years as the disposing powers may see fit to allow him.

The meaning of it all was that this was my birthday. My friends, near and distant, had seen fit to remember it, and to let me know in various pleasant ways that they had not forgotten it. The tables were adorned with flowers. Gifts of pretty and pleasing objects were displayed on a side table. A great green wreath, which must have cost the parent oak a large fraction of its foliage, was an object of special admiration. Baskets of flowers which had half unpeopled greenhouses, large bouquets of roses, fragrant bunches of pinks, and many beautiful blossoms I am not botanist enough to name had been coming in upon me all day long. Many of these offerings were brought by the givers in person: many came with notes as fragrant with good wishes as the flowers they accompanied with their natural perfumes.

How old was I, The Dictator, once known by another equally audacious title. — I, the recipient of all these favors and honors? I had cleared the eight-barred gate, which few come in sight of, and fewer, far fewer, go over, a year before. I was a trespasser on the domain belonging to another generation.

The children of my coevals were fast getting gray and bald, and *their* children beginning to look upon the world as belonging to them, and not to their sires and grandsires. After that leap over the tall barrier, it looks like a kind of impropriety to keep on as if one were still of a reasonable age. Sometimes it seems to me almost of the nature of a misdemeanor to be wandering about in the preserve which the fleshless gamekeeper guards so jealously. But, on the other hand, I remember that men of science have maintained that the natural life of man is nearer fivescore than threescore years and ten. I always think of a familiar experience which I bring from the French *cafés*, well known to me in my early manhood. One of the illustrated papers of my Parisian days tells it pleasantly enough.

A guest of the establishment is sitting at his little table. He has just had his coffee, and the waiter is serving him with his *petit verre*. Most of my readers know very well what a *petit verre* is, but there may be here and there a virtuous abstainer from alcoholic fluids, living among the bayberries and the sweet ferns, who is not aware that the words, as commonly used, signify a small glass — a very small glass — of spirit, commonly brandy, taken as a *chasse-café*, or coffee-chaser. [This drinking of brandy, "neat," I may remark by the way, is not quite so bad as it looks. Whiskey or rum taken unmixed from a *tumbler* is a knock-down blow to temperance, but the little thimbleful of brandy, or Chartreuse, or Maraschino, is only, as it were, tweaking the nose of teetotalism.] Well, — to go back behind our brackets, — the guest is calling to the waiter, "*Garçon! et le bain de pieds!*" Waiter! and the foot-bath! — The little glass stands in a small tin saucer or

shallow dish, and the custom is to more than fill the glass, so that some extra brandy runs over into this tin saucer or cup-plate, to the manifest gain of the consumer.

Life is a *petit verre* of a very peculiar kind of spirit. At seventy years it used to be said that the little glass was full. We should be more apt to put it at eighty in our day, while Gladstone and Tennyson and our own Whittier are breathing, moving, thinking, writing, speaking, in the green preserve belonging to their children and grandchildren, and Bancroft is keeping watch of the gamekeeper in the distance. But, returning resolutely to the *petit verre*, I am willing to concede that all after fourscore is the *bain de pieds*,—the sloping over, so to speak, of the full measure of life. I remember that one who was very near and dear to me, and who lived to a great age, so that the ten-barred gate of the century did not look very far off, would sometimes apologize in a very sweet, natural way for lingering so long to be a care and perhaps a burden to her children, themselves getting well into years. It is not hard to understand the feeling, never less called for than it was in the case of that beloved nonagenarian. I have known few persons, young or old, more sincerely and justly regretted than the gentle lady whose memory comes up before me as I write.

Oh, if we could all go out of flower as gracefully, as pleasingly, as we come into blossom! I always think of the morning-glory as the loveliest example of a graceful yielding to the inevitable. It is beautiful before its twisted corolla opens; it is comely as it folds its petals inward, when its brief hours of perfection are over. Women find it easier than men to grow old in a becoming way. A very old lady who has kept something, it may be a great deal, of her youthful feelings, who is daintily cared for, who is grateful for the at-

tentions bestowed upon her, and enters into the spirit of the young lives that surround her, is as precious to those who love her as a gem in an antique setting, the fashion of which has long gone by, but which leaves the jewel the color and brightness which are its inalienable qualities. With old men it is too often different. They do not belong so much indoors as women do. They have no pretty little manual occupations. The old lady knits or stitches so long as her eyes and fingers will let her. The old man smokes his pipe, but does not know what to do with his fingers, unless he plays upon some instrument, or has a mechanical turn which finds business for them.

But the old writer, I said to The Teacups, as I say to you, my readers, labors under one special difficulty, which I am thinking of and exemplifying at this moment. He is constantly tending to reflect upon and discourse about his own particular stage of life. He feels that he must apologize for his intrusion upon the time and thoughts of a generation which he naturally supposes must be tired of him, if they ever had any considerable regard for him. Now, if the world of readers hates anything it sees in print, it is apology. If what one has to say is worth saying, he need not beg pardon for saying it. If it is not worth saying — I will not finish the sentence. But it is so hard to resist the temptation! That terrible line beginning "Superfluous lags the veteran" is always repeating itself in his dull ear.

What kind of audience or reading parish is a man who secured his constituency in middle life, or before that period, to expect when he has reached the age of threescore and twenty? His coevals have dropped away by scores and tens, and he sees only a few units scattered about here and there, like the few heads above the water after a ship has gone to pieces. Does he write and publish for those of his own time of

life? He need not print a large edition. Does he hope to secure a hearing from those who have come into the reading world since his coevals? They have found fresher fields and greener pastures. Their interests are in the outdoor, active world. Some of them are circumnavigating the planet while he is hitching his rocking-chair about his hearth-rug. Some are gazing upon the pyramids while he is staring at his andirons. Some are settling the tariff and fixing the laws of suffrage and taxation while he is dozing over the weather bulletin, and going to sleep over the obituaries in his morning or evening paper.

Nature is wiser than we give her credit for being; never wiser than in her dealings with the old. She has no idea of mortifying them by sudden and wholly unexpected failure of the chief servants of consciousness. The sight, for instance, begins to lose something of its perfection long before its deficiency calls the owner's special attention to it. Very probably, the first hint we have of the change is that a friend makes the pleasing remark that we are "playing the trombone," as he calls it; that is, moving a book we are holding backward and forward, to get the right focal distance. Or it may be we find fault with the lamp or the gas-burner for not giving so much light as it used to. At last, somewhere between forty and fifty, we begin to dangle a jaunty pair of eye-glasses, half plaything and half necessity. In due time a pair of sober, business-like spectacles bestrides the nose. Old age leaps upon it as his saddle, and rides triumphant, unchallenged, until the darkness comes which no glasses can penetrate. Nature is pitiless in carrying out the universal sentence, but very pitiful in her mode of dealing with the condemned on his way to the final scene. The man who is to be hanged always has a good breakfast provided for him.

Do not think that the old look upon

themselves as the helpless, hopeless, forlorn creatures which they seem to young people. Do these young folks suppose that all vanity dies out of the natures of old men and old women? A dentist of olden time told me that a good-looking young man once said to him, "Keep that incisor presentable, if you can, till I am fifty, and then I sha'n't care how I look." I venture to say that that gentleman was as particular about his personal appearance and as proud of his good looks at fifty, and many years after fifty, as he was in the twenties, when he made that speech to the dentist.

My dear friends around the teacups, and at that wider board where I am now entertaining, or trying to entertain, my company, is it not as plain to you as it is to me that I had better leave such tasks as that which I am just finishing to those who live in a more interesting period of life than one which, in the order of nature, is next door to decrepitude? Ought I not to regret having undertaken to report the doings and sayings of the members of the circle which you have known as *The Teacups*?

Dear, faithful reader, whose patient eyes have followed my reports through these long months, you and I are about parting company. Perhaps you are one of those who have known me under another name, in those far-off days separated from these by the red sea of the great national conflict. When you first heard the tinkle of the teaspoons, as the table was being made ready for its guests, you trembled for me, in the kindness of your hearts. I do not wonder that you did, — I trembled for myself. But I remembered the story of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who was seen all of a tremor just as he was going into action. "How is this?" said a brother officer to him. "Surely you are not afraid?" "No," he answered, "but my flesh trembles at the thought of the dangers into which my intrepid spirit will carry me."

I knew the risk of undertaking to carry through a series of connected papers. And yet I thought it was better to run that risk, more manly, more sensible, than to give way to the fears which made my flesh tremble as did Sir Cloudesley Shovel's. For myself the labor has been a distraction, and one which came at a time when it was needed. Sometimes, as in one of those poems recently published, — the reader will easily guess which, — the youthful spirit has come over me in such a rush of young blood that it has surprised me as much as the slaughtered Duncan's manifestation surprised Lady Macbeth. To repeat one of my comparisons, it was as if an early fruit had ripened on a graft upon an old, steady-going tree, to the astonishment of all its later-maturing products. I should hardly dare to say so much as this if I had not heard a similar opinion expressed by others.

Once committed to my undertaking, there was no turning back. It is true that I had said I might stop at any moment, but after one or two numbers it seemed as if there were an informal pledge to carry the series on, as in former cases, until I had completed my dozen instalments.

Writers and speakers have their idiosyncrasies, their habits, their tricks, if you had rather call them so, as to their ways of writing and speaking. There is a very old and familiar story, accompanied by a feeble jest, which most of my readers may probably enough have met with in Joe Miller or elsewhere. It is that of a lawyer who could never make an argument without having a piece of thread to work upon with his fingers while he was pleading. Some one stole it from him one day, and he could not get on at all with his speech, — he had lost the thread of his discourse, as the story had it. Now this is what I myself once saw. It was at a meeting where certain grave matters

were debated in an assembly of professional men. A speaker, whom I never heard before or since, got up and made a long and forcible argument. I do not think he was a lawyer, but he spoke as if he had been trained to talk to juries. He held a long string in one hand, which he drew through the other hand incessantly, as he spoke, just as a shoemaker performs the motion of waxing his thread. He appeared to be dependent on this motion. The physiological significance of the fact I suppose to be that the flow of what we call the nervous current from the thinking centre to the organs of speech was rendered freer and easier by the establishment of a simultaneous collateral nervous current to the set of muscles concerned in the action I have described.

I do not use a string to help me write or speak, but I must have its equivalent. I must have my paper and pen or pencil before me to set my thoughts flowing in such form that they can be written continuously. There have been lawyers who could think out their whole argument in connected order without a single note. There are authors — and I think there are many — who can compose and finish off a poem or a story without writing a word of it until, when the proper time comes, they copy what they carry in their heads. I have been told that Sir Edwin Arnold thought out his beautiful "*Light of Asia*" in this way.

I find the great charm of writing consists in its surprises. When one is in the receptive attitude of mind, the thoughts which are sprung upon him, the images which flash through his consciousness, are a delight and an excitement. I am impatient of every hindrance in setting down my thoughts, — of a pen that will not write, of ink that will not flow, of paper that will not receive the ink. And here let me pay the tribute which I owe to one of the humblest but most serviceable of my assis-

tants, especially in poetical composition. Nothing seems more prosaic than the stylographic pen. It deprives the handwriting of its beauty, and to some extent of its individual character. The brutal communism of the letters it forms covers the page it fills with the most uniformly uninteresting characters. But, abuse it as much as you choose, there is nothing like it for the poet, for the imaginative writer. Many a fine flow of thought has been checked, perhaps arrested, by the ill behavior of a goose-quill. Many an idea has escaped while the author was dipping his pen in the inkstand. But with the stylographic pen, in the hands of one who knows how to care for it and how to use it, unbroken rhythms and harmonious cadences are the natural products of the unimpeded flow of the fluid which is the vehicle of the author's thoughts and fancies. So much for my debt of gratitude to the humble stylographic pen. It does not furnish the proper medium for the correspondence of intimates, who wish to see as much of their friends' personality as their handwriting can hold, — still less for the impassioned interchange of sentiments between lovers; but in writing for the press its use is open to no objection. Its movement over the paper is like the flight of a swallow, while the quill pen and the steel pen and the gold pen are all taking short, laborious journeys, and stopping to drink every few minutes.

A chief pleasure which the author of novels and stories experiences is that of becoming acquainted with the characters he draws. It is perfectly true that his characters must, in the nature of things, have more or less of himself in their composition. If I should seek an exemplification of this in the person of any of my Teacups, I should find it most readily in the one whom I have called Number Seven, — the one with the squinting brain. I think that not only I, the writer, but many of my read-

ers, recognize in our own mental constitution an occasional obliquity of perception, not always detected at the time, but plain enough when looked back upon. What extravagant fancies you and I have seriously entertained at one time or another! What superstitious notions have got into our heads and taken possession of its empty chambers, — or, in the language of science, seized on the groups of nerve-cells in some of the idle cerebral convolutions!

The writer, I say, becomes acquainted with his characters as he goes on. They are at first mere embryos, outlines of distinct personalities. By and by, if they have any organic cohesion, they begin to assert themselves. They can say and do such and such things; such and such other things they cannot and must not say or do. The story-writer's and play-writer's danger is that they will get their characters mixed, and make A say what B ought to have said. The stronger his imaginative faculty, the less liable will the writer be to this fault; but not even Shakespeare's power of throwing himself into his characters prevents many of his different personages from talking philosophy in the same strain and in a style common to them all.

You will often observe that authors fall in love with the imaginary persons they describe, and that they bestow affectionate epithets upon them which it may happen the reader does not consider in any way called for. This is a pleasure to which they have a right. Every author of a story is surrounded by a little family of ideal children, as dear to him, it may be, as are flesh-and-blood children to their parents. You may forget all about the circle of Teacups to which I have introduced you, — on the supposition that you have followed me with some degree of interest; but do you suppose that Number Five does not continue as a presence with me, and that my pretty Delilah has left me forever because she is going to be married?

No, my dear friend, our circle will break apart, and its different members will soon be to you as if they had never been. But do you think that I can forget them? Do you suppose that I shall cease to follow the love (or the loves; which do you think is the true word, the singular or the plural?) of Number Five and the young Tutor who is so constantly found in her company? Do you suppose that I do not continue my relations with the "cracked Teacup," — the poor old fellow with whom I have so much in common, whose counterpart, perhaps, you may find in your own complex personality?

I take from the top shelf of the hospital department of my library — the section devoted to literary cripples, imbeciles, failures, foolish rhymesters, and silly eccentrics — one of the least conspicuous and most hopelessly feeble of the weak-minded population of that intellectual almshouse. I open it and look through its pages. It is a story. I have looked into it once before, — on its first reception as a gift from the author. I try to recall some of the names I see there: they mean nothing to me, but I venture to say the author cherishes them all, and cries over them as he did when he was writing their history. I put the book back among its dusty companions, and, sitting down in my reflective rocking-chair, think how others must forget, and how I shall remember, the company that gathered about this table.

Shall I ever meet any one of them again, in these pages or in any other? Will the cracked Teacup hold together, or will he go to pieces, and find himself in that retreat where the owner of the terrible clock which drove him crazy is walking under the shelter of the high walls? Has the young Doctor's crown yet received the seal which is Nature's warrant of wisdom and proof of professional competency? And Number Five and her young friend the Tutor, — have

they kept on in their dangerous intimacy? Did they get through the *tutto tremante* passage, reading from the same old large edition of Dante which the Tutor recommended as the best, and in reading from which their heads were necessarily brought perilously near to each other?

It would be very pleasant if I could, consistently with the present state of affairs, bring these two young people together. I say *two* young people, for the one who counts most years seems to me to be really the younger of the pair. That Number Five foresaw from the first that any tenderer feeling than that of friendship would intrude itself between them I do not believe. As for the Tutor, he soon found where he was drifting. It was his first experience in matters concerning the heart, and absorbed his whole nature as a thing of course. Did he tell her he loved her? Perhaps he did, fifty times; perhaps he never had the courage to say so outright. But sometimes they looked each other straight in the eyes, and strange messages seemed to pass from one consciousness to the other. Will the Tutor ask Number Five to be his wife; and if he does, will she yield to the dictates of nature, and lower the flag of that fortress so long thought impregnable? Will he go on writing such poems to her as "The Rose and the Fern" or "I Like You and I Love You," and be content with the pursuit of that which he never can attain? That is all very well on the "Grecian Urn" of Keats, — beautiful, but not love such as mortals demand. Still, that may be all, for aught that we have yet seen.

"Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal, — yet do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,

Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

.

" More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 Forever warm, and still to be enjoyed,
 Forever panting and forever young ! "

And so, good-bye, young people, whom we part with here. Shadows you have been and are to my readers ; very real you have been and are to me, — as real as the memories of many friends whom I shall see no more.

As I am not in the habit of indulging in late suppers, the reader need not think that I shall spread another board and invite him to listen to the conversations which take place around it. If, from time to time, he finds a slight reflection awaiting him on the sideboard, I hope he may welcome it as pleasantly as he has accepted what I have offered him from the board now just being cleared.

It is a good rule for the actor who manages the popular street drama of Punch not to let the audience or spectators see his legs. It is very hard for the writer of papers like these, which are now coming to their conclusion, to keep his personality from showing itself too conspicuously through the thin disguises of his various characters. As the show is now over, as the curtain has fallen, I appear before it in my proper person, to address a few words to the friends who have assisted, as the French say, by their presence, and as we use the word, by the kind way in which they have received my attempts at their entertainment.

This series of papers is the fourth of its kind which I have offered to my readers. I may be allowed to look back upon the succession of serial articles which was commenced more than thirty years ago, in 1857. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" was the first of the series. It was begun without the least idea what was to be its course and its outcome. Its characters shaped themselves gradually as the manuscript

grew under my hand. I jotted down on the sheet of blotting paper before me the thoughts and fancies which came into my head. A very odd-looking object was this page of memoranda. Many of the hints were worked up into formal shape, many were rejected. Sometimes I recorded a story, a jest, or a pun for consideration, and made use of it or let it alone as my second thought decided. I remember a curious coincidence, which, if I have ever told in print, — I am not sure whether I have or not, — I will tell over again. I mention it, not for the pun, which I rejected as not very edifying and perhaps not new, though I did not recollect having seen it.

Mulier, Latin for woman ; why apply that name to one of the gentle but occasionally obstinate sex ? The answer was that a woman is (sometimes) more mulish than a mule. Please observe that I did not like the poor pun very well, and thought it rather rude and inelegant. So I left it on the blotter, where it was standing when one of the next numbers of "Punch" came out and contained that very same pun, which must have been hit upon by some English contributor at just about the same time I fell upon it on this side of the Atlantic. This fact may be added to the chapter of coincidences which belongs to the first number of this series of papers.

The "Autocrat" had the attraction of novelty, which of course was wanting in the succeeding papers of similar character. The criticisms upon the successive numbers as they came out were various, but generally encouraging. Some were more than encouraging ; very high-colored in their phrases of commendation. When the papers were brought together in a volume their success was beyond my expectations. Up to the present time the "Autocrat" has maintained its position. An immortality of a whole generation is more than most

writers are entitled to expect. I venture to think, from the letters I receive from the children and grandchildren of my first set of readers, that for some little time longer, at least, it will continue to be read, and even to be a favorite with some of its readers. *Non omnis moriar* is a pleasant thought to one who has loved his poor little planet, and will, I trust, retain kindly recollections of it through whatever wilderness of worlds he may be called to wander in his future pilgrimages. I say "poor little planet." Ever since I had a ten-cent look at the transit of Venus, a few years ago, through the telescope in the Mall, the earth has been wholly different to me from what it used to be. I knew from books what a speck it is in the universe, but nothing ever brought the fact home like the sight of the sister planet sailing across the sun's disk, about large enough for a buckshot, not large enough for a full-sized bullet. Yes, I love the little globule where I have spent more than fourscore years, and I like to think that some of my thoughts and some of my emotions may live themselves over again when I am sleeping. I cannot thank all the kind readers of the "Autocrat" who are constantly sending me their acknowledgments. If they see this printed page, let them be assured that a writer is always rendered happier by being told that he has made a fellow-being wiser or better, or even contributed to his harmless entertainment. This a correspondent may take for granted, even if his letter of grateful recognition receives no reply. It becomes more and more difficult for me to keep up with my correspondents, and I must soon give it up as impossible.

"The Professor at the Breakfast-Table" followed immediately on the heels of the "Autocrat." The Professor was the *alter ego* of the first personage. In the earlier series he had played a secondary part, and in this second series no great effort was made to create

a character wholly unlike the first. The Professor was more outspoken, however, on religious subjects, and brought down a good deal of hard language on himself and the author to whom he owed his existence. I suppose he may have used some irritating expressions, unconsciously, but not unconscientiously, I am sure. There is nothing harder to forgive than the sting of an epigram. Some of the old doctors, I fear, never pardoned me for saying that if a ship, loaded with an assorted cargo of the drugs which used to be considered the natural food of sick people, went to the bottom of the sea, it would be "all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes." If I had not put that snapper on the end of my whip-lash, I might have got off without the ill temper which my antithesis provoked. Thirty years set that all right, and the same thirty years have so changed the theological atmosphere that such abusive words as "heretic" and "infidel," applied to persons who differ from the old standards of faith, are chiefly interesting as a test of breeding, being seldom used by any people above the social half-caste line. I am speaking of Protestants; how it may be among Roman Catholics I do not know, but I suspect that with them also it is a good deal a matter of breeding. There were not wanting some who liked the Professor better than the Autocrat. I confess that I prefer my champagne in its first burst of gaseous enthusiasm; but if my guest likes it better after it has stood awhile, I am pleased to accommodate him. The first of my series came from my mind almost with an explosion, like the champagne cork; it startled me a little to see what I had written, and to hear what people said about it. After that first explosion the flow was more sober, and I looked upon the product of my winepress more coolly. *Continuations* almost always sag a little. I will not say that of my own second effort, but if

others said it, I should not be disposed to wonder at or to dispute them.

"The Poet at the Breakfast-Table" came some years later. This series of papers was not so much a continuation as a resurrection. It was a doubly hazardous attempt, made without any extravagant expectations, and was received as well as I had any right to anticipate. It differed from the other two series in containing a poem of considerable length, published in successive portions. This poem holds a good deal of self-communing, and gave me the opportunity of expressing some thoughts and feelings not to be found elsewhere in my writings. I had occasion to read the whole volume, not long since, in preparation for a new edition, and was rather more pleased with it than I had expected to be. An old author is constantly rediscovering himself in the more or less fossilized productions of his earlier years. It is a long time since I have read the "Autocrat," but I take it up now and then and read in it for a few minutes, not always without some degree of edification.

These three series of papers, "Autocrat," "Professor," "Poet," are all studies of life from somewhat different points of view. They are largely made up of sober reflections, and appeared to me to require some lively human interest to save them from wearisome didactic dullness. What could be more natural than that love should find its way among the young people who helped to make up the circle gathered around the table? Nothing is older than the story of young love. Nothing is newer than that same old story. A bit of gilding here and there has a wonderful effect in enlivening a landscape or an apartment. Napoleon consoled the Parisians in their year of defeat by gilding the dome of the Invalides. Boston has glorified her State House and herself at the expense of a few sheets of gold leaf laid on the dome, which shines like a sun in the eyes

of her citizens, and like a star in those of the approaching traveller. I think the gilding of a love-story helped all three of these earlier papers. The same need I felt in the series of papers just closed. The slight incident of Delilah's appearance and disappearance served my purpose to some extent. But what should I do with Number Five? The reader must follow out her career for himself. For myself, I think that she and the Tutor have both utterly forgotten the difference of their years in the fascination of intimate intercourse. I do not believe that a nature so large, so rich in affection, as Number Five's is going to fall defeated of its best inheritance of life, like a vine which finds no support for its tendrils to twine around, and so creeps along the ground from which nature meant that love should lift it. I feel as if I ought to follow these two personages of my sermonizing story until they come together or separate, to fade, to wither, — perhaps to die, at last, of something like what the doctors call *heart-failure*, but which might more truly be called *heart-starvation*. When I say *die*, I do not mean necessarily the death that goes into the obituary column. It may come to that, in one or both; but I think that, if they are never united, Number Five will outlive the Tutor, who will fall into melancholy ways, and pine and waste, while she lives along, feeling all the time that she has cheated herself of happiness. I hope that is not going to be their fortune, or misfortune. *Vieille fille fait jeune mariée*. What a youthful bride Number Five would be, if she could only make up her mind to matrimony! In the mean time she must be left with her lambs all around her. May Heaven temper the winds to them, for they have been shorn very close, every one of them, of their golden fleece of aspirations and anticipations.

I must avail myself of this opportunity to say a few words to my distant

friends who take interest enough in my writings, early or recent, to wish to enter into communication with me by letter, or to keep up a communication already begun. I have given notice in print that the letters, books, and manuscripts which I receive by mail are so numerous that if I undertook to read and answer them all I should have little time for anything else. I have for some years depended on the assistance of a secretary, but our joint efforts have proved unable, of late, to keep down the accumulations which come in with every mail. So many of the letters I receive are of a pleasant character that it is hard to let them go unacknowledged. The extreme friendliness which pervades many of them gives them a value which I rate very highly. When large numbers of strangers insist on claiming one as a friend, on the strength of what he has written, it tends to make him think of himself somewhat indulgently. It is the most natural thing in the world to want to give expression to the feeling the loving messages from far-off unknown friends must excite. Many a day has had its best working hours broken into, spoiled for all literary work, by the labor of answering correspondents whose good opinion it is gratifying to have called forth, but who were unconsciously laying a new burden on shoulders already aching. I know too well that what I say will not reach the eyes of many who might possibly take a hint from it. Still I must keep repeating it before breaking off suddenly and leaving whole piles of letters unanswered. I have been very heavily handicapped for many years. It is partly my own fault. From what my correspondents tell me, I must infer that I have established a dangerous reputation for willingness to answer all sorts of letters. They come with such insinuating humility, — they cannot bear to intrude upon my time, they know that I have a great many calls upon it, — and incontinently pro-

ceed to lay their additional weight on the load which is breaking my back.

The hypocrisy of kind-hearted people is one of the most painful exhibitions of human weakness. It has occurred to me that it might be profitable to reproduce some of my unwritten answers to correspondents. If those which were actually written and sent were to be printed in parallel columns with those mentally formed but not written out responses and comments, the reader would get some idea of the internal conflicts an honest and not unamiable person has to go through, when he finds himself driven to the wall by a correspondence which is draining his vocabulary to find expressions that sound as agreeably, and signify as little, as the phrases used by a diplomatist in closing an official communication.

No. 1. Want my autograph, do you? And don't know how to spell my name! An *a* for an *e* in my middle name. Leave out the *l* in my last name. Do you know how people hate to have their names misspelled? What do you suppose are the sentiments entertained by the Thompsons with a *p* towards those who address them in writing as Thomson?

No. 2. Think the lines you mention are by far the best I ever wrote, hey? Well, I did n't write those lines. What is more, I think they are as detestable a string of rhymes as I could wish my worst enemy had written. A very pleasant frame of mind I am in for writing a letter, after reading yours!

No. 3. I am glad to hear that my namesake, whom I never saw and never expect to see, has cut another tooth; but why write four pages on the strength of that domestic occurrence?

No. 4. You wish to correct an error in my Broomstick poem, do you? You give me to understand that Wilmington is not in Essex County, but in Middlesex. Very well; but are they separated by *running water*? Because if they are not, what could hinder a witch from

crossing the line that separates Wilmington from Andover, I should like to know? I never meant to imply that the witches made no excursions beyond the district which was more especially their seat of operations.

I might go on in this way with my correspondents to an indefinite extent. But I wish to take the opportunity to make certain emendations in that same Broomstick poem. It was written somewhat hastily, and sent off with some imperfections and omissions. After the first two lines the first paragraph should read thus:—

They hanged them high. — No use! No use!
 What cares a witch for a hangman's noose?
 They buried them deep, but they would n't lie
 still,
 For cats and witches are hard to kill;
 They swore they should n't and would n't
 die, —
 Books say they did, but they lie! they lie!

Then there were a few lines which were left out by mere accident, in copying the poem for the press. They should come in after the paragraph that describes the scenery through which we summer residents in Beverly and Manchester are in the habit of driving.

Who would not, will not, if he can,
 Bathe in the breezes of fair Cape Ann, —
 Rest in the bowers that her bays enfold,
 Loved by the sachems and squaws of old?
 Home where the white magnolias bloom,
 Sweet with the bayberry's chaste perfume,
 Hugged by the woods and kissed by the sea,
 Where is an Eden like to thee?

As I come towards the end of this task which I had set myself, I wish, of course, that I could have performed it more to my own satisfaction and that of my readers. This is a feeling which almost every one must have at the conclusion of any work he has undertaken. A common and very simple reason for this disappointment is that most of us overrate our capacity. We expect more of ourselves than we have any right to, in virtue of our endowments. The figurative descriptions of the last Grand

Assize must no more be taken literally than the golden crowns, which we do not expect or want to wear on our heads, or the golden harps, which we do not want or expect to hold in our hands. Is it not too true that many religious sectaries think of the last tribunal complacently, as the scene in which they are to have the satisfaction of saying to the believers of a creed different from their own, "I told you so"? Are not others oppressed with the thought of the great returns which will be expected of them as the product of their great gifts, the very limited amount of which they do not suspect, and will be very glad to learn, even at the expense of their self-love, when they are called to their account? If the ways of the Supreme Being are ever really to be "justified to men," to use Milton's expression, every human being may expect an exhaustive explanation of himself. No man is capable of being his own counsel, and I cannot help hoping that the ablest of the archangels will be retained for the defence of the worst of sinners. He himself is unconscious of the agencies which made him what he is. Self-determining he may be, if you will, but who determines the self which is the proximate source of the determination? Why was the A self like his good uncle in bodily aspect and mental and moral qualities, and the B self like the bad uncle in look and character? Has not a man a right to ask this question in the here or in the hereafter, — in this world or in any world in which he may find himself? If the Allwise wishes to satisfy his reasonable and reasoning creatures, it will not be by a display of elemental convulsions, but by the still small voice, which treats with him as a dependent entitled to know the meaning of his existence, and if there was anything wrong in his adjustment to the moral and spiritual conditions of the world around him to have full allowance made for it. No melodramatic display of warring ele-

ments, such as the white-robed Second Adventist imagines, can meet the need of the human heart. The thunders and lightnings of Sinai terrified and impressed the more timid souls of the idolatrous and rebellious caravan which the great leader was conducting, but a far nobler manifestation of divinity was that when "the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."

I find the burden and restrictions of rhyme more and more troublesome as I grow older. There are times when it seems natural enough to employ that form of expression, but it is only occasionally; and the use of it as the vehicle of the commonplace is so prevalent that one is not much tempted to select it as the medium for his thoughts and emotions. The art of rhyming has almost become a part of a high-school education, and its practice is far from being an evidence of intellectual distinction. Mediocrity is as much forbidden to the poet in our days as it was in those of Horace, and the immense majority of the verses written are stamped with hopeless mediocrity.

When one of the ancient poets found he was trying to grind out verses which came unwillingly, he said he was writing

INVITA MINERVA.

Vex not the Muse with idle prayers, —
She will not hear thy call;
She steals upon thee unawares,
Or seeks thee not at all.

Soft as the moonbeams when they sought
Endymion's fragrant bower,
She parts the whispering leaves of thought
To show her full-blown flower.

For thee her wooing hour has passed,
The singing birds have flown,
And winter comes with icy blast
To chill thy buds unblown.

Yet though the woods no longer thrill
As once their arches rung,
Sweet echoes hover round thee still
Of songs thy summer sung.

Live in thy past; await no more
The rush of heaven-sent wings;
Earth still has music left in store
While Memory sighs and sings.

I hope my special Minerva may not always be unwilling, but she must not be called upon as she has been in times past. Now that the teacups have left the table, an occasional evening call is all that my readers must look for. Thanking them for their kind companionship, and hoping that I may yet meet them in the now and thens of the future, I bid them good-bye for the immediate present.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RELIEF OF SUITORS IN FEDERAL COURTS.

"READING with a hop, skip, and a jump" is a phrase invented by a great jurist to describe his method of scanning the pages of the multiplied law reports of the present time; but perhaps it is more descriptive of the method which laymen adopt in glancing at any article relating to a legal topic. I wish to arrest the attention of such readers by saying at the outset that this pa-

per is prepared for the laity, upon the express assumption and with the deep conviction that there are imperative reasons why all good citizens should concern themselves about the subject. "Although," as the late Justice Matthews said, "it excites little public interest, yet it involves great public interests."

The question may be asked: "If there

are abuses in the administration of justice, why do not the lawyers have them rectified? They have a great, frequently a controlling influence in legislation. Why do they not attend to the matter?" I answer briefly: The bar is composed of two classes, — working lawyers and those who are in politics. Archbishop Whately has pointed out with admirable precision the partial disqualification of the former for law reform in "the constant habit of fixing the thought on what the law is, and withdrawing it from the irrelevant question of what the law ought to be." The professional intellect becomes subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand. Lawyers of this class are proverbially conservative. They have no strong reason, as business men, to put themselves to trouble in the matter of securing expedition in the administration of the law. While it is true of most judicial controversies that both sides believe they are in the right, it is also true that one side or the other distinctly prefers the policy of delay, and recognizes an advantage in it. When, therefore, the lawyer hears the curses, loud and deep, of his impatient clients, the preferences of other clients, perhaps equal in number and value, who are fighting with Fabian tactics, make a complete stand-off; and he feels that the law's delay is both bad and good. As for the political lawyers, they have their hands full of politics, and have no time, if they had inclination, to bestir themselves in behalf of law reform.

The result of these facts has been injurious to the legal profession. Professor Bryce, whose general accuracy in his account of our institutions is so freely admitted, traces a decline in the standing and influence of the profession since the days when De Tocqueville wrote of the aristocracy of the bar. The chief reason of this decline is doubtless to be found in the fact that the American people — with a certain amount of jus-

tice — hold the legal profession responsible for the delay and failure in the administration of law; or if they do not distinctly apply the doctrine of responsibility, yet the bar has suffered in public estimation from the inevitable association of ideas connecting it with the inefficient administration of justice. Few things in America have escaped the glorification of Fourth of July sentiment; but if any forlorn, sporadic patriot has ever "pointed with pride" to the celerity and cheapness and certainty of our judicial procedure, I have never heard of him. It is not gratifying to national or professional complacency to find Lord Coleridge, on the occasion of his visit to this country, expressing his amazement at the universal concession that justice went faster in England than here.

The grievance of public opinion against the administration of the law is not the miscarriage, but the delay, of justice. It is a significant fact that in Magna Charta the pledge against the sale, the denial, and the delay of justice is given concurrently, as if the three abuses were of equal enormity. And are they not, in fact, equal? The sale of justice involves greater corruption than its delay, and the denial of justice implies greater outrage; but they result alike in the defeat of justice. To delay justice is but to deny it by keeping the promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope. To delay justice to one suitor is but to sell it to his adversary. It is perhaps a more significant fact than the conjunction of this guaranty against the three abuses that the delay of justice forms the climax of the demand of the barons at Runnymede: "*Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus, aut differemus rectum vel justitiam.*" It is possible that they regarded the last as the chief of the three evils, because they saw that it was the most likely to occur, and the least likely to be redressed. If this be true, it was a curious confirmation of their prescience that the sale of justice by Bacon and the

denial of justice by Jeffreys brought indignant protest and timely rebuke, while the suitor-side delays of Eldon were endured for a quarter of a century. So, in this country, corruption or maladministration in judicial procedure would be followed by swift-handed retribution; but delays which amount to positive injustice, and which are so serious as easily to be used by one litigant to force his adversary into a surrender of his rights, have been permitted by public indifference to exist for the last twenty years in the highest and greatest court of our country. The Supreme Court is not responsible for them and cannot help them. The judges have done faithfully and with utmost assiduity as hard work as their great capacity, high training, and unremitting diligence render possible within human limitations. Chief Justice Waite, in his last public utterance, protested against giving to the measures designed to remove the existing causes of delay the name of "Relief of the Supreme Court." "That," said he, "is a most deceptive misnomer. . . . What is needed is relief for the people against the ruinous consequences of the tedious and oppressive delays which, as the law now stands, are necessarily attendant on the final disposition of very many of the suits in the courts of the United States, because of the overcrowded and constantly increasing docket of the Supreme Court. It is the people that need relief, not the court."

"Justice," said Webster, "is the greatest interest of man on earth." The American people may base a demand upon their law-makers for a rational, efficient, and timely administration of justice upon grounds wholly disconnected with the interests and rights of individual suitors, and wholly independent of the possible selfish interest which every citizen necessarily has in such a demand on account of the fact that he may at some time have a personal stake

in some litigation. This ground has been admirably stated by Mr. Depew: "As the country increases in population, in wealth, in crowded communities, in vast combinations of labor and capital, in the elements which, in any disintegration of society from wrongs or corruptions, come together for the overthrow of existing institutions, the salvation of our lives and property, of our families and homes, of our rights and liberties, of our civilization itself, depends more and more upon a judicial system which commands the respect and confidence of the masses."

The platforms of all the organizations that represent existing disaffection and agitation contain protests against the "unjust delays and technicalities of the law." The lawyer usually regards such utterances with a fine scorn. "Technicalities," he declares, "are great principles in the disguise of concrete forms." But two recent publications, in which certain absurd technicalities of the common law procedure in criminal cases are pointed out as serious obstructions in the administration of law, are worthy of note. These strictures emanate, not from Jack Cade *redivivus*, but from Benjamin H. Brewster and Augustus H. Garland, in their official reports as Attorney-Generals of the United States. It is not well when the weapons with which disaffection can assail the administration of justice are forged by hands such as these. But Congress has never paid the slightest attention, so far as the calendar or the statute-book shows, to their weighty recommendations.

The chief evil of a purely public character in the existing condition of affairs is the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States, — the most august tribunal, not only of our country, but of the world, coördinate with the legislative and executive departments of the government, the cynosure of the nation's eye, the one American institution which is the admitted envy of English and

Continental publicists,—this grand tribunal is coming to represent in the popular mind, not the majesty of the law, but its inefficiency and paralysis. The people at large cannot discriminate so clearly as to avoid the natural association of the idea of delay in the court with the court itself. This not only brings a grievous injustice upon the judges themselves, but it is an unspeakable misfortune that the wholesome and conservative influence which should be exerted by this great court upon popular opinion is thus impaired, if not wholly lost.

In his address on *Truth at the Bar*, Chief Justice Bleckley delivered a solemn warning when he declared: "There is a clamor abroad for justice,—for justice of substance; and legislators, the courts, the bar, and the people may prepare to administer it on a system of procedure adequate to modern demand, or else to witness, in stolid imbecility, attempts, more and more numerous, more and more desperate, to clutch it by the rude hand of violence."

In the storm and stress of pending social agitations, the American people will have need to appeal to the sentiment of "reverence for law." Woe unto us if disaffected agitators can retort *with truth*, "Your law is not worthy of reverence"!

Assuming that demonstration has been made of the public nature of the interests involved, it is gratifying to be able to point out certain conditions which are favorable to the redress of the existing grievances. The celebration of the centennial of the organization of the Supreme Court, in February, attracted general attention to this ordinarily unobtrusive department of government. Its function as the living voice of the Constitution, its utility as the balance wheel of the government, its distinction as the unique and crowning glory of republican institutions, were all impressed upon the public mind in the masterly

presentation of eminent speakers; and along with all this was the ever-present recognition of the fact that the delays of causes upon the overcrowded docket of the court had become so grievous as to be oppressive. Mr. Justice Field, who represented the court in the principal address, insisted earnestly on the necessity of some relief for suitors. He said:—

"The calendar of the present term exceeds 1500. Something must be done to prevent delays. To delay justice is as pernicious as to deny it. One of the most precious articles of the *Magna Charta* was that in which the king declared that he would not deny or delay to any man justice or right. And, assuredly, what the barons of England wrung from their monarch the people of the United States will not refuse to any suitor for justice in their tribunals."

The other favorable condition to which reference was made is the existing state of political parties. Without doubt, the political reason has been the chief obstruction in the way of necessary legislation up to the present time. So long as the Senate and the President were Republican, the Senate was energetic in the matter. At every session bills were framed, and several times were passed. But they met indifference and death in the Democratic House. However, when the House and the President were in political accord, the Representatives became at once keenly alive to the urgency of the situation, and put the necessary legislation in shape; but the Senate had now forgotten all about its former convictions, and ignored the subject. This would be amusing if it were not scandalous; but there is one valuable compensation in this chapter of the history of parties, namely: both parties have placed themselves in such an attitude towards the subject that each stands committed to the legislation whenever political harmony of the Executive, Senate, and House makes it possible to

secure it; and the adversary party in such case has cut itself off from the opportunity of objection. With what show of fairness or consistency, for instance, could the Democratic lawyers who were so eager to organize and equip the new courts necessary to secure relief now oppose the measure? In legal parlance, they are *estopped*. Doubtless they relish the situation which relieves them from political pressure and partisan considerations; for all true lawyers are trained to be lovers of justice, and feel in their hearts that the right to have justice is higher than any question of party advantage.

It would therefore seem that circumstances have conspired to make the necessary legislation possible, and to some extent probable. But the competition for the attention of Congress is exceedingly fierce. Matters standing upon merit alone are likely to be crowded aside for those in which private interests and party policy bring to bear the pressure of urgent insistence. The suitors whose rights and interests are directly involved are too few to make themselves felt among sixty millions of people. They are scattered and unorganized, so that no unity of action among them is conceivable. Hence there is a vital importance in enlisting public opinion in behalf of the necessary legislation upon those broad grounds of public welfare which have been stated in this plea for the quickening of non-professional thought.

The judicial power of the United States is vested by the Constitution in one Supreme Court, and such inferior courts as Congress shall from time to time ordain and establish. The inferior courts established in pursuance of this power are District and Circuit Courts. The country is divided into sixty-five judicial districts and nine judicial circuits.

The federal judicial power extends to cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States, and treaties

made under their authority; cases affecting ambassadors and other public ministers and consuls; cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; controversies in which the United States shall be a party; controversies between two or more States, between a State and citizens of another State, between citizens of different States, between citizens of the same State claiming lands under the grants of different States, and between a State, or the citizens thereof, and foreign states, citizens and subjects. The Supreme Court has original jurisdiction (by which is meant that cases are brought in the first instance into that court) of all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party. Of all other cases the Supreme Court has only appellate jurisdiction from the inferior courts, with such exceptions and under such regulations as Congress may make.

An analysis of the class of cases to which the federal judicial power extends shows the existence of two distinct grounds upon which that jurisdiction was conferred: (1.) The nature of the question involved. (2.) The status of the parties. In the former class belong the cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States; in the latter, as one instance, cases between citizens of different States. The jurisdiction in the former class of cases rests upon the fact that the federal tribunal is the fit and proper tribunal for the determination of federal questions. In the latter, it rests upon the fact that, by reason of local influence or prejudice, the non-resident suitor might not obtain justice before a court or jury of the vicinage.

The jurisdiction growing out of the judicial power of the United States is distributed as follows: The District Courts have cognizance principally of cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction, and of certain offenses against

the laws of the United States. The Circuit Courts have original jurisdiction of all other cases to which the judicial power of the United States extends, and certain appellate jurisdiction from the District Courts. It will be seen that the Circuit Courts are the principal sources of original jurisdiction; and hence Circuit Courts have been established in nearly all of the judicial districts. Hence, also, inasmuch as there are only nine Circuit judges, it is necessary that the District judges should be empowered to hold the Circuit Courts. A term of the Circuit Court may be held by a District judge alone, or a Circuit judge alone, or by the Supreme Court justice assigned to the Circuit; or by any two or by all three of these judges. (Not much can be said for the coherency of a system which permits such variations.) In point of fact, the Supreme Court justices are engaged for so long a period each year in holding the term of the Supreme Court that they are able to do very little work in the Circuit Courts. The Circuit judges have such immense territories that they can at best bestow only a limited attendance upon the most important of their courts. The result is that, practically, the business of the Circuit Courts is done by the District judges sitting alone. Their decisions as such are not reviewable as a matter of right by the Circuit judge or Circuit justice; and in cases involving less than the jurisdictional amount (\$5000), and not involving a federal question, are not reviewable at all.

In order to ascertain the facts upon this and the kindred topics discussed in this paper, I prepared a circular letter, containing various inquiries, and addressed it to the clerks of the Circuit and District Courts. The responses to the letter were general, indicating a willingness on the part of the officers of the courts to furnish all the information within their power. They were fairly representative, having been received from all

parts of the United States, and from courts in which the business was large as well as those in which it was small.

One question in the circular was: "Estimating the number of weeks your court is in session, what proportion of that time, during the last five years, has the Circuit judge presided in the court with the District judge? During the same period, make the same answer as to the Circuit justices."

The average of all replies shows that the Circuit judges are present *one ninth* of the time. Many answers are like these: "The Circuit judge has not been here in four years." "The Circuit judge has been here eight days since 1870." "The Circuit judge is here three or four days per annum." The answers relative to the Circuit justices of course show still less frequent attendance at the Circuit Courts.

Another question in the circular was as follows: "In what proportion of cases, involving less than \$5000, tried by the District judges sitting alone as a Circuit Court, does the Circuit judge or the Circuit justice preside in motions for a new trial? In few or many? In one tenth? One fifth? One half?"

The average of replies received shows that the Circuit judge presides in about one tenth of such cases. Only one answer in the entire series states that the Circuit judge presides in as many as one half of the cases. A careful examination of the first twenty volumes of the Federal Reporter shows that more than one half of the cases in which citizenship gives jurisdiction involve less than the jurisdictional amount for an appeal. So that, putting the facts together, one judge administers the law in eight ninths of all the cases in the lower Federal Courts, and is the final arbiter of the rights of parties in nine tenths of more than one half of all such cases.

Now, the right of parties to a rehearing, on appeal or by writ of error, before

some other tribunal than that by which cases are heard in the first instance, is a part of the common law. It has become an American right by universal adoption in the judicial systems of the States. There is no State that does not provide an appellate court for the review of causes tried in the inferior courts (almost invariably by one judge) upon the record of the trial. All lawyers and all judges are agreed that such a reëxamination is one of the most indispensable steps in judicial procedure; and the hold which this part of the judicial system has upon the people may be inferred from the fact (already stated) of its universal incorporation into the legal procedure of the various States. *This right is denied in the federal judicial system as now administered*; not by the judges, but denied necessarily for the want of judges and the absence of any provision for a review in such cases. Legislation is needed which shall recognize and provide for this important right in the inferior courts, and at the same time relieve the overcrowded docket of the Supreme Court. This latter topic is now to be considered.

The progressive increase of the Supreme Court docket will appear from the following table:—

Term.	Cases on Docket.	Term.	Cases on Docket.
1803	55	1850	253
1810	98	1860	310
1820	127	1870	636
1830	143	1880	1202
1840	92	1888	1567

The average number of cases of which the court is able to dispose, since the pressure of the recent accumulation has stimulated its utmost exertion, is 415, which includes a considerable number of cases dismissed by the court and withdrawn by compromise. The thoroughness with which every cause is investigated—each judge examining the record, and the court reaching a decision after full consultation—partly accounts for the smallness of this number

as compared with the larger clearances of their dockets by state appellate courts. Many of the latter have adopted the pernicious practice of appointing one of their number to “take” certain cases and reach conclusions in which the other judges acquiesce. The Supreme Court will best retain the confidence and esteem of the people and the bar by refusing, under any stress of emergency, to adopt the “assignee method” of deciding cases.

From the foregoing figures, the results are: (1.) About three years and a half elapse from the perfecting of an appeal to the time when a case is reached on the docket of the Supreme Court. (2.) The excess of cases returned at each term over cases disposed of is annually increasing, so that at the present ratio of accumulation another year will be added to the above-stated period by 1892.

While this state of things continues, the Supreme Court cannot be an auxiliary to, but on the contrary is an obstruction in the way of, the administration of justice. The condition of the docket is used every day as an engine of oppression and wrong. Ruinous sacrifices are extorted from suitors under the name of compromise. What is this but confiscation under forms of law?

Mr. Justice Miller says: “The speed and rush with which business is now carried on, as compared with what it was even fifty years ago, can hardly be realized; and it leaves no time for the man immersed in the pursuits of life to sit down and await the event of a protracted litigation, though it may involve his all. He can better afford to compromise or abandon a claim, in which he has been sustained by a judgment in his favor, than to waste time or to do without the money until it can be decided again.”

One of the questions in the circular referred to above was as follows: “Do not parties in many cases which might

go to the Supreme Court make compromises based chiefly on the delay that will intervene before a decision can be reached in the court?"

Two thirds of the replies to this question were in the affirmative. The other third were to the effect that the writers did not know. There were none which answered positively in the negative.

The picture has been seen of a poor inventor bursting into tears upon being told, after winning a case, that his powerful adversary could prevent his reaping the advantage of his victory by an appeal that would last four years. A railroad employee, maimed for life, who has recovered a judgment for injuries, may starve to death, while the railway company, which has removed the cause into a Federal Court, prosecutes its appeal, with the comforting assurance that if he dies his right of action, being a personal one, perishes with him. The nation cannot longer afford to aid and abet such injustice.

The remedies which have been proposed all come within two groups: (1.) Those which divide the Supreme Court into sections or committees. (2.) Those which provide an intermediate appellate court between the Supreme Court and the inferior courts. For the former class there are two plans. One proposes the division of the court into three sections, to sit separately at Washington. The other provides that the whole court shall hear cases involving federal questions at Washington, and divide itself into three branches, to be called Courts of Appeal, and sit in three principal cities to hear other cases. Neither of these plans purports to give any relief to suitors in the inferior courts, who are now denied the right of a competent review. This fact alone is a serious deficiency in these schemes. But there are other grave objections: (1.) The constitutional provision for *one* Supreme Court. Commenting on this, Chief Justice Waite said, "Certainly such a provision, in

such pointed language, carries with it the strongest implication that when this court acts it must act as an entirety, and that its judgments shall be the judgments of a court sitting judicially as one court, and not as several courts." (2.) The weakening of the authority of the decisions of the court and the impairment of its public influence. (3.) The manifest insufficiency of the plan, when the facts and figures are accurately observed, to secure the relief of the Supreme Court docket.

The average number of cases disposed of during the last twenty years is 415 per annum. This includes a considerable number of cases dismissed for want of prosecution and withdrawn by compromise (showing how largely the present condition of the docket invites groundless appeals). The average number of cases adjudicated for the last ten terms is 290 per annum. From these figures the physical capacity of the court to adjudge the weighty issues coming before it, with due regard for their importance, appears to be limited to about 300 cases annually. But there were returned to the October term, 1887, 470 cases; to the October term, 1888, 550 cases; and (will be returned, estimating same ratio) to the October term, 1889, about 650 cases. A future annual increase is visibly assured by the conditions of our expanding civilization.

It is evident from the mathematics of the case that the plans now under consideration offer no solution of the problem of this annual surplus of business; nor of the equally grave problem involved in the 1567 cases already docketed, which will require four years, under the present system, for their disposition, even if no new cases arose within that period.

The plans for an intermediate appellate court are of two sorts: those which establish a new Court of Appeals, and those which transfer all the original jurisdiction to the District Court, and

make the Circuit Court an appellate court. The latter has the merit of simplicity, and of making available existing machinery and organization. By both plans two new Circuit judges are to be appointed, and the appellate court is to be held in each Circuit. Such a court will provide a review for cases not now reviewable, and cut off a large number of cases from the Supreme Court.

The vice in all the bills heretofore drafted to carry out this general plan is that they would bring into the appellate court from the inferior courts such a volume of business that it would be immediately overburdened. The result would simply be to transfer the existing congestion from the docket of the Supreme Court to that of the appellate court, which would not, in any sense, better the case.

The precise terms of the problem, then, are these: (1.) To reduce the extent of business in the Supreme Court to the physical capacity of that court to handle it, which requires a considerable segment of its present appellate jurisdiction to be cut off, and a large portion of the present accumulation on the docket to be transferred. (2.) To provide an adequate reviewing tribunal for the cases thus eliminated and the cases not heretofore reviewable, without submerging that tribunal in an overflow of business.

The key to the whole situation is in the distinction already made between federal and non-federal cases, and the application of that distinction to legislation. Since some cases must be withdrawn from the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, and since Congress has the power to subtract what it will, every consideration of fitness and propriety suggests that those cases which involve federal questions should be retained, while those in which jurisdiction is conferred solely by the citizenship of parties, and those which, although arising under federal laws, involve purely

questions of municipal law, should be diverted to some other appellate tribunal. For cases of the latter class, the Supreme Court is no more appropriate tribunal than any other federal appellate court. Congress will have done its full duty toward all such cases, and will have satisfied both the spirit and the letter of the Constitution, when it shall have provided for them an adequate reviewing tribunal deserving the confidence of suitors, and giving them the protection of the federal judicial power against local injustice. To such a court, if now organized with a virgin docket, might be at once transferred from the Supreme Court docket all cases of this description; and the immediate relief of the Supreme Court would thereby be secured.

A careful examination of all the cases in the Supreme Court reports, from volume 106 to 127 inclusive, shows that in more than one third of all the cases adjudicated the jurisdictional element was solely the citizenship of the parties; while probably one half of the remaining number involved no strictly federal questions. Hence, legislation based on the distinction here insisted upon will reduce the present annual return of about 650 cases from the inferior courts of original jurisdiction to probably 375, which represents about the average annual disposition of business. The cases thus designated by inherent fitness for final adjudication by the Supreme Court should go to that court direct from the inferior courts of original jurisdiction. This is right and proper, because if these cases went into the Appellate Court they could reach the Supreme Court only after the delay and expense of a second appeal; while philosophic justice and practical experience unite to show that one appeal secures the best advantages in legal procedure. But it is more than fitting; it is necessary, because if these cases involving federal questions must go, along with all other cases, into the

Appellate Court, it would at once be choked with business.

There are a few special cases in which provision should be made for a review by the Supreme Court of the non-federal cases decided in the Appellate Court. They are the cases where possible divergent decisions in the Circuit Appellate Courts might require a final decision of the Supreme Court to preserve the harmony of the system, in which cases a review should be a matter of right; and the cases where the Appellate Court (irrespective of the amount involved, — an unpopular and unjust basis of limitation) should certify that the importance of the question required a final determination by the Supreme Court.

The present condition of the federal judicial system is fast assuming the proportions of a national disgrace. For the removal of this reproach, two successive Presidents, representing different parties, have urged legislation; the Supreme Court, speaking through its members, has appealed for it; three Attorneys-Generals have recommended it; the Bar Associations have petitioned for it; and suitors have sent up their de-

spairing cry against the intolerable delay of justice.

To heed these appeals is a high public duty and a constitutional obligation. The gravity of the issue ought to lift it above the plane of partisan politics, and elevate it to the lofty range of pure patriotism. The provision (which was also a prevision) in the Constitution, that Congress should "from time to time" ordain and establish such inferior courts as were necessary for the investiture and due exercise of the federal judicial power, means, as construed by Chief Justice Waite, that it is the constitutional duty of Congress to recognize and provide for the present emergency in the condition of the federal judicial system. It is no fanciful use of the word to say that, under a scheme of government in which the executive, legislative, and judicial departments are declared coördinate and equal, it is *unconstitutional* to cripple and starve and discredit the judicial department by denying to it the necessary judicial force to discharge its functions, and sacrificing the rights of that class of citizens which is entitled to relief within its jurisdiction.

Walter B. Hill.

THE FATE OF A JAPANESE REFORMER.

PREFACE.

FOR the last two decades the career of Japan has been startlingly acrobatic. Ever since 1868, when she made her great evolutionary somersault over the backs of six centuries, from a feudal state into the arena of modern life, she has been turning her whole social system topsy-turvy, in her haste to be fully abreast of the latter end of the nineteenth century; and the rest of the world has wondered at the feat.

Unfortunately for this really remark-

able performance, Dame Nature is not addicted to jumps herself, and objects to them in her offspring; such lapse of continuity forming no part of the maternal scheme of education. In her domestic curriculum progress of the kind is inadmissible.

Not simply is development necessarily continuous, but different lines of life can only be linked while still relatively close. Nature never joins what time hath set too far asunder. We are witness to this in every-day physical reproduction. Extremes will not mate.

Symptoms of failure appear when the civilized weds with the savage. The savagery, however, is not in itself the bar. That it seems to be so is because, in most other cases of racial intermarriage, the couple are both of Aryan blood, and therefore cousins of no very distant degree. The real barrier consists, not in dissimilarity of customs, but in dissimilarity of descent. In other words, not the want of development of the one only, but the difference in development of the two, determines the fruitlessness of their connection.

A well-known foreign physician in Tōkyō has found that among Eurasians, those, that is, half of European, half of Asiatic blood, the almost inevitable tendency is to the dying out of the family. In physique, the human gap between the opposite sides of our world is already too wide to be crossed. Yet anatomically the variance is trivial. A slight difference in the setting of the eye, one or two other variations, not more important, and you have the extent of the contrast. Psychically, the opposition is much more marked; for it causes that strange inversion so striking to the one people in the other. If then in body, where science can detect so trifling a divergence, Nature finds an impassable gulf, what must her difficulty be in mind! If intermarriage prove barren, will intercommunion of thought bear fruit?

No such doubts, however, have disturbed Japan's leading men. Quite oblivious to a possible impossibility, they have foisted foreign customs upon their country wholesale. The government has out-radicated the radicals of any other land, and even the opposition has had its breath so taken away by the speed of the change as to have had none left with which to remonstrate. The government, indeed, has been a most remarkable experiment in empirics. A handful of men, educated in European modes of thought, has revolutionized not simply the political, but the social, the

domestic, even the private customs of an entire community. The only point more surprising still has been the enthusiastic acceptance of the same by the thinking classes.

Among the most advanced of these statesmen was Mori Arinori. The fourth son of Mori Yujo, a *samurai*, or knight, of the retinue of the *daimyo* of Kagoshima, he was born in the castle in August, 1848. From early childhood he showed precocity, doing so well at school that he was selected, in 1865, as one of sixteen to be sent to England and America to study.

Laurence Oliphant had been in Japan, and was now initiating to the Brotherhood of the New Life at Chautauqua, New York. To him Mori was consigned. There the young Japanese was at once set to work at baking bread, as being the occupation for which he was most fitted, in accordance with the rules of the society. He became leavened with much other yeast besides.

If Fate meant to distinguish him, she could hardly have chosen her opportunity better; for, after two years abroad, he came home just in time for the revolution which ended in the restoration of the Mikado and the general introduction of foreign ideas. Entering thus upon his own life at the very moment his country entered upon that new phase of hers, a quasi-European existence, he espoused the new ways with all the ardor of a very young man. His career reads like a romance. From one political post to another, he was advanced through a whole gamut of governmental and diplomatic offices. He was successively Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, Assistant Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister to China, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister at the Court of St. James, and finally member of the cabinet and Minister of Education. Indeed, he was several other things as well, in the mean time.

What he was, however, is more im-

portant than the posts he filled. For his was anything but a figure head. It teemed with ideas acquired in America, which, with more love than logic, he developed to undreamt-of extremes. He was the first to suggest the disarming of the *samurai*, or two-sworded knights, whose swords were more precious to them than life. Naturally the move was bitterly opposed; but he triumphed, and so changed the customs of the whole gentry class. An army of irresponsible swashbucklers became, by a stroke of the pen, a peaceable body of citizens. Indeed, many of them accepted government employ as student-spectacled policemen.

Another of his ideas was the holding man and wife to be equal, — an idea as anti-Oriental as it would be possible to conceive. Count Ito once said of him that though a Japanese by birth, he was a European by heart. He might almost have said an American. In England he became intimate with Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, whom he greatly admired, and in America he corresponded with many distinguished men on educational and kindred topics. To him is due the postal union between Japan and the United States.

His religious views were equally advanced. He was so much impressed by the disassociation of church and state in America that he wrote a pamphlet advocating such divorce in Japan, whose Mikado is and always has been the Son of Heaven. The essay was written in English, printed in the United States, and may be read by the curious in an alcove of the Boston Athenæum. For himself, he was a conscientious agnostic. His agnosticism was harmless, his conscientiousness the contrary; for it impelled him to action peculiarly distasteful to the Shintoists. He not only cared not a straw for the religion of his forefathers, but as Minister of Education he excluded it from any part in national instruction. He believed that the time

had come when superstition was no longer essential to the life of the masses. He believed no less than New Japan generally; only he acted more.

But perhaps the most radical of all his projects was that of a universal language. This was not to be Japanese, of course, but English, which the Japanese were all to learn, and which English-speaking peoples, on their part, were to simplify in grammar and spelling on certain scientific principles. He suggested this comprehensive scheme first to certain Americans. It failed to meet with that ready acquiescence which its rationality seemed to him to merit. This rather interfered with his pushing the plan at home, and setting the nation in a body to learn a foreign tongue.

It was a set of men more or less of this mind who overthrew the Shogunate, and into whose hands the government arbitrarily passed. It was not, however, a part of their purpose to have it remain thus, nominally. Their ambition was bureaucratic rather than oligarchic. They proposed to rule, if you please, but they meant to do so after the most approved modern fashion. Their authority must not only flow from the divinity of the Emperor, but follow a conduit cut on the Americo-European plan. To accomplish this end they first formed themselves into a self-responsible cabinet. The cabinet was a copy of a European model; the self-responsibility was all their own.

They then set about to legalize this somewhat anomalous position. Not that they felt insecure in the least. Their idea was other. They simply wished to do as Western nations did. They wanted their body politic, like their own persons, clothed after the most approved European cut. It was futile to hint that such guise did not become them; they meant to become it. Every self-respecting nation had, they noticed, a constitution; therefore they must have one, too. The fact that all these other con-

stitutions had sprung directly or indirectly from popular demand failed to strike them as any reason why theirs should not be imposed by imperial rescript. That the people were without wish or will in the matter was irrelevant. So they promised to all whom it might concern a Japanese national constitution, to take effect in the year of grace 1890. That year looked prospectively remote when they made the pledge, but promised time nears at a gallop. Before very long it became necessary to fix a day for the official promulgation of the great event. They appointed the 11th of February, 1889.

ASPECT I.

The choice of the day was not significantly happy. It is true, the selection bore out what would seem to be the modern version of the old saw, — still be on with the old love till you be fairly off with the new; for the 11th of February had from time immemorial been observed as the anniversary of Jimmu Tenno, the mythic founder of the imperial house, and therefore of the only government the islands had ever known. But the connection was of doubtful honor. Indeed, to the thinking there seemed a certain satire about it; for Jimmu Tenno, if he was anything better than a myth, was a monarch of the good old-fashioned kind; one who, were he half the king he is reputed to have been, would have turned in his grave at the bare idea of a constitution, to say nothing of the disgust at finding his name associated with it. To the unthinking the choice offered still greater objection, for it merged two possible holidays in one. The pleasure-seekers found themselves no gainers. The anniversary of Jimmu Tenno they were certain of already. The permission, therefore, to celebrate another object at the same time, instead of seeming a gift, left them with the feeling that, somehow or other, they had been imposed upon. If

political capital was expected from the celebration, it should have been given a day of its own.

This economy in holidays was regrettable; for though it linked sentimentally the past to the future, it much dimmed the lustre of the last, which was not the object of the authorities. The authorities, however, had more fundamental drawbacks to contend with; for even if the occasion had been single in intent, it is doubtful whether there would have been much enthusiasm for it among the people at large. The masses were not up to the occasion. Properly to celebrate a political event, it is helpful to have at least an idea of what it is all about. An opinion, however questionably got, conduces to zeal. Now the Japanese public had never had its opinion asked before on national affairs, and, not unnaturally, had none ready for the emergency.

Such blankness of mind was no feature of the student or foreign-tinctured class, who, on the contrary, had very decided views on this and every other subject, with many of which the government was quite willing to dispense. As for the masses, their only rule of life was the highly philosophic one: whatever is, is right, — not the most combustible material for a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, rejoice they should, the government was resolved; if not spontaneously, by administrative action. Having created the supply, the ministers of state were bound there should be a suitable demand. They ordered the local officials to see that all made merry, and then they put their hands in the executive pocket for the necessary material, and induced wealthy sympathizers to follow suit. With this slight initial shove things went superbly; for the Japanese character is remarkably given to holiday-making, and carries off an occasion of the kind in the best possible manner. Preparations were begun on a

colossal scale. The rejoicings were to resound from one end of Japan to the other, but the crowning display was, of course, to be in the capital.

Days before the time, the streets of Tōkyō took on that general scaffolding look so suggestive of coming festivity. Rows of bamboo shot up, sentinel-like, in front of the houses. Some of them were still tufted with leaves, seeming suddenly to have grown where they were. Between the poles were stretched strings, and from the strings were hung paper lanterns. Similar lanterns festooned the house eaves. The streets stood decked in necklaces of mammoth pearls; for the lanterns, globular in form, being of paper, showed opaque by day and diaphanous by night. They were painted in part with Chinese characters in crying vermilion, commemorative of the day.

Their number must have been something enormous. The men in the business did nothing else for weeks beforehand, as unfortunates who happened to need lanterns for more private purposes found to their dismay; and Tōkyōites lighted themselves with the leavings of the illumination for weeks afterward. But this was a mere detail of the pageant's cost. At the moment neither pains nor purses were spared; for the glory of the national birthday was to outshine all previous shows, and cast into the shade all such as might follow.

But the gems of the statical half of the display were the triumphal arches. These were, indeed, works of art as well as of architecture. It was an excusable curiosity that held men at the street corners gaping up at them as they grew. They bridged, at fitting intervals, the main thoroughfare of the city. Standing at the hither end, one looked through a vanishing vista of arcade; each portal framing the one behind it, and none of them in the least alike. First rose the arch over the Shimbashi, in mammoth imitation of a Buddhist *torii*. With dozens of paper lanterns set in the ever-

green body of its crossbeams, spelling out a millennium of prosperity for the imperial house. Next beyond it showed an airy skeleton affair, as lithe as the other was heavy, — the slender suggestion of a portal to some Shinto shrine, — garlanded with flowers. Beyond this appeared one of still another type, blazoning good luck in golden characters on a dark green ground, — oranges imbedded in fir. While in the far distance there stood out last the arch over the Nihombashi, its evergreen piers as solid to the eye as the masonry they counterfeited; for it simulated a suspension bridge, a bridge upon a bridge, spanning in effigy the real Nihombashi beneath, — two curves bending to meet till they kissed in the middle.

All this and much more was being rapidly made ready. Signs of expectation of the approaching national birth were visible everywhere; for its fond parents meant the new body politic should not want for a suitable cradle, however long afterward they might intend to keep it in leading-strings. Not only along the line of the official procession, but in much less honored spots, the streets were beribboned beyond recognition.

So much for the statics of the affair. Its kinematics were even more remarkable. The popular part of the pageant was to be a *matsuri*, but a *matsuri* on a gigantic scale. Now a *matsuri* is a religious festival of a most jovial countenance; it is something of a cross between a Neapolitan carnival and a Seville Holy Week, with the human horse-play of the one to relieve the divine dullness of the other. In this case there was added a touch of humor very close to pathos; for the old system helped to do buffoon duty to the new.

But a *matsuri* needs no preface. Deeply religious in principle, these festivals are delightfully mundane in practice. Through their mothers the churches, they are, of course, own cousins of all

the carnivals; so that the resemblance is not accidental. Whether, indeed, the strain due to being gloomily good tends to make the temperament when relieved take to buffoonery, certainly like causes have begotten like effects.

A *matsuri* is one all-compelling grin. It starts from some temple or temples, whose courtyards fill with booths, while the neighboring streets deck themselves with lanterns. From these ganglia nerves in the shape of processions of *dashi* proceed to thrill the city. A *dashi* is a triumphal chariot of divine extraction; a cart drawn indifferently by men or bulls, and carrying structures to beggar belief. The grotesque in a body finds foothold there, while topping the mass of monstrosities sits the placid figure of the god, not so firm in seat but that the jolts make him nod approval upon the crowd, as he is trundled erratically along. In this comico-serious manner the *dashi* perambulates the town, to slow music of its own furnishing. Every now and then the whole thing halts. The pandemonium, however, does not stop, nor the pantomime which it accompanies; for in the front part of the cart, on the ground floor, stands a man, grotesquely masked, gesticulating to the crowd, and backed by strangely instrumented musicians. Not uncommonly he mimics the god-fox, always a highly popular impersonation. His action bears out his mask to the bewitchment of small boys, who trot along by its side when the *dashi* moves, regardless of all else, and then tumble back into the crowd in affright at some personally directed leer.

The masks are terrors which never lose their delight. Indeed, they are first tried on in the bosom of the performer's family, where they are the occasion of many terrible nightmares to its juvenile members.

We are all children of a larger growth, especially the Japanese; for with the masses too the means of the coming celebration quite eclipsed its end. They

looked eagerly forward, like children to whom Christmas is toyfully material; an affair of the present, not the past. The whole city stood on the tiptoe of expectation, as the day drew near. At last all was ready. The national bonfire was successfully laid, which the morrow's light was to touch into a blaze.

February in Tōkyō is not the February the word calls up to us. Nature's dead season there is remarkably short-lived. Already the plum-trees were in full blossom. The white flowers stood out in vivid relief against the still leafless twigs and the bare branches, in merry mockery of winter. The starry petals seemed snowflakes caught in their fall by the trees, and held there captive; for it was cold enough and the sky like lead on the eve of the appointed day. As the night fell, real flakes fell with it. They silvered what part of the branches the flower flakes had left, and they eroded the ground like the plum petals when the blossoming is past. They were falling still when the gray morning of the 11th came glimmering in from the stormy Pacific.

The natural day promised as inauspiciously as the calendar one. It looked uncommonly as if the chief remembrance of it which its observers were likely to carry away would be a part of its cold temporarily embodied in their own persons. The inclemency of the weather, however, in no wise prevented the imperial rites from taking place with due matutinal dispatch. The hour, it is true, was, according to Far-Eastern idea, exceeding late; the appointed time being eight A. M. But this abnormal tardiness was not due to the state of the sky, but to the court's conversion to Western fashion. Native inclination would have had the hour four or five A. M., and the day's doings would all have been over before the morning was well aired. This had happened shortly before, on the occasion of a court journey into the

country, undertaken more in the olden style. The court left the palace at some impossibly small hour of the morning, traveled to Hachioji, and there encamped for the night at eleven o'clock of the forenoon. So hasting to begin the new day are those of earth's inhabitants who receive it first. One would suppose that they, of all folk, could afford to wait.

At eight, therefore, with Far-Oriental punctuality, — which is most unpunctual by being far ahead of time, — the proper officials assembled in the palace to witness the celebration, by the Emperor in person, of the anniversary of Jimmu Tenno, an ancestral rite of immemorial usage. At nine his Imperial Majesty with his suite proceeded to the sanctuary, where he read the imperial oath, a prayer to the gods his ancestors, prepared, of course, by the ministers of state. In it he invoked the divine blessing upon what he was about to do, informing those deities incidentally, with a wisdom not unworthy certain Christian sects, that his seemingly new departure was in fact included in their own original idea. This done, he repaired to the throne room, preceded by the band playing the new national anthem, and followed by the Empress and her ladies. The court, composed of the ministry, representatives of the peers, the diplomatic corps, and officers of the government down to a certain rank, was already in waiting. One man was not there. The place of Viscount Mori, Minister of State for Education, was vacant. But his absence was forgotten at the entrance of the Emperor, who forthwith delivered himself of the promulgation speech, an epitome of the past, present, and future; similar in intent to the oath, and devised by the same powers behind the throne, but addressed to his subjects instead of his ancestors. He finished with the preamble to the Constitution. The prime minister then advanced, and received the document itself from the imperial hands. This closed the cere-

mony. The Constitution, like some wedding-ring, had made the mystic circle, and come back again to its starting-point.

As the Son of Heaven left the throne room, and thus brought the indoor half of the day to an end, the clouds suddenly parted, broke into detached squadrons of scud that rolled off to leeward, and the sun shone forth in dazzling distinctness from the midst of a perfect blue sky. Such as were so minded regarded this as of most happy augury. The sunshine came rather too late to do much material good, since it simply converted some of the snow into worse mud; but its effect on the spirits of the people was all that could be wished.

The people, on their part, had not been idle. They also had risen betimes. Those who chanced to wake first speedily roused their more sluggish neighbors by the din they made outside the wooden shutters. Fortunately for the national enjoyment, the national costume is quickly donned, and no one need stay at home to look after the baby, since that household loadstone is habitually strapped to the back of some small sister, to share her wanderings.

Everybody, therefore, was soon in the streets; some to get the *dashi* started, more to see them do it. By the former and their friends the carts were slowly hauled out from their hiding-places of back yards, alley corners, and similar nooks, emerging like butterflies from their chrysalids. Each of course gathered a crowd of both sexes and all ages, who stood around innocently impeding matters. At last the bulls were safely yoked in, the performers all seated, and amidst a general hubbub, dominated by a drum bass and a flute treble, with the god-fox twinkling to the crowd, the *dashi* lumbered off to the meet.

Each at once became a moving centre of attraction, drawing a throng in its wake as a boat draws water. Its approach was heralded by a hurlyburly

as of something let loose. The professional noise from the musicians and the unprofessional accompaniment of small boys gave it, while still out of sight round a corner, an imposing preface. Before the thing itself trundled into view appeared the vanguard, a band of pantomimers on foot. Admirably gotten up, they took the street with Rabelaisian nonchalance, pranking it with pleasing buffoonery. For characters and costume they drew indiscriminately upon either hemisphere: clowns with pasteboard noses and stovepipe hats caricaturing from ineptitude their very originals; pseudo-*samurai* with mammoth carrots stuck in their belts for swords, and an admirable swashbuckler gait copied for the occasion. Both sides of the world did equally good service; for the populace had learnt enough of the one and still remembered sufficient of the other to appreciate a burlesque of either. Sex, too, played its part in satire. Men dressed as girls stalked nonchalantly along, their clothes and their carriage comically at odds. Girls, on the other hand, paraded as men. The whole *geisha* guild of the Shimbashi ward came out thus, simulating the knights of the olden time, and marched in battalion, their tresses done up in the historic cue.

The *dashi* themselves were of various device. One was built exclusively of butts of *sake* (the native wine); empty ones, indeed, but, as their hollowness was not superficially apparent, of appropriate bacchanal look. Possibly they started full. Certainly *sake* enough was drunk during the day. Thirty thousand tubs of it are said to have been guzzled by citizens; which, omitting the incapable and the personal prohibitionist, gives a pretty high average of content per man. A second cart presented a pagoda perambulant; three unsteady stories rising into the air, the lowest a convenient coop for the musicians. The god-fox flirted his fan and grimaced horribly in front. Others bore curiously evolved thrones,

bordered by branches of plum blossoms and banners of the rising sun, with the effigy of the god perched atop.

So the chariots passed by, one after the other, to rendezvous in the large open space just outside the Tiger Gate of the palace grounds, through which his Imperial Majesty was to come, on his way to a military inspection on the Champ de Mars. Soon this open space, a distressing desert in its every-day existence, was a surging mass of expectant humanity, with the tops of the *dashi* rising from out it like the church spires in the panorama of a town. Nature set the show in winter brilliants of her own. The snowfall had transformed the earth into what the Japanese call "a silver world." Then the opportune sun fused the silver till it dropped in strings of diamonds from a thousand house eaves, to shatter in sparkles on the ground. And over it all lay the golden sunshine, save where the houses threw a bluish mantle of shadow athwart the thoroughfare, for the holiday-makers to tread upon.

Eventually his Majesty appeared. First to ride out came a body of lancers, uniformed in European fashion. Following these ambled some mounted police, likewise foreign clad. Then more lancers. After a properly impressive gap came carriages, of European make, containing various officials and princes of the blood. These immediately preceded the state equipage, a fine affair just out from England. A couple of outriders heralded it, while the vehicle itself was drawn by six horses sat by postilions neatly dressed in their new foreign livery. Bowing within were the Emperor and Empress, in appropriate European clothes.

This real-imitation pageant held the loyalty of the populace beautifully. There was their Emperor, and with a kind of foreign halo about him too. He typified even in externals an excellence it was the secret striving of so many to

attain. It was European as well as imperial. Think of that, they all thought.

Nevertheless, the thing to see was not the observed, but the observers. Not that they were any the less decked in borrowed plumage, but that they were so sublimely unconscious of the caricatures they cut. They were so many walking examples of how not to dress. The lay figures in a second-rate haberdashery window could have given them a lesson in lifelikeness. For a good half of the crowd had been badly bitten with the foreign mania, and were at present in all stages of sartorial development, from the business grub to the official butterfly. A lot of tadpoles in the act of turning into frogs could not have been more oblivious to their strange transitional appearance.

Fortunately, the other half of the crowd was quite as well worth seeing, from a different standpoint, not of humor, but of beauty, — a quaint, picturesque beauty, strangely in keeping with even its natural surroundings: men in silk *kimono* of a plain dark blue or brown, except where, on the back and sleeves, the crest had been left to show in the dyeing, their feet cased in white cloven socks, raised a couple of inches out of the mud on well-cut clogs; women whose glory lay partly in the dressing of their hair, partly in their sash, huge bowed behind, — this last the object of untold thought; first in the choice at the shop amidst the rarest of flowered silks and satins, and then in the tying of it up at home. For there is an art in the matter difficult to acquire, — an art concealed, of many assisting strings invisible to the world. Truly a *panier* of flowers. And then the children! With them color ran riot; for, except in the *obi*, or sash, brilliant dyes are not the fashion in after years. But with the children any hue is proper, and every hue is worn. In blues and scarlets and dove color, they tripped about on their pretty little pattens, their topknots stuck

with all manner of toy pins. As for the young girls, they made pictures of themselves to carry away with one. From the creamy camellias in their jet-black hair to the purple velvet thongs between their toes, the eye lingered wherever it looked. The turn of the neck was enough to turn the head of another, and ways so charming one could follow anywhere.

Perhaps the prettiest trait of the crowd was its mannerliness. It was a crowd of all ages and both sexes; a veritable representative gathering, and not the rising to the surface of a people's scum. The rough element so inevitable elsewhere was conspicuously absent. There is this great gain among a relatively less differentiated people. If you miss with regret the higher brains, you miss with pleasure the lower brutes. *Bons enfants* the Japanese are to a man. They gather delight as men have learned to extract sugar, from almost anything. And delight hath this about it, that the more you radiate, the warmer you feel. Even the *sake* seemed gifted to produce the maximum of self-satisfaction with the minimum of annoyance to others. Nothing marred the merriment of the hour. Day fireworks rose, burst into balloons, and sailed away.

And it was all the work of the executive. A paternal government had said Play, and its children were playing to their hearts' content.

ASPECT II.

As the twilight settled over the city, a horrible rumor began to creep through the streets. During the day the thing would seem to have shrunk before the mirth of the masses, but under cover of the gloom it spread like night itself over the town. It passed from mouth to mouth with something of the shudder with which a ghost might come and go. Viscount Mori, Minister of State for Education, had been murdered that morning in his own house. The blow had

been struck by an unknown man just as the minister was setting out for the palace. Rumor said no more.

Mori murdered! and on that day, of all days! It was like the shock of one of their own earthquakes.

This, then, was the reason of his non-appearance at the palace. At the moment liberty was being granted to the people by the government, the Minister of State for Education had been killed by the hand of one of that very people.

This was something more than a common murder. The time chosen was too significant. The blow had been aimed not simply at Mori the man, but at Mori the minister. There was something political, something social, under it all; an impersonality of import that made it at once personal to everybody. Conjecture imagined what it would. Nothing more was known that night.

With the morning the story took on substance. It changed from phantom to fact, but it looked little less ghastly by daylight. Mori was still alive. He had not been killed on the spot, no thanks to the would-be assassin. But whether he survived remained to be seen; he was very badly wounded, and the surgeons could not tell. What had happened was this:—

While Viscount Mori was dressing, on the morning of the 11th, for the court ceremony of the promulgation of the new Constitution, a man, unknown to the servants, made summons on the big bell hung by custom at the house entrance, and asked to see the minister on important business. He was told the minister was dressing, and could see no one. The unknown replied that he must see him about a matter of life and death,—as indeed it was. The apparent gravity of the object induced the servant to admit him to an antechamber and report the matter. In consequence, the minister's private secretary came down to interview him. The man, who

seemed well behaved, informed the secretary that there was a plot to take the minister's life, and that he had come to warn the minister of it. Truly a subtle subterfuge; true to the letter, since the plot was all his own. More he refused to divulge except to the minister himself. While the secretary was trying to learn something more definite, Mori came downstairs, and entered the room. The unknown approached to speak to him; then, suddenly drawing a knife from his girdle, sprang at him, and crying, "This for desecrating the shrines of Ise!" stabbed him twice in the stomach. Mori, taken by surprise, grappled with him, when one of his body-guards, hearing the noise, rushed in, and with one blow of his sword almost completely severed the man's head from his body.

Meanwhile, Mori had fallen to the floor, bleeding fast. The secretary, with the help of the guard, raised him, carried him to his room, and dispatched a messenger for the court surgeon.

The clothes of the unknown were then searched for some clue to the mystery; for neither Mori nor any of his household had ever seen him before. The search proved more than successful. A paper was found on his person, setting forth in a most circumstantial manner the whole history of his crime, from its inception to its execution, or his own. However reticent he seemed before the deed, he evidently meant nothing should be hid after it, whether he succeeded or not. The paper explained the reason.

Because, it read, of the act of sacrilege committed by Mori Arinori, who, on a visit to the shrines of Ise, two years before, had desecrated the temple by pushing its curtain back with his cane, and had defiled its floor by treading upon it with his boots, he, Nishino Buntaro, had resolved to kill Mori, and avenge the insult offered to the gods and to the Emperor, whose ancestors they were. To wipe the stain from the na-

tional faith and honor, he was ready to lose his life, if necessary. He left this paper as a memorial of his intent.

The police were at once sent for, and the paper, together with the body, was made over to them.

In the mean time, the messenger dispatched to summon the court surgeon failed to find him at home. It was almost a foregone conclusion with such a man on such an occasion. Like other dignitaries, he had already left for the palace. The messenger, therefore, returned alone, and, as the distances in Tōkyō are enormous and the means of locomotion primitive, much precious time was lost. On his return he was sent off again for the surgeon next highest in rank; with the same result. It was scarcely an opportune time for standing on ceremony, for Mori was simply, but surely, bleeding to death. At last a surgeon was found. As events proved, it was already too late. All was done that could be done, but Mori had lost too much blood. He lingered, seemed to rally, and then, sinking gradually again, died in the night of the following day.

Nishino had accomplished his end.

If one may say so in all humanity of so inhuman a thing as a premeditated murder, its reason was even more important than its immediate result; for its causes may at any moment seek repetition. They looked to be personal, but in fact they were more broadly based. It was not a man only that Nishino tried to kill; it was a new mode of thought. In the first place, Mori and Nishino were personally unknown to each other. Mori had never heard of Nishino, and Nishino knew Mori only by report. The one stabbed the other as the embodied expression of certain ideas.

The embodiment of the most advanced of the new ideas Mori certainly was. His ideas were anything but conservative, and he carried them out to the

bitter end. He was no temporizer, no compromiser. What he thought he acted upon, regardless of collateral result. Naturally he was not popular. Among the Shintoists he was cordially disliked: first for his official regulations about them, and secondly for his personal attitude toward the faith. That he acted at Ise much as reported there is little doubt. His scheme of imposing a new vernacular by executive command was, to his sorrow, still-born. But he conceived other changes in the educational system quite as distasteful, which he rigidly carried out. His manner, too, was unfortunate.

A sad instance of this happened only a week before his death. He had made a new departure in the conduct of the university, which was not liked by the students. There was some collegiate disturbance in consequence, and the matter grew so grave that the minister promised to address them on the subject and explain matters. On the day fixed he began his attempt at conciliation by keeping them waiting, without the shadow of an excuse, for three quarters of an hour; not a very happy beginning, considering their frame of mind. He followed this, when at last he arrived, by abusing them most roundly instead of explaining anything, at which they hissed him; whereupon, without waiting to finish, he drove off in a huff, leaving the students thoroughly incensed. Some people predicted trouble. Indeed, so roused were the students known to be that when the news of the murder first got abroad Nishino was supposed to be one of them.

Rumors that the minister's life was in danger had been current for two or three days. This furnished Nishino with a plausible pretext to seek an interview. When he presented himself on the ill-fated morning, his story was not so intrinsically improbable as it otherwise might have seemed. The minister had thought little of the reports,

but presented in this personal way they appeared perhaps to merit investigation. For this reason the secretary parleyed with the man. Otherwise the action of the minister is almost inexplicable. A man who comes to warn a high official of a design against that official's life is himself suspect.

If Mori was thus a very definite sort of person, Nishino was quite as definite in his own way. He was neither a lunatic nor a fool. In general intellectual capacity he was rather above the average, and had received more education than many young Japanese. He is said, for example, to have surpassed most of his schoolmates, and to have had some small knowledge of English. He too was of the old *samurai* stock, and belonged to what is now called the *shizoku* class. But of the old *samurai* recklessness of life he had no personal experience. He was born too late; for at the time of their general disarming he was a very small boy. His *samurai* traits, therefore, were all of inheritance or hearsay. On leaving school he was taken in as a clerk at the prefectorial office. Here he made a name for himself as a capital letter-writer. Consequently, he was given, two years later, a post in the Home department, which he was filling at the time he committed his crime. He had never shown signs of insanity. That he was reserved, rather moody, and made few friends is certain, and that in this little world of his own thought he brooded over the insult to the gods is also beyond a doubt. He seems to have heard of it accidentally, but it made so much impression upon him that he journeyed to Ise to find out the truth of the tale. He was convinced, and forthwith laid his plans with the singleness of zeal of a fanatic.

Thanks to his epistolary turn of mind, his whole conduct now stands as clear as autobiography can make it; for he wrote not one, but several letters on the subject. If he had been disposing of

his own property instead of the person of another, he could hardly have been more explicit or more voluminous. Besides the letter found on his person, he left behind him two others, one to his father and another to his younger brother. He was the eldest son, as indeed his name Buntaro shows. Both letters were touching. Of his father he asked forgiveness for breaking his filial obligations. But the gods had been dishonored, and he must give his life to avenge the insult. He commended the care of his parents to his younger brother, and bade them both a heart-breaking farewell. To his brother he wrote exhorting him to be a better son than ever he had been; not to follow his wayward course, but to be the more dutiful and loving to his parents that he was no longer near to help.

Both letters were so full of feeling that it is out of all reason to suppose them written for effect. Nor does the rest of his behavior support the supposition. He confided to no one his designs beforehand, and one's life is rather a high price to pay for purely posthumous notoriety. It looks as if he were simply the creature of fanaticism.

Quite in keeping at bottom with the rest of his conduct, however much on the surface it may seem to belie the almost copy-book counsels in his letters, was the way he spent the last week of his life. He who up to that time had led a singularly gloomy existence proceeded to pass his last seven days in continuous dissipation. Since he had so short a time to live, he would live it fast. He plunged into unlimited *yoshiwara*. Yet even to this travesty of happiness he took with him no companion. He preferred to go alone. There he stayed. His closing days were spent, time, money, self, entirely with *ces dames*.

But the strangest and the most significant part of the affair was the attitude of the Japanese public toward it. The first excitement of the news had

not passed away before it became evident that their sympathy was not with the murdered man, but with his murderer. Viscount Mori had certainly not been popular. But it is one thing to lament little over a man's death, and another to commend, however covertly, his assassin. This becomes all the more significant when the feeling springs, not from personal, but impersonal grounds. Nishino was an unknown. No individual magnetism endeared him to the masses, for they had never even heard of his existence. Nor was he the representative of any political party. What he did, he did on his own prompting and responsibility alone.

Yet the sentiment was unmistakable. The details of the murder were scarcely common property before the press proceeded to eulogize the assassin. To praise the act was a little too barefaced, not to say legally dangerous, to be much indulged in, although one paper came as near doing so as it deemed consistent with safety. But to praise the man became a journalistic epidemic. He was at once raised to the pedestal of a hero and a martyr. The reasons given by the papers for this secular canonization were expressed with a vagueness that did more credit to their respect for the law than to their logic. Every detail of the deed, except only the deed itself, was lauded to the skies. Nishino, they said, had contrived and executed his plan with all the old-time *samurai* bravery. He had done it as a *samurai* should have done it, and he had died as a *samurai* should have died. They found a satisfaction in the manner of it almost impossible for a foreigner to conceive; even the choice of the tool came in for a share of praise. The substitution of a kitchen knife for a knightly *katana* was shown to have been made with the express intent of casting obloquy upon its victim.

Veiled as it was in the name of things, a murmur of suppressed approval per-

vaded the press. To a foreigner such posthumous ovation to an assassin sounded ghastly. It was not the cry of an uneducated mob carried away by brute instinct, but the sober writing of men presumably gifted with common sense. Nor was it the extravagance of a party suddenly intoxicated by gaining its end. The fate of no party hung on Nishino's act.

The same bias showed itself in the criticism of collateral detail. The summary action of the guard in cutting the murderer down was severely censured. As if the guard had not been appointed to this very end! If a body-guard is not to attack a man actively engaged in killing the person he is told off to protect, what is he to do? Is he to wait till the murderer has quite finished, and then courteously take him into custody? The editorial principles out-philosophized the philosophy of the popular doggerel:—

“Baby sat in a window-seat,
Mary pushed her into the street;
Baby's brains were dashed out in the airy,
Mother held up her forefinger at Mary.”

From the tone the articles took, one would have thought that Mori had murdered Nishino, instead of Nishino Mori. The papers demanded the guard's arrest and trial. They also complained of the indecent manner, as they said, in which Nishino had been buried. In fact, they argued all they could on the wrong side. They became bathetic on the subject.

Comment of the kind was not confined to the press. Strange as it may appear, the newspapers said what everybody thought. For once in the annals of journalism paper and populace were at one.

There was no doubt about it. Beneath a surface of decorous disapproval ran an undercurrent of admiration and sympathy, in spots but ill hid. People talked in the same strain as the journalists wrote. Some did more than talk. The *geisha*, or professional singing-girls

of Tōkyō, made of Nishino and his heroism a veritable cult. They raised him into a sort of demigod. His grave in the suburbs they kept wreathed with flowers. To it they made periodic pilgrimages, and, bowing there to the gods, prayed that a little of the hero's spirit might descend on them.

The practice was not a specialty of professionals. Persons of all ages and both sexes visited the spot in shoals, for similar purposes. It became a Mecca for a month. The thing sounds incredible, but it was a fact. Such honor had been paid nobody for years.

On the Saturday of the week in which he was killed Mori's funeral took place. It was a fine pageant, although the day was a sorry-looking one of clouds and rain. Everybody turned out. His fellow-ministers were there; the university was there; society was there. A long line of the new European-made carriages, now affected by persons of position, followed the bier to the Aoyama burying-

ground. A still longer line of people followed on foot, carrying tall sheaves of real and artificial flowers. Around the mortuary chapel, where these were stacked, the earth seemed suddenly to have leapt into bloom. Not till after the coffin had been lowered into its bit of ground, and the sun had set, did the sky show signs of clearing. A long rift opened in the west, and let a belt of sad green light be seen beyond. Then the color faded out.

His Majesty the Emperor was pleased to confer posthumous honors, according to the custom of the Far East, upon him whom he so deemed to have deserved them in life, and Mori dead became a greater man than Mori living had ever been. The immortal gods, then, were so little offended with Mori for the mode of his entrance to their shrines on earth that, through their representative and descendant, they ennobled him when he came to make his entrance to them in heaven.

Percival Lowell.

THE CHRIST IN RECENT FICTION.

WE are wont to hear it said that the unlettered people of the dark ages learned their Bible through its translation into stone and upon canvas. The life of the Christ was told over and over again, in certain scenes, with a great variety of representation. The pictures, springing sometimes from a faith which made art a servant, sometimes from an art which availed itself of faith, but more commonly from the complex mind that did not trouble itself to analyze its motives, served in like manner as stimulants to devotion or appeals to a love of beauty, and made familiar the incidents of New Testament history. The conditions of modern life, and especially of modern Protestant life among English-

speaking people, present a different aspect. The Bible is known through the printed page, and the church which thus uses the Bible has little occasion to resort to other methods for making the facts of the Scripture narrative known. To compare small things with great, we may say that the only religious art which performs this function nowadays in Protestant communities is the cheap woodcut which accompanies the earliest instruction in Bible stories.

Meanwhile, the literary accumulation of textual annotation in the Protestant world has been enormous. Bibles illustrated by pictures play an insignificant part, but Bibles expanded by comment, historical, geographical, ethnical, as well

as moral and religious, form the customary reading of great numbers of people. There are books devoted not merely to Bible lands, but to Bible animals, Bible manners and customs, and, if we mistake not, to insects mentioned in the Bible. As a result, the imagination is plied with material drawn from this source, and from early childhood thousands of persons who constitute the great commonalty of readers have formed the habit of reconstructing Biblical scenes with far more assiduity than they have used upon any other historical material. From being pupils they become teachers, and continue the task of criticism and creation.

The last generation, to go no further back, has witnessed an extraordinary collection of books, centring about the person of the chief figure of the Scriptures, which owe their origin to this great intellectual activity. Any one who will compare such a book as Fleetwood's *Life of the Saviour* with Farrar's or Edersheim's *Life of Christ* will see at a glance the difference in the attitude of the writers. No doubt Strauss's, and later Renan's, publications had a great deal to do with the sudden rise of what may be called the evangelical school of biography of the Christ; but it is plain that the popularity of these books is due most distinctly to the same cause which had much to do with the production of the more rationalistic school of biography, namely, a concentration of interest in the subject as capable of expression in the terms of biography. The interest cannot be separated from other movements of the human mind, eager in its search for the foundations of human life; but the soil for this special form of literary art had been prepared by the very widespread interest and study in all the details of New Testament history; the labors of exegetes in pulpit and Sunday-school, and religious newspaper and book, bore fruit in a familiarity with the subject which

responded immediately to such an orderly and systematic presentation as biography presented, and the spirit which prompted lives of the Christ had minor manifestation in lives of the Apostles.

Now it was inevitable that when art, as dominated by Protestant thought and relieved of formal church patronage, should again approach Biblical subjects, and especially the central subject, it should express itself in more exact terms, whether the form used was pictorial or literary. Not merely the education of the artist, but the education of the spectator, has compelled Mr. Holman Hunt to make his Christ in the Temple, his Flight into Egypt, and his Wounded in the House of his Friends scrupulously exact archæologically. Mr. Ford Madox Brown, if he essays to portray the raising of the Shunamite's son, does not for a moment think of disclosing the interior of a Manchester house, with a Church of England clergyman to act the part of Elisha, as his Venetian, or Florentine, or Netherland predecessors in the same field might have done, *mutatis mutandis*. But nowadays it is not pictorial art, it is literary art, which is likely to busy itself with Scriptural subjects, partly because the whole drift of training for painters is in other directions, but more because the literary artist is surer of an audience than the painter is of spectators.

The first form of literary art to feel the influence of which we have been speaking was the poetic and dramatic. Longfellow's *Christus* in its first division, several of Browning's and Story's poems, occur at once as examples. But as there are a hundred successful novels to one successful poem, though there probably are nearly as many persons who in secret think they can write poems as there are who openly profess an ability to write stories, the form of fiction is that which may be counted on as most likely to engage the attention of those who lay hold of that great body of

material which lies in and about the Bible for the purposes of their art. The way has been made plain by the abundant biographical studies which have appeared. These have accustomed the reading public to a treatment of the subjects detached from a strict Biblical form. From a life of the Christ which builds a conjectural youth out of two or three texts of Scripture for a foundation, and a vast amount of Judaic lore for a superstructure, it is but a step to a story which imagines the same period without the necessity of a constantly guarded "From our knowledge of other Jewish youths we may suppose," etc.

There have been several stories of late which, with more or less boldness, occupy this field of New Testament life and character. We took occasion, upon its appearance, to speak briefly of the one which was most in the public eye, General Wallace's *Ben-Hur*. Probably the success of that novel had something to do with the multiplication of its class, but we have tried to show that some such manifestation was to be looked for in the premises. It may be worth while to give a cursory examination of other examples, with a view to discovering, if possible, what this literature can and cannot do, and how likely it is to prevail, and even to make demands upon those who take their literary art seriously.

It is noticeable, at the outset, that so far these books refrain from making the central figure of all humanity the central figure, conventionally, of a piece of fiction. For so much reserve let us be thankful. But what the novelist gains in decorum, by such a method, he loses in art. There can be no middle choice between a deliberate converging of all lines toward this centre, since centre it already is in the reader's mind by an irresistible force of association, and a mere allusive treatment. The author of *Ben-Hur*, with a correct instinct, clearly had this in mind, and strove to diminish the actual presence of the Christ as a char-

acter in his story, leaving him rather an influence. So, too, with a somewhat similar purpose, evidently, Mr. Brooks, in his story *A Son of Issachar*,¹ scarcely introduces the Christ at all, though many of the scenes take place about him, and now and then he appears as an actor. As this book is a fair sample of its class, and more ambitious than some, let us give a rapid outline of its construction.

Two characters, who are the foci of the ellipse described in this story, are presented in the first chapter. One is Juda Bar-Simon, of Kerioth, a zealot, a knifeman, whom the intelligent Sunday-school scholar at once recognizes by his more familiar title Judas Iscariot; the other is Cheliel Bar-Asha, of the Potters' Street in Nain, and the mention of his residence prepares the same reader to find him the young man who was raised from the dead. Bar-Asha is of the tribe of Issachar, and has therefore the proud consciousness of a prince. The conversation between these two is intended to bring out the characters of the men: Juda, fierce, fanatical, burning for the freedom of Israel from Gentile domination, ambitious of wealth and power, and attached to the cause of the Rabbi Jeshua, a Netser (Nazarene, O less learned reader), indeed, but a mighty worker of miracles; Bar-Asha, dissatisfied, vaguely restless, wavering, yet easily stirred to action. Juda Bar-Simon leaves this young man, who is driving camels, and the next scene presents Bar-Asha as pushing along the road with his beasts, dreaming of a future which shall make good the words of Bar-Simon, when he is awakened rudely by the presence in the road of a company of Roman soldiers, under Vettius, the centurion, escorting the procurator, Pontius Pilate. Bar-Asha, still half mooning, announces himself as a prince of Issachar, and, upon being contemptuously handled by

¹ *A Son of Issachar*. A Romance of the Days of Messiah. By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

Macrinus, a Roman soldier, fells his assailant to the ground with a camel-goad. He is now thoroughly in possession of his senses, and sees that he is a prisoner of Rome. He is brought before Pilate, who thinks the jest a good one, and sends off this beggar prince to Herod for royal sport. Bar-Asha makes a desperate attempt to free himself, and the people of Nain, through which the cavalcade passes, are stirred up by the young man's widowed mother to attempt a rescue, but nothing comes of it; it merely serves to give the writer an opportunity to depict the relations of subject Jew to tyrannical Roman, and to make a picture of a village community.

Brought into the presence of Herod, Bar-Asha is amazed to hear orders given to treat him as a prince. He is properly arrayed, obsequiously attended, and finally given the place of honor by the king, and treated to a gorgeous spectacle. The young man, naturally a dreamer, has his head turned, and takes all the mocking speeches of Herod in dead earnest. The end comes when the tyrant, tired of the sport, dashes the contents of his cup into Bar-Asha's face, who, a second time awakened from his dreams, retorts, with the unspeculating courage that belongs to his nature, by hurling his empty goblet at Herod's head. Of course this fracas ends in the summary dispatch of the contumacious Jew. His dishonored body is sent back to his mother.

Thus it is that the son of the widow of Nain came to his death; and this, in the imagination of Mr. Brooks, is the explanation of the great throng of people that followed him to burial. The brief narrative of the scene of his restoration to his mother is elaborated by the art of the exegete and the reconstructor of ancient life; and as the young man opens his eyes upon the departing group, they rest upon one of the company, — Juda Bar-Simon. The remembrance of his conversation with this man fires Bar-

Asha, and, with an exaltation of spirit, he sets forth to find Messias.

On his journey he falls in with a company of travelers, and the reader is now introduced, along with the hero of the tale, to Amina, daughter of Dal-el' Aretas, King of Nabat and Lord of Petra. Amina, this young and very beautiful Arabian princess, was the lawful wife of Herod, but the tetrarch had discarded her for Herodias, and she was now returning, in fierce wrath and foiled ambition, to her father. She recognizes the camel-driver prince, whom she had seen at Herod's sport, and who she knew had been put to death. The story which he tells of his restoration to life, and his enthusiastic search for the Messias, quickly suggest to Amina the possibility of making common cause with this new king of Israel and his followers, and she begins by casting her wiles about the handsome young man. She persuades him to keep on his way to Jerusalem, to find out the plans of Messias, and then to join her in her father's camp.

In Jerusalem Bar-Asha again falls in with Judas, who discloses his impatience at the Master's strange course, but his belief, nevertheless, that the Netser is biding his time; he makes more clear, also, his own ambition: "From my youth wealth has been my desire,—wealth and power. And when I am become the lord treasurer of the kingdom of Messias, shall not the poor man of Kerioth find that the long dream, the one hope of his life, is royally fulfilled?"

Bar-Asha joins Amina at her father's fastness in the rocks of Petra; and here is introduced another character, Magalath, the aged Magian, who is, of course, our old friend Melchior: a mystic scroll is read by him, which gives direction how to find a certain hidden treasure. At this juncture the historian steps aside from the main course of his narrative to bring forward a new personage, by

name Adah, who is the daughter of Jairus, raised from the dead, and whose function in the story is to represent the steadfast, spiritual believer in the Messiah, and to act as a foil to the seductive and dangerous Amina.

The action now quickens. A battle is fought between the Arabians and Herod's army, in which Bar-Asha has his first taste of war. Herod is defeated; the knifemen play their part; Bar-Asha is brought into the presence of Adah; and Vettius also, who proves to be the centurion "that loveth our nation," learns from her of the Messiah, whom he desires to find in behalf of his servant Macrinus, now sick. He stumbles upon Bar-Asha, whom he knew only as the camel-driver put to death by Herod; and Bar-Asha, thinking he has a new disciple of Messiah in the Roman centurion, discloses to him the plan of Judas to incite a rebellion against the Romans, for the purpose of setting up Messiah as king of the Jews. Vettius takes his own view of the matter, and arrests Judas. Thereupon Bar-Asha, discovering that this is the result of his impetuous confidence, gains access to Vettius's quarters and stabs the centurion to death, but not before he has secured, in writing, a permit to visit Judas. He pays his visit at once, easily prevails upon Judas to exchange dress with him, and before news comes of the death of Vettius is on his way to Cæsarea Philippi, by command of the centurion previously given to Judas, while Judas goes free.

At Cæsarea the quasi Bar-Simon, — the real Bar-Asha, — for plotting treason against the Emperor, is exposed to the lions in the circus, overcomes them, as the valiant hero may be expected to do, and is thereupon given his freedom, just as a courier dashes up with the tidings that the gladiator is guilty of the base crime of slaying Vettius. But in the same nick of time a company of knifemen, headed by one Bar-Abbas, dashes into the circus and gives him real free-

dom, — leaving its captain, however, a prisoner.

We pass rapidly over the next succeeding passages, which are designed to pit Adah against Amina, with the temporary victory of the latter; to make Bar-Asha head the crowd that hopes to crown Messiah; and to enliven the narrative with an account of the treasure hunt which Bar-Asha and Amina have, with the customary result of the extinction of their torches just as they come upon the treasure.

The more significant movements now are those made by Juda Bar-Simon, who discloses to Bar-Asha his purpose to betray Messiah. "Only thus," he says, "may I arouse him to his duty; only thus shall he achieve the end for which he was sent. Then shall he save himself by one swift, mighty act." Accordingly the betrayal follows. Bar-Asha is the one, whom the synoptical gospels do not mention, who smites off the ear of Malluch; and witnessing how the Messiah receives this aid, Bar-Asha turns with rage, and thereafter joins the crowd in demanding the crucifixion; he it is who heads the demand that Bar-Abbas, the captain of the knifemen, shall be released.

Remorse follows both Bar-Asha and Bar-Simon. They meet in seemingly deadly conflict, but Bar-Simon is saved for the death of suicide, and Bar-Asha for what? For the love of Adah, for repentance, for discipleship, and finally for martyrdom as the first Christian martyr; the Hebrew Cheliel, "son of a crown," being Stephen, the crown itself, as the Greek name intimates.

To do Mr. Brooks justice, he has tried hard to make his melodramatic ingenuity a study of character in the case of both his main personages. In his preface, which serves in the nature of an apology, he accounts for Bar-Asha in these words: "The man who is touched by a great purpose may never understand the depth of that purpose

until tried as by fire; and he who would stand the test of faith must be an unhesitating believer, or his courage ends in cowardice. Even he whom a Christ recalls to life may, through lack of understanding, prove recreant to the Divine Impulse that has reawakened him; even he whom Messiah raised from the dead may have been the loudest in all the rabble to cry, Crucify, crucify! Only through bitter experience is the light reached at last. The path to faith is often over the thorny ways of renunciation." In his analysis of the motives of Judas he has more than one eminent writer on his side.

Nevertheless, the reader never escapes the unpleasant sensation of assisting in a tale which brings the greatest figure in human history within the lines of a romance which is lighted up by the red and blue fire of sensational melodrama. A foolish story-teller has rushed in where a truly great artist would not dare to follow; for the great artist has a capacity for perception as well as for conception, and the more he stood face to face with the narrative of the gospel, the less would he be disposed to turn it into a melodrama; and if he sought to disclose the action of character, he would prefer to choose conditions and circumstances which permitted a true freedom of handling.

Great art is reverent, but reverence alone does not necessarily produce great art. Another writer has attempted something of the same problem which presented itself to Mr. Brooks, but has not called in the aid of the same sort of machinery. Emmanuel¹ is scarcely more than a paraphrase of the Scripture narrative; the hero in this case being the Apostle Thomas, whom the author, with that desire to escape the ordinary which seems to afflict all these writers, introduces as Thoma, the son of Salmon.

¹ *Emmanuel: the Story of the Messiah.* By WILLIAM FORBES COOLEY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1889.

His purpose is to delineate a character profoundly religious, early attracted to the Master, but intellectually perturbed, and unable to make his conception of the Messiah coincide with the facts. Robertson of Brighton struck the keynote of the character when he said, "The honest doubt of Thomas craves a sign as much as the cold doubt of the Sadducee." Mr. Cooley relies for his material very largely upon the Palestinian landscape. He uses, with patience, the natural world as a background to the scenes, which rarely go far beyond the accounts given by the evangelists. Nor does he ever put any words into the mouth of the Saviour which he does not find recorded; but he seeks to show the probable effect of words and acts upon the lives of the unnamed but not unmentioned characters that appear in the gospel narrative. Now and then his fine perception strikes out a forcible and suggestive interpretation, as when, for example, after describing the interview with the woman of Samaria, he quotes the words, "Behold, I say unto you. Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest," and interjects the explanatory clause, "pointing to the people of Sychar, beginning to stream out across the valley toward them."

Mr. Cooley, as we have intimated, is reverent to the verge of timidity in the handling of his subject. He also, in the preface, describes his point of view. "This book," he says, "is an attempt to depict the life of our Lord in narrative form. Its character is given in the sub-title; it is an attempt at a story, rather than a critical biography, of the Christ. . . . Neither is it a historical novel. The thread of fiction running through it is only a thread, — a cord to which to attach, and by which to join, narratives which, in lack of some such bond, must remain more or less disconnected." In fact, if there were such a

thing as historical evolution of a work of art in the form of fiction dealing with the person of the Christ, this book would represent the stage just beyond the formal biography, as the biography itself represents the development of the loose gospel narrative conceived as contributions toward a presentation of the life of the Christ, which it is not; being exactly what it calls itself, a gospel.

Mr. Cooley's failure to make an absorbing piece of fiction is due to his reverence for his subject, in the first place; and then, it must be confessed, to his too minute and detailed use of nature. He is not skillful enough to make his hills and valleys and tempests and sunshine form a real background to distinctly moving figures, and the result is a somewhat dull setting for a very quiet book; nor has he ventured, as he frankly admits, to construct anything that could be called a plot. In truth, he has done what others have not done, for he has made the Christ in reality the central figure, and doing this he has wholly subordinated the story element. Hence one is always aware that the work is merely a frame to a picture. It occupies a middle position between a biography and a story.

If the reader draws back a little at the use which Mr. Brooks makes of the person of the young man of Nain, and of his restoration to life by the Christ, a veritable and familiar Scripture incident, as a part of the development of character and plot, what will he say when he takes up the novel by Mrs. and Mr. Ward,¹ and reads it through,—if he can,—and finds the use which these authors have made of one of the profoundest, most sacred incidents in the New Testament history? The reader will recall the dignified and suggestive use which Browning makes of the raising of Lazarus in his *Epistle of Kar-*

shish. He will think of Tennyson's lines:—

“Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unrevealed;
He told it not; or something sealed
The lips of that Evangelist.”

But nothing has sealed the lips of this pair of story-tellers. Not so much do they reveal the rest as they uncover the whole course of proceedings which led to the death of Lazarus, and set this great act of the raising from the dead as the culmination of a trumpery piece of fiction. Let one think for a moment of the place which this resurrection holds in the real narrative, where no vulgar art has been at work to make it effective. We shall not revolt the reader by a detail of the plot of *Come Forth*. Suffice it to say that Lazarus is made to be in love with the daughter of Annas in a clandestine fashion; that twice the Son of Man is made to save the heroine from death by a miracle; that the second time he saves both hero and heroine, when they are otherwise to be drowned like rats by the enraged father, who has discovered them in an underground passage; and that Lazarus dies from the effect of the exposure.

Is it to this that the process of humanizing the sacred narrative by means of the art of fiction has come? Is this Divine Person, chief on the pages of history, enshrined in the hearts of men, to be degraded as a mere wonder-worker, to save the lives of a man and woman who have been created by these two writers out of their own imagination,—for there is not a vestige of the Scriptural Lazarus in the story except his name,—and have been fashioned out of the cheap materials of paltry fiction?

This book emphasizes as a more cautious one would not the manifest perils of literature of its kind. It would seem, at first blush, as if the novelist in search of historical material on which to base a romance would be exceedingly well off in such a field, for he would not

¹ *Come Forth*. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS and HERBERT D. WARD. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

have to educate his audience in the facts,—they would have it all in their minds, and would respond at once to his lightest intimation; whereas the ordinary historical romancer has to count upon the ignorance, for the most part, of his readers. But, unfortunately for him, if he wishes to move freely amongst his characters and scenes, he is constantly finding himself stepping upon ground from which, if he be reverent, he shrinks, and whither he knows his readers, if they be reverent, will not wish to follow him. Reverence is the soul of great art, and no one can miss it out of his own nature and expect others to find it in his work.

It is noticeable that while men of marked literary power have been tempted by the subject of early Christianity, as Kingsley in *Hypatia*, Ware in *Aurelian*, and Pater in *Marius the Epicurean*, no one has yet attempted to take the next step, and deal with the Christ. We have hinted at some of the reasons. The undying beauty of the New Testament narrative is an additional reason. A sister art like painting may interpret, but literary art knows its limitations. It will be boldest in the forms of poetry and the drama, but fiction turns away. There is one subject before which great fiction, with all its mirror-like power, drops its eyes, and that is Truth Incarnate.

VIRGINIA AND NEW ENGLAND.

HALF a century ago, when Colonel Peter Force published his series of historical tracts relating to the early history of the American colonies, he included among them a much larger number of writings upon Virginian history than upon the early history of New England. In recent years, few of our historical writers have in any way concerned themselves with the history of the Virginian colony. Why is this? Apparently it is one of the many effects of the civil war. When the North and the South came together in acute and final conflict, it was New England principles, and not Virginian principles, that triumphed. It appeared that the destinies of the nation were henceforward to be governed in accordance with the former, and not in accordance with the latter. Consciously or unconsciously, this consideration began to affect our views of the past. The origins of New England seemed vastly better worth studying than the origins of Virginia, since they were felt to be much more closely connected with the

origin of the nation. Priority of date was conceded to the colony at Jamestown, but primacy in influence was claimed for those of Plymouth and the Bay.

This was only natural, especially as our historical writers have been mostly of New England origin. It was natural, but was it just? The defense of slavery and the defense of states' rights were not the only Virginian principles, and their overthrow does not destroy all impress of Virginian influence upon the United States. If we go back seventy or eighty years in our history, we come to a time when the question of slavery was not yet the dominant question in our politics, and the defense of states' rights was not yet the peculiar prerogative of the South; but "the Virginia influence" was constantly spoken of in our politics, and had been one of the chief factors in all the early development of the young republic. Now that the slavery contest is ended, we may profitably look back to those times

before it began. We shall see the commonwealth of Virginia, with one fifth of the population of the Union, in 1790, exercising almost such an influence in the government of the United States as that which the province of Holland exercised in the government of the United Netherlands. We shall conclude that whatever went to the making of that commonwealth is well worthy of careful investigation by the student of general American history. We shall remember, too, that but for the success of that earlier experiment, or at least the increasing hope that it would succeed, the colonies of 1620 and 1630 might never have been planted.

In attempting a comprehensive collection¹ of all the documentary sources for the first eleven years' history of the colony on James River, Mr. Alexander Brown has therefore, in our view, deserved well not only of Virginia, but of the republic in general, and is justified in calling his collection by even so extensive a title as *The Genesis of the United States*. For fourteen years, Mr. Brown tells us, he has been laboring to make this collection; his success is the more noteworthy from the fact that he has worked at a distance from large libraries and helps to investigation, and that, apparently, he has not had previous experience in historical publication. The period to which he has devoted his book is that extending from the return of Weymouth to England in July, 1605, to the return of Sir Thomas Dale in 1616. Purchases excluded, documentary publication respecting this period began virtually with William Stith, who printed the three charters and one or two other documents

in the appendix to the first volume of his *History of Virginia*, published at Williamsburg in 1747. Much to that good man's disgust, public support to subsequent volumes was not forthcoming, and documentary publication respecting this period seems to have gone no further for more than half a century. Jefferson, when he wrote his *Notes on Virginia*, appears to have known of no more documents bearing on these eleven years than what were contained in Stith. In 1809 William Waller Hening printed a few more, and since then the list has slowly increased, especially through the enthusiastic labors of Dr. E. D. Neill. Manuscript pieces have been discovered and published, rare tracts have been reprinted, and governmental calendars have made summaries of even unprinted materials somewhat accessible. Finally, Mr. Brown has set himself to gather together all the evidences hitherto collected, and, adding to them the results of his own industrious research, to put forth a collection of original sources, complete as far as may be, and arranged in chronological order. Several of the more extended early narratives, such as those of Smith, Hamor, and Strachey, he has wisely forborne to reprint, at least if they are easily to be had by scholars. These narratives doubtless still remain the most important single sources of information respecting transactions in Virginia itself during those eventful and trying years. But Mr. Brown's new pieces, even though some of them are of little individual importance, make up in sum an extremely valuable contribution to the history of this memorable colonizing movement, and especially of that part of it which went on in London.

¹ *The Genesis of the United States. A Narrative of the Movement in England, 1605-1616, which resulted in the Plantation of North America by Englishmen, disclosing the Contest between England and Spain for the Possession of the Soil now occupied by the United States of America; set forth through a Series of His-*

torical Manuscripts now first printed, together with a Reissue of Rare Contemporaneous Tracts, accompanied by Bibliographical Memoranda. With Notes, Plans, and Portraits, and Brief Biographies. By ALEXANDER BROWN. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. [Advance sheets.]

The pieces printed or summarized by the editor number three hundred and sixty-five. Of these, some two hundred and twelve appear never to have been printed before, an extraordinarily large addition to our repertory of information respecting a period of only eleven years. By all odds, the most important division of this new matter is that which comes from the Spanish archives at Simancas. The obtaining of this, indeed the thought of having search made there, is much to Mr. Brown's credit. His efforts were zealously aided by a Virginian representative in Madrid, the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, our late minister to Spain. Ninety-three documents in the collection were derived thence, and hardly one of them is without significance. Professor Schele de Vere, of the University of Virginia, has furnished the editor with the English translation of them, which alone is here printed. They consist of the letters of three successive Spanish ambassadors in London — Don Pedro de Zuñiga, Don Alonso de Velasco, and Don Diego Sarmiento de Acuña, better known as Count Gondomar — to King Philip III. of Spain, together with several highly interesting inclosures, a number of resolutions of the Spanish Council, and some replies of the king. The whole of the Spanish policy respecting Virginia is here laid before us for the first time. All Virginia was regarded by the Spanish court as falling within the bounds of the territory conferred upon Spain by the decree of Alexander VI. The attempt to settle in it was beheld with indignation, jealousy, and even dismay, for it was felt that, whatever objects were put forward ostensibly, the real purpose of such a settlement was nothing else but piracy upon Spanish commerce, or attacks upon the Spanish settlements to the southward. Accordingly, the Spanish ambassadors in London are urgent in their recommendation that the new settlement be speedily destroyed; if Gondomar is less so, it is

because he thinks the colony is on the point of perishing, anyhow. The Spanish king eagerly writes for news from his representative at the British court. The Council frequently debates respecting the destruction of the settlement. Frequent rumors that it is to be at once destroyed reach Sir John Digby, King James's ambassador in Madrid. But Spain under the Duke of Lerma was not in a condition to take rapid and decisive action. "For their doing anything by the way of hostility," writes Digby to Sir Dudley Carleton, "I conceive they will be very slow to give England (who is very apt to lay hold on any occasion) so just a pretence to be doing with them." The caution and the unprepared state of Spain saved the infant colony. All through those years, however, the promoters of the enterprise could not but feel the necessity for secrecy in their proceedings; and this has had much to do with the paucity of direct information from them respecting the progress of their adventure.

The letters of the three successive ambassadors contain much interesting information respecting the Virginian colony, which in various ways, as for instance by spies, they had managed to pick up. By far the most interesting of such inclosures are the letters written to Velasco and Gondomar by the Alcayde Don Diego de Molina, whose story enriches early Virginian history with a romance hitherto unsuspected. In April, 1611, Don Diego de Molina, the Ensign Marco Antonio Perez, and an English pilot long domesticated in Spain, named Francis Lymbry, left Lisbon for Havana, under orders to sail thence to the northward, — on pretense of searching for a wrecked galleon, in reality in order to spy out the Virginian settlement. Arriving in June off the fort at what is now Hampton, the three men mentioned, landing incautiously from their caravel, are seized by the English. The caravel is forced to sail away without them, but

has the good fortune to capture the English pilot Clark. The adventure is reported to the king of Spain, and negotiations for exchange ensue. Two years later, when Velasco supposes all three to have died, he receives a long and interesting letter from Molina. It was sent, sewed between the soles of a shoe, by means of a Venetian gentleman, whom the pious Spaniard, during his captivity, had hopefully reconverted to Catholicism. Molina and Lymbry are finally exchanged for Clark. Perez had long since died in captivity. Molina's character, as revealed in the letters, makes him a very pleasing as well as picturesque addition to early Virginian history. His letters, with those of Father Biard to Acquaviva, show us in August, 1613, a Spaniard of distinction, a renegade Englishman who pretended to be a Spaniard, fifteen Frenchmen, including two Jesuits, naval officers, and others, and the Indian Pocahontas, all in captivity among the Englishmen at Jamestown and Hampton, and with them the Venetian gentleman reconverted to Papistry under the very eyes of Sir Thomas Dale! It should be added that Molina represents himself as very kindly treated by the colonists; he gives a striking picture of their miseries during his three years' confinement among them.

Next in number and interest to these Spanish papers are those which Mr. Brown has obtained from the State Paper Office in London. Many of these — letters from Digby in Madrid — supplement and confirm the documents from Simancas. Many others belong to the voluminous correspondence of Sir Dudley Carleton. Interesting, if not of the first importance, are the thirty-five or so documents which have been obtained from the record-books of the city of London, of the livery companies, of the Cinque Ports, of Trinity House, and of other corporations. Most of these have to do with the financial affairs of the Virginia Company, its subscriptions and

its lotteries. Two pieces come from the records of London churches; but alas, they concern investment of church funds in the company's lotteries! The company's own records, for years previous to 1619, are no longer in existence. The British Museum and certain private collections afford a few further papers, some of which are of much interest. Upon the quarrels at Jamestown and the dissensions in the company Mr. Brown's papers, it should be remarked, throw little additional light that will serve at all to settle vexed questions, even the warmly debated question regarding Captain John Smith, against whom, by the way, Mr. Brown seems to cherish a hostility pushed sometimes beyond what is quite fair. But we get a choice bit of Jamestown politics in the letter of one Francis Perkins, written from there in March, 1608, and somehow obtained by Zuñiga, and by him forwarded to his Catholic Majesty. The colony had not been in existence eleven months, and here is already the American office-seeker! "I pray you will have the goodness," writes Perkins to his unknown correspondent, "to negotiate with Sir William Wade, Sir Thomas Smith, . . . and the others, that I be appointed one of the council here in Virginia, as much for my honor as that I may be better able to pay my debts. There are some of the members of the council here who understand state affairs as little as I do, and who are no better than I. It will be a matter of great delight to see coming here so many from our country, so richly gifted and enlightened that I should not be worthy to appear among them!"

Letters were not the only things which the watchful envoy intercepted, and so preserved for us. The archives of Simancas have yielded to the editor four maps of extreme interest, of which the English originals must long ago have disappeared. The first is a chart of James River, made in 1608, by Robert

Tindall, gunner to Prince Henry; the second, a chart of Virginia, made in the same year, and sent over to England with Captain Smith's True Relation; the third, and most interesting to New Englanders, a finely executed plan of St. George's Fort at the mouth of the Sagadahoc, — that is, Captain George Popham's fort at the mouth of the Kennebec, — drawn in 1607; and finally, a large map of the Atlantic coast from Newfoundland to North Carolina, made by some English surveyor in 1610. The book is also illustrated with other maps and with a large number of engraved portraits.

Mr. Brown's work as collector deserves every praise, his work as editor a great deal. If here and there one does not find indication of the place from which a manuscript is derived, or in the case of a piece previously printed is left in ignorance as to where it has been printed, or if one could wish that the date of each piece were set in the heading, side by side with its title, one ought to be too grateful to Mr. Brown for his services to early American history to notice severely a few lapses from the practices observed in the best models of editing. It is somewhat more of a fault that he should so frequently use the expression, "I am quite sure that," etc., to introduce what are in fact his conjectures. Herein he doth protest too much; when a writer is really sure of a fact, he states it without preface. It is a pity that Mr. Brown could not have printed the Spanish text of his manuscripts from Simancas, for, clearly, he has not been wholly fortunate in the translator to whose obliging kindness he is so much indebted. In many instances the translation here printed does not make good sense, though this ought surely to be possible, with Spanish transcripts of no greater antiquity than these. Even without seeing the text, one can discern

something of the defectiveness of the translation by comparing it, as in two cases one can do, with contemporary translations which Digby made at Madrid from the same documents, surreptitiously obtained.

Mr. Brown gives few footnotes respecting persons, but more than supplies their place by appending an elaborate biographical dictionary of persons connected with the founding of Virginia, the accounts of them being derived from a great variety of printed sources, such as Mr. Leslie Stephen's Dictionary, and from the editor's own investigations. The biographies are very brief, but they serve a good purpose in showing what manner of men were engaged in the furtherance of our first colony. Their spirit may be seen still more clearly in some of their letters, which Mr. Brown has printed or reprinted. One cannot, or at any rate one ought not to, read the letters of Dale and De la Warr and others without perceiving that high and even religious purposes in colonization were not confined to the settlers of New England, but that the great and inspiring thought of establishing beyond the seas a new English empire was present with the founders of Virginia, and lent to their transactions a dignity which makes every record of them worthy of preservation. We cannot dismiss this most creditable piece of book-making without praising the magnificent index which the author has provided.

The contrast between the beginnings of Virginia and New England could scarcely be brought out with greater emphasis than by the juxtaposition of Mr. Brown's collection of documents and Mr. Weeden's close culling of testimony from a great variety of obscure sources.¹ It is true that Mr. Brown concerns himself with the brief period of eleven years which saw the germ of Virginia, and Mr. Weeden traces New

In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

¹ *Economic and Social History of New England. 1620-1789.* By WILLIAM B. WEEDEN.

England from its first permanent colony to its absorption in the larger history of the Union; but if the history of Virginia had been extended the contrast would have continued, if not on the same lines, yet with equal divergence. That is to say, Mr. Brown calls on us to observe how distinctly Virginia was the product of English statesmanship put to its mettle by Spanish diplomacy, and how very close was the interdependence of early Virginia and England. Mr. Weeden sees in the New England commonwealths a branch broken off from the parent stock and taking root in a new soil, drawing its nourishment and vigor from that soil itself. He makes but little of the interdependence of England and New England, leaving that subject to Dr. Palfrey and the late Mr. John Wingate Thornton. Had Mr. Brown chosen to follow the course of Virginian history, he would doubtless have found it issue in a commonwealth whose finest product, at the time of separation from England, was a group of publicists and statesmen. Mr. Weeden, taking account of the New England human culture at the same period, fixes his attention upon merchants and manufacturers.

It was, to be sure, inherent in Mr. Weeden's plan that he should emphasize this side of New England life, but we do not mean to imply that his concentration of interest has led him to overstate the case. On the contrary, we think the effect of his treatise will be to correct a false balance, to adjust in the reader's mind the relative importance to the New Englander himself of things theological and things of everyday experience. The tendency of our histories of New England has been to exaggerate the Sabba'day side of the life. Because the more literary record has been full of this religious tone, because the writers whose tracts, sermons, and books occupy the shelves with such Americana as pertain to New England

have used Biblical terms freely, the disposition has been to see topics in the same light, and to treat the history as if it were the history of a Peculiar People. Mr. Brooks Adams, in his somewhat indignant book *The Emancipation of Massachusetts*, did something toward arresting the attention of students to what may be called the undercurrent of protest which was all along made against a distorted view of human life; but Mr. Weeden's book, by its wealth of illustration, is much more valuable as a corrective of historical attitude, because it sets before the reader in great variety of detail the week-day life of the ordinary New Englander, decade by decade, through a succession of social, economic, and political changes. The material has long existed; other historians have availed themselves of it by way of illustration; they have gone to town records, to inventories, and to the advertisements in the later journals. But Mr. Weeden, first of all, has collected and systematized this vast store of recondite material, and used it as a whole, methodically and scientifically, to educe the actual life of New England.

A rapid survey of the method employed by Mr. Weeden will set this forth more intelligibly. After a generalizing prelude, in which the opening of the New World and the elevation of England to a great power are presented with epigrammatic touch, and the physical features of New England are outlined with regard to their influence upon colonial life, the base of civilization is sketched in the fisheries, the home, and the community. Then a chapter upon Aboriginal Intercourse with the Colonists gives opportunity for a satisfactory account of the instrument of association, wampum, which was so rude yet so effective a substitute for minted money. The third chapter, dealing with the Formation of the Community, covers the great decade of 1630-1640, and gives occasion for a presentation of the

social management of common lands, the meeting and meeting-house, and a general survey of the community in its political, religious, and social aspects.

With the fourth chapter begins that treatment of the whole subject which Mr. Weeden has made peculiarly his own. It is entitled *Agriculture, Fish, and Furs*. Bradford for the Plymouth Colony and the Massachusetts Colonial Records for Massachusetts Bay are the principal authorities, and from these, as well as from Winthrop, Johnson, Wood, Lechford, local records and sundry tracts, Mr. Weeden pieces out with minute care the detailed life as it relates to these original industries. He shows what individual men and communities undertook, and how the General Court and the town attempted to regulate labor and prices. From this examination he proceeds to investigate the Beginnings of Commerce, and then the Rise of Homespun Industries. Having done this, he makes a cross-section of his subject, and shows the New Englander in his Home.

These chapters complete the survey through the first great period of New England history down to the Revolution of 1688. The subject broadens after this, as the community becomes more complex and multiplies its relations with the outer world. Thenceforth, though the same general divisions are followed, it becomes necessary to take into account the interesting subject of piracy, privateering, and smuggling, which Mr. Weeden shows to have had very intimate concern not only with the development of New England, but with its final revolt from English rule. The whale fishery, again, is treated with great fullness, the African slave-trade also, and, as minor topics, the modes of travel and the manners of society. From time to time, the otherwise somewhat disjointed narrative is made more continuous by detailed and animated accounts of representative characters like Hull, Faneuil, and Derby;

and the reader is rewarded for picking his way through a mass of broken stones of facts by coming upon some smooth piece of road, where the author has summed his results into broad and satisfactory generalizations.

We have intimated that this work is not altogether easy reading, by reason of its multitude of facts and figures; yet to the student and to the wide-awake reader there is positive pleasure in having a share in historical investigation of this sort. Mr. Weeden, in brief, has followed the inductive plan in writing his history. He has accumulated, sorted, and arranged a vast collection of bits of material. He has not sought them to establish a theory. He has collected them patiently, in order therefrom to educe whatever general laws they may yield; and if he presents his conclusions to the reader, he also gives him liberally of his data. The two volumes constitute a thoroughly systematized and admirably indexed scrap-book of New England history, with occasional valuable dissertations upon the scraps by the competent collector. The special value of the collection lies in the character of the material thus brought together. By means of it one is enabled to get close to the daily life of a community which has been the mother of States, and to study exactly those phases which are in the life of to-day eagerly tabulated by the sociologist. The work is the first great examination of New England in the method of the student who is satisfied with nothing short of the very ground on which history is built. As Mr. Weeden says himself in his striking preface:—

“If we had all the material of history, it would compel a larger comprehension from our active modern intelligence, and the story would soon work itself out in simple unity. The lesser parts of history necessarily became, or they appeared to become, the greater parts, as civilization has been going through its periods of growth. The art of govern-

ment, the modes of worship, inevitably appeared, for the moment, greater than the people who were governed, or were trying to worship dimly apprehended deities. Man himself, in his own nature, must always be the object and the cause of the deeper historical meetings, as well as of the course of outward events, which represent the surface and superficial form of history. The story of battles with political and religious combination and intrigue has been merged for the time in the greater interest of the institutions underlying the politics and the religion of the actors. Yet we have not the whole story. Picturesque narration, philosophic speculation, have not exhausted the forces

inherent in history. The life of man, his daily action, — closely allied to his thought and to his affections, — must yield up its fact, its daily doing, before we can comprehend the whole action, the whole story of man in his relation to history. Little things are becoming great, in that they reveal the sources of greater principles which occasion the movements and currents of humanity. Economy, the daily order of living, and fellowship are homely elements which are coming to be recognized as potent factors in the large drama of history. The great need of this economic story, in completing the whole story, may lead us too far; but a large and imperative work is waiting to be done."

STEDMAN'S LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THIS work,¹ in the opening volumes of which we found such unusual interest, has increased in usefulness with each successive issue, and now in its total of eleven large volumes opens as complete a survey of the history and character of the American mind as is possible by the method followed. Its value is principally historical, and only in a secondary degree literary. The reputation of a nation for letters must depend upon its eminent authors, and arises rather from quality than quantity; but the entire intellectual life of a people is something larger than its literary activity, and cannot be represented by great poets and romancers alone. It is this larger life, this working of intelligence in the mass of writers, that the compilers of the Library have set themselves to show forth; and the success of their work may well have surprised themselves. The result

certainly has exceeded our own expectation. The greater part of the twelve hundred authors whose works have been laid under contribution are of course obscure, and as one turns over the thousands of closely packed pages he may think the individual selections in many cases of trifling note; but he soon perceives that he is receiving an impression of the mental action of the period, of the common trend of style and matter, which differs from the idea arrived at by reading the more famous authors only. In particular, he observes that while in Longfellow or Irving he has accustomed himself to the presence of foreign interests and the European tradition of literature, in this Library as a whole such influences are but little felt; he is dealing with an American product, is close to the national life, and holds in his hand a true record of our own people. The

¹ *A Library of American Literature. From the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Compiled and edited by EDMUND CLARENCE*

STEDMAN and ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON. Vol. IV.-XI. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1888-90.

degree to which this Americanism occupies the field is unlooked for, and the great value of the work is, in our judgment, due to its presence.

On examination, reasons will not be found lacking for this peculiarity. The scope of the collection was so comprehensive that it took in, besides literature in the restricted and proper sense, every part of the national life which is expressed by speech, and all notable men who have figured in the history of the country and left any words of their own behind them. The consequence is that those considerable portions of our national life which found no outlet in literature, or only a feeble and intermittent expression, have not gone unrepresented, but stand in their place, under their historical forms of oratory, sermon, or disquisition. The revolutionary and constitutional periods, the antislavery agitation, the argument of secession, and the events and emotions of the civil war, in all of which a large part of the moral force, the intense patriotism, the intellectual power of the nation was absorbed, contribute speeches and essays and words great because of the occasion that called them forth; and the leaders in these successive struggles, who stamped their words in history rather than in letters, lend fervor of feeling and weight of meaning to fill up the gaps and support the weaker utterances of literature in its poets and other more acknowledged members. The literature of our politics is thus necessarily American, both in its original papers by actors in the scene, and in its narration by later historians and biographers, of whom there has been a swarm. The editors, too, in selecting passages to illustrate the less known authors, seem often to have chosen consciously such as would have a special interest to the reader because of their bearing upon American history, or illustration of American life, habits, and thought. This was a principle of selection most fit in itself and happy in its

results; to it, in connection with the large mass of our politics, oratory, and history, is due the important value of the entire collection as a broad survey of that portion of our written or spoken thought which depended more or less closely upon the always vigorous public life and patriotic feeling of the nation.

The American quality, however, though conspicuously exhibited in these branches of the subject-matter, is not limited to them. In the novels and tales, and in the minor poetry also, there is to be seen a community of intellectual traits and of interest. One is struck especially by the general absence of affectation, by the straightforward and simple expression of what is to be said, by a predominant plainness of speech. It would not be unjust to designate this as a prevailing homeliness, in the sense in which that characteristic belongs to the people. There may be little refinement, an unexacting taste, perhaps little dignity of external style; but there are, on the other hand, genuine if modest feeling, much sympathy with the common life of men, a democratic sentiment, true if low-flying thought, and real if uninspired emotion. The substance is more than the form; the sense exceeds the style. Sincerity, humanity, and reality are pervading elements. These are not the only qualities which are requisite in literature, but it is a good sign to find them widely spread through the books of a nation, as noticeable in one department of mental activity as in another. In the better writers we should find the same traits with something superadded, and in general we do; but in the literary culture of these more famous authors there intrudes an element not native to our soil, an imitation of literary models, a striving after remembered graces of style, mocking-bird cadences, a tradition not yet acclimated and absorbed into our own national life. The less relief, therefore, given to our literary men, in consequence of the relatively

small space they occupy, is a gain to the general effect, which is much simpler than would otherwise have been the case. The inclusion of anonymous and single poems, and particularly of the popular songs of the war, of negro melodies, and of noted sayings, also tends to make the collection more truly and explicitly a summary and expression of the general tone, habits of thought and feeling, and prevailing interests of the people's mental life.

The temptation is great to make reflections upon the worth of the national qualities thus revealed, the changes from period to period, and the reasons why our general literature has been what it is; but these, for the most part, are obvious enough, and would lead too far if followed too closely. The Library itself is superficially misleading in one respect, and the editors take pains to set the reader right in their preface. The earlier volumes show a preponderance of theology, and in the later theology is a constantly vanishing quantity. So, too, politics occupies a larger space in the middle periods. The common reason for this is the increase of literature proper in the growth of the nation, which has made necessary a certain disregard of the works of the more learned professions, and especially of the clergy. Another reason may be found in the fact that the authors of the later volumes are either in early manhood, or have run but half their course. They are naturally persons who have succeeded in the literature of poetry or story-telling, which belongs to their years; distinction in the learned professions or in public life is the fruit of a riper age. It would be pleasing if some other notable characteristics of the Library as a whole could be explained with as little injury to national pride. The strength of the nation seems to lie, so far as it has gone, in its political life, and the oratory, the political philosophy, and the history which are the gift of that life to literature. Literary produc-

tion itself, in the narrow meaning of the fine art of expression, has been a secondary matter; and within these limits, even (not to speak of the epic, which has ever been regarded as the highest form of man's creative power), the drama and criticism have been the weakest in vigor. The former, indeed, may be disregarded, and the latter, though it showed some vitality a generation ago, seems to have died away. The close connection between the feebleness of criticism and the low degree of literary taste cannot escape notice; but the failure of the drama implies more serious defects in the national genius. The decline of oratory may also afford a text to the pessimistic observer, and the rise of the dialect tale and the poetry of the bagatelle, which are the only novel forms we discern at the end, may not console him.

Before drawing to an end, it is our duty to direct attention to the remarkably admirable execution of the work by its editors, the soundness of their judgment in selection, the extraordinary breadth and variety of their acquaintance with forgotten books, and the impartiality and justice of their choice of authors. The labor was arduous, and the multitude of details must have been harassing. It is a proof of thoroughness and painstaking that they find so little to correct at the end of their task. They have left nothing to be desired for the completeness of their work. The last volume contains an excellent index, and short but full biographies of every author represented in the volumes. The portraits are in general very good, and they are numerous. The text has been most carefully compiled. The work as a whole is, we believe, without a parallel among literary compilations. Its usefulness for purposes of reference is very great; but it is meant for entertaining and valuable reading page by page, — for popular reading, not merely for libraries and schools. It fulfills this

end with equal success, and is the more to be commended and urged upon the public because of that comprehensive view of American life and history, and of the common action of the American mind for the past three centuries, of which we have mainly spoken. Our literary names of note are not so many but what

the works which bear them may easily be obtained and read; but in this collection hundreds of authors and thousands of books are brought within the reader's survey, and in them he will find more of the national life than in the select few that are known and supposed to be read of all men.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Sportive Cowboy. THE exigencies of govern-

ment service have brought four of us, — three being members of the Club by courtesy, — whom the cowboys (the only native inhabitants besides the straggling Indians and coyotes) call tenderfeet, into the close vicinity of Hell Hole, on the borders of the Reservation, and well beyond all settlements. As the mail is brought sixty miles by pony express to a point thirteen miles distant, where civilization stops, dead tired, we are a law unto ourselves, and the cowboys are lawlessness to themselves. Mr. Stockton's hero says he could n't get any one to listen to his account of his travels. I wonder if any one will take the trouble to be thrilled by these brief jottings from my diary?

Monday, July 29. Was just starting for the ledges after the others, with the shovel and my gun, and was a little way from camp, when two cowboys came up and wanted to know what we were up to. They had seen the others in the distance. I told them we were after fossils. They said they were from Blue Mountains, and were after stray cattle. Their camp was a mile up the river, and they invited me to call. Pleasant neighbors, very. . . . Late in the afternoon I rode back ahead of the rest, and just as I came into camp the same two cowboys came out of the cabin. They looked rather startled, I thought,

till they recognized me. One of them said, with an uneasy laugh, that a cowboy was always hungry, and they had been helping themselves to our corn bread.

"Did n't you see the beans?" I asked.

No, they had n't seen any beans. So I brought out the cold beans. They ate them, but kept looking out for something, and seemed in a hurry to be off. They asked me again to come to their camp and bring my pals, and mounted their horses, which had been in the bush behind the cabin. They disappeared behind the cliffs before the others came into camp. Heard a lot of horses come down in the night.

Tuesday, July 30. After breakfast saw half a dozen riders come down from around the bend, and go down the river at a great pace. Emerson rode off for the mail, — a day's trip, — and the chief went off to the ledges to work. John (our cook) and I stayed in camp. About ten A. M. a cowboy rode up from around the bend, and hailed us. He wanted to know if we had seen two fellows ride by yesterday: one with hairy shaps (the name here for riding-leggings), and the other with leather shaps. [Qy., from chaparral?] I said Yes. and told him what they had told me about their camp, and how they were here to look after Blue Mountain cattle. The cowboy laughed when I

said they seemed to enjoy their corn bread and beans.

"Them two fellows was horse-thieves," said he, "and we're after them. Our camp is up there, and all they told you was a blind. They saw you did n't know who they were. If you had, they'd ha' got the drop on you, sure. They're mighty tough chaps, and there's a reward out of five hundred dollars for their capture." He went on to tell me that they had broken into a bank in Salt Lake City, and there had been a party after them for the last two weeks. The thieves had made their way across country by stealing fresh horses when their own became fagged. He left me to go back to camp.

An hour later three horsemen came in sight over the crest of a bluff, and rode up to the cabin for water. The one in the middle, who was unarmed, was the fellow in hairy shaps I saw yesterday; the other two were heavily armed. I was a little distance away, and before I could come up they were off. They kept dark, John said.

In the afternoon we heard all about it. A cowboy came over from the camp and told us. The party caught up with the fellows about twelve miles below here, this morning: one of them had a fresh horse, and got away; but they had the other, the one with hairy shaps, up at their camp. I'm glad they have him, for he was the worse looking of the two; he had a villainous look. I was struck with that before I knew what he was. They think they'll get the other, for there's a big crowd after him.

Wednesday, July 31. More excitement! About nine o'clock last night, just as we were going to turn in, and had spread the blankets on our pile of bark, we heard the noise of a horse crossing the rocky ford near by. We were on the jump at once. Emerson and John went into the cabin, and stood in the dark with their guns cocked. I had my pistols. The chief stood up to

do the honors of the camp. The fellow came up coughing painfully. I made him out in the starlight. It was the other rascal, and I whispered this to the chief. Up he came, and asked if we had any pills or physie of any kind. He was dead sick; had been riding all day; could hardly keep on his horse. The chief knew he was shamming, and said we had no medicine; but he gave him the water keg, and the fellow must have drunk a quart. He kept straining at the door of the cabin. He must have seen that we knew who he was, for he turned to me pretty soon and asked if I had seen anything of the fellow who was with him yesterday, and asked the chief, with an attempt at carelessness, if there had been many riders about. We kept mum, and soon he rode off across the ford again. We fired three shots as a signal to the cowboys, and turned in.

This morning, early, a party of cowboys rode by with their prisoner, on their way up river. They stopped, and we photographed him, — an ugly-looking customer. The rest of the cowboys went down the valley in pursuit of the other chap. They heard our shots last night, and thought at first we had winged him; but as we did n't ride over they knew he must have got away. They seem sure of him.

Thursday, August 1. All the rampage of the last three days is just a bit of fooling. The cowboys thought we were tenderfeet, and so they got up this little farce to amuse themselves and scare us. The pretended horse-thieves were two of their own number, and they have been racing up and down, and telling all these yarns, as a kind of private Wild West show.

Two Marginal Notes from Caesar's Commentaries. — The other day, turning the leaves of a still militant copy of Caesar's Commentaries, I came upon two unique specimens of Latin prose composition, written in the frank round hand of the book's youth-

ful owner. These were so happy in their way that they caused me to sigh that my young friend was not permitted to write for antiquity. To have laid before the elegant Kikero or the doughty Kæsar these terse, if post-classical, sentences from the *memorabilia* of Young America's wit and wisdom would have been indeed a compensation to them for the toil they must have endured in getting their redoubtable works ready for parsing.

Frigida dies est quum relinquimur.

Nullæ muscæ super nos.

While I was stealthily jotting down these pleasant trifles, the voice of their author reached me from the playground, where he was giving joyous direction to some exercise of the modern palæstra, — "Ignis via!" and his comrades accordingly "fired away."

A Critic on — Taste and training will
a Critic. make a critic. For taste is

nothing but a kind of ear for the echo of passion; a power of hearing faintly where passion has spoken plainly; a kind of sympathetic vibration born in the man, and capable of much improvement under careful cultivation. Take a man endowed with a certain sensibility of this sort, and give him leisure to wander over Europe and sojourn in Italy, and diligence to read all the polite literature of ancient and modern times; let him write books and essays till he acquires a fluent style, and you have John Addington Symonds. This class of man will naturally be more at home in literature than he is in any of the other arts, for it is the only art he practices. He will have tried his hand at sonnets, plays, lyrics, and translations, and will really know something about the art of literary composition. He will think, however, that he really knows something about the other arts, painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. He will vibrate sympathetically to these, and write charming books about them; and he will become so sensitive in his

feeling towards them in their different forms and phases that the echo and paraphrase which he gives in his books will be worth reading, and, provided we read them armed with a knowledge that they are mere literary paraphrases, perhaps worth studying.

The essential fault in such a man is that he thinks he understands these kindred arts. He thinks they can be translated into literary form. He conceives of them as something meant to be written about and admired. His attitude towards them is one of patronage and exposition. He explains their beauties, and comments on their growth and development. He is a critic.

Now, a critic is not a man who is overcome with the mystery and power of his subject. He is a man who has a desire to say something about his subject. If it is passion at all that moves him, it is literary passion. If he breaks into a strain of admiration ending with an "O altitudo," and does it well, it is a good piece of writing, it is a fine literary frenzy; but it has no more to do with the statue or the picture that moves him to it than a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

The literary men of all ages have cultivated themselves in the kindred fine arts, no man more so than Goethe. They have played with the echo that comes to them from painting and sculpture, and said fine things of it. They have been clever over it, and sentimental, and bombastic, and reflective, and ingenious. Goethe said of the Ludovisi Juno that it was like a canto of Homer; somebody else — was it Madame de Staël? — called architecture frozen music; and there is no flight of fantastic exaggeration that writers have not ventured on, in an endeavor to express themselves. Keats in his Grecian Urn has done for sculpture what poetry can do for sculpture, and Shelley in his lines to Constantia singing has done for music what poetry can do for music. The force of

translation, we might think, can go no further. And what have we? A fair witticism from Goethe and two most wonderful poems from Keats and Shelley, but no word from sculpture or music. These speak for themselves only, to their lovers alone; and to those who hear them — not their echo, but themselves — come a hush and a reverence foreign to critics. The sound of their voices stills the desire to write. The impossibility of giving back their thought in words is not thought of, because words are not thought of, literature is not thought of. To those whose feelings are open to the direct impact of other arts than literature, it is not only the masterpieces of those arts which speak in this way, but also the lesser works in a lesser degree, not differing in kind.

We have few criticisms and essays

upon music. That is because music is at present more understood than any other of the arts. People think music is meant to listen to, not to write books about; and we shall be able to forecast the rise of painting or sculpture by the premonitory falling off of treatises upon the great masters and the classic statues. It may be that the present age of criticism is the dawn before the rising for these arts, and that the echo heard by the critics and heralded abroad by them will be followed, and will lead men back to the arts themselves.

At present, then, let us not disparage these cultivated gentlemen, nor grow irritated at their irreverence. Some of them have very fine machinery inside of them, and its vibration probably represents some reaction in the real world. As for their irreverence, I wot that through ignorance they do it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature and Literary Criticisms. The World's Best Books, a Key to the Treasures of Literature, by Frank Parsons, F. E. Crawford, and H. T. Richardson. (Little, Brown & Co.) The chief editor sets down an astounding programme in his preface. He proposes gravely, in a little over a hundred pages, not only to indicate what are the greatest books, but to intimate the relations they bear to each other; "also to supply the tests by which each reader for himself may judge the claims of any book on his attention, and to give a list of brief selections of the gravest, grandest, saddest, sweetest, wittiest, most pathetic, solemn, and melodious passages in literature, naming the precise place in which each selection may be found, the manner in which it should be read, and its degree of difficulty, with the purpose of building up a standard of taste and comparison for all after reading; and finally to picture to the eye the relative positions of the greatest writers of the world in time and space [this grandiloquent phrase means a tabular view], and in relation to the great events that history records, accompanying the picture with a bird's-eye view of all the periods of English

Literature and of the Golden Age in every other literature of any note, which view in fifteen minutes' reading gives the essence of the twenty-five or thirty books on literature and reading that are the most in use so far as they relate to choice of reading and the order of selection." This wonderful preface, of which we have given but a portion only, can be matched by a similar sentence from a vender of quack medicine at the tail of his cart. Of course there is an abundance of good names and the commonplaces of criticism in the book, but let every one avoid this short cut to universal knowledge. — *English Poetry and Poets*, by Sarah Warner Brooks. (Estes & Lauriat.) A volume of running comment, with frequent extracts, on the course of English poetry. Mrs. Brooks has a genuine love of her subject, and the absence of all pretense makes her book a pleasant one with which to attempt a rapid survey of English poetic successes; for the mingling of biographic narrative with quoted criticism and examples of verse, if done without ostentation and with no obtrusion of personal judgment, is one of the most agreeable methods of making a volume on English literature

acceptable, whether to beginners or to those familiar with the general subject. — *The Art of Authorship*: literary reminiscences, methods of work, and advice to young beginners, personally contributed by leading authors of the day. Compiled and edited by George Bainton. (Appleton.) Mr. Bainton, an English clergyman, has done successfully what a good many newspapers have attempted with varying degrees of failure. He has set springes to catch woodcock. By writing personal and skillfully adapted letters to a number of English and American authors, he has in many instances induced these honest folk to talk about that most interesting of all subjects, — themselves; and as the best of them really know what they are talking about, he has obtained entertaining and sometimes instructive confessions. Here and there in this deftly woven volume one comes upon bits of autobiography that are helpful, and hears a certain consensus of opinion in respect to simplicity and clearness, for example, which has a cumulative weight. It would have been interesting if Mr. Bainton had given a list of those churlish or suspicious authors who declined to walk into his trap. — *Memorial Meeting of the Syracuse Browning Club*, held at May Memorial Church, Syracuse, N. Y., January 9, 1890. (Bardeen.) *Browning's Use of History*, by Professor Charles J. Little; *Aid to Living from Browning*, by Mrs. Mary E. Bagg; *Browning as a Dramatist*, by Rev. S. R. Calthrop; *Browning's Philosophy*, by Miss Arria S. Huntington, — such are some of the titles of papers read at this meeting of a club which proudly claims to be the pioneer Browning Club. — *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, by J. McNeil Whistler. (Lovell.) Mr. Whistler has collected the various missiles which have been hurled at him the past few years, or which he has discharged himself, and made a little museum of them, properly labeled, dated, and catalogued. As an exhibition of implements of modern warfare, it is worth visiting. One can see pretty much every form now in use, from the court of law to the footnote; some are a little old-fashioned, and some show more details of workmanship than others. The whole effect is to lead one to conjecture whether the elaborateness of attack and defense may not lead to an equilibrium of forces, so that when words, as weapons, have been brought to their highest effectiveness, and temper has been wrought to its finest tension, there may not be a period of ecstatic calm. — *Views and Reviews, Essays in Appreciation*, by W. E. Henley. (Scribners.) The mode followed in collecting these papers and setting them forth suggests a somewhat snippy treatment, and the topics being many of them great topics, the reader is liable

to feel a little irritation, as though Mr. Henley had affected an air of just tasting his subject. The book, however, is the result of admiration and a genuine love of literature. It presents rather the graceful talk of a lover descanting on his mistress than the keen, penetrating discourse of a student; but it is so much better than persiflage or gossip that one is not sorry to think of young men and maidens making the acquaintance of Mr. Henley's appreciation. They might enter literature by a poorer road. — *Selections from Robert Browning*, including some of his latest poems, selected and arranged by Mrs. Albert Nelson Bullens. (Lee & Shepard.) The editor arranges her book in two parts, *Love Poems* and *Miscellaneous Poems*; but if *Meeting at Night* and *Parting at Morning*, if *You 'll Love Me Yet* and the lyric "Round us the wild creatures," be not love poems, love is a very miscellaneous affair. We wish the publishers had not prefixed such a very froggy-looking portrait. — *Dove Cottage, Wordsworth's Home from 1800-1808*, by Stopford A. Brooke. (Macmillan.) This is more familiarly known to readers of Wordsworth's Prefaces as *Town End*, and Mr. Brooke writes a very agreeable account of it, as a special plea for the purchase of the cottage as a Wordsworth memorial. — The first four volumes have appeared of a new edition, in ten volumes, of James Russell Lowell's writings. (Houghton.) These four, entitled *Literary Essays*, are arranged chronologically, beginning with *A Moosehead Journal*, and ending with the paper on Wordsworth. It is noticeable that this division of Mr. Lowell's prose work falls into two periods: the first including the contributions to Putnam, the second those masterly papers which he wrote on the great men of letters for the *North American*. There is an interval of about ten years, during which some of his work appeared in *The Atlantic*. But it must be remembered that the North American papers were really the final form of academic work in the decade previous. It is a pleasure to have this fine prose in such comely volumes. — *Dreamthorp, a Book of Essays written in the Country*, by Alexander Smith. (Geo. P. Humphrey, Rochester, N. Y.) A neat little edition of a book which the fickle public once pounced upon, and now has forgotten. We are not sure that the public was to be condemned in either case. Alexander, who, as Emerson pithily remarked, was steeped in Shakespeare, and the *Life Drama* oozed out, did by his poetry make a distinct impression upon a public not then in the way of being startled, and his individuality naturally was an object of curiosity. His *Dreamthorp* seemed to offer an answer to questions, and so was taken up eagerly. After all,

it proved to be the easily written prose of a not very original man, and its grace was hardly sufficient to atone for its lack of substance.

Biography. *Glimpses of Fifty Years*, the Autobiography of an American Woman, by Frances E. Willard. (Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.) An octavo volume, in which, partly by direct narrative, partly by the liberal use of documents, the writer records her life chiefly in its public phase. It would take a pretty stiff admirer to read all that is gathered here, but there is a good deal of interesting material, and a discreet editor could have made a very effective small book of the contents. It is, however, a contribution to social history, and we cheerfully hand it over to the future appraisers of our present civilization. — Readers of Mr. Thayer's interesting paper in the *March Atlantic* will be glad to know of a little volume entitled *Giordano Bruno, Philosopher and Martyr*, two addresses, by D. G. Brinton and T. Davidson. (Davis McKay, Philadelphia.) — *Robert Browning: Personalia*. By E. Gosse. (Houghton.) Mr. Gosse reprints two papers of a biographical character. The value of the book lies largely in its being almost the same thing as Browning's chat about himself, since the greater part is the result of conversation with the poet respecting his early life. — *John Jay*, by George Pellew, is the latest number in the *American Statesmen Series* (Houghton), and a somewhat tardy recognition of a man whom one would have expected to encounter early in the list. The history of the period covered by Jay has already been treated pretty fully in the volumes devoted to Jay's great associates, and Mr. Pellew has done well to give a more personal tone to his book than might otherwise have been required. He has made liberal use of letters and diaries both by Jay and his contemporaries, and as he has sought for passages which have some intimacy of touch, the effect is often very agreeable, and the reader finds himself among his own flesh and blood. The book is of somewhat light weight as a study in politics, but serves very pleasantly to give vividness to the great period of our political history. — *Harvard Graduates whom I have known*, by A. P. Peabody. (Houghton.) Dr. Peabody's scheme is to single out notable men among the alumni of Harvard who have been connected with the college as benefactors or as governors, supplementing in this way his volume of *Harvard Reminiscences*, which treated of professors. His survey includes such names as Nathan Dane, Charles Lowell, Jared Sparks, S. A. Eliot, G. B. Emerson, James Walker. Dr. Peabody's known charity of spirit is easily discerned in these reminiscences, but the reader is likely to be quite as much struck by the

naturalness of the narrative, the easy, familiar, but never undignified record of men who belong in the first and second ranks of the New England of a generation or two ago. He writes out of a full mind; he does not attitudinize; and if one has the local sympathy, he cannot fail to take great satisfaction in the company he is keeping. Here is Boston proper in its sanest, most thoroughly provincial mood, when the province meant, not absence of cosmopolitanism, but presence of self-respect. — *Horatio Nelson and the Naval Supremacy of England*, by W. Clark Russell (Putnam's Sons), is a biography in which the narrative of Nelson's sea-battles forms the most entertaining part, as might be expected in a biography of the kind from the author of *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*. — *The Wife of the First Consul and The Happy Days of the Empress Marie Louise* (Scribner's Sons) constitute the first two volumes of Mr. T. S. Perry's translation of *Imbert de Saint-Armand's* interesting series of biographical studies. — *A Secret Institution*, by Clarissa Caldwell Lathrop. (Bryant Publishing Co.) Some might put this book under Fiction, but the earnestness of the writer and the circumstantiality of names and places seem to us to indicate that it is what it really purports to be, the narrative of a woman who was shut up in an insane asylum under alleged false statements. Sane people are apt to suspend judgment in such cases, but they do not suspend sympathy.

Ethics. *A Theory of Conduct*, by Archibald Alexander. (Scribners.) If Mr. Alexander wrote with more life in his style, and if his little treatise were more constructive and less critical, the reader might extract from it a more practical use. As it is, he seems to find the bottom facts on which the author rests somewhat loosely defined, and to doubt whether he has got down to the bed rock of ethics. — *Life*, by James Platt. (Putnam's.) A series of plain essays upon the conduct of life. The author's observations are generally incontrovertible. Hamlet could not answer Polonius. — *Logic taught by Love*, by Mary Boole. (Alfred Mudge & Son, Boston.) "No one," the author states, "really doubts the doctrine of Pulsation. . . . The Race of Israel is the hereditary priesthood of that Unity whose action is Pulsation. . . . The History of early religions is very much a history of the successive introductions into public worship of various symbols, by means of which the Seers hoped to make the masses realize the perpetual Flux or Pulsation which underlies the phenomena of Nature. . . . The time has surely now come when the Jewish people can, and therefore ought to, take up the function for which their race was set apart. . . . The

Messianic Kingdom will come, when in every town in the world there is some Jew holding a divine commission to give his blessing *urbi et orbi*, by opening the ark of the Shemang Israel, and revealing the living Shekinah, the rhythmic pulsation of all life and truth." — Handcuffs for Alcoholism. (Rev. George Zurcher, Buffalo Plains, New York.) A somewhat pointless diatribe, its main contention being that the Roman Catholic Church, once heartily engaged in the temperance movement, would have an enormous influence in suppressing the drink evil. — Midnight Talks at the Club, reported by Amos K. Fiske. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) The author adopts the perilous method of constructing a group of talkers, and advising the reader confidentially at the outset of their brilliancy and conversational genius. Perilous, we say, because, having done this, he proceeds to report the talks, which were mainly upon subjects connected with religious belief. The monologues, as they turn out to be, in effect, are reasonable, and have a galvanized animation, but we can hardly regard them as so conclusive in force as the reporter and his friend Tom seem to find them. — In the natty Knickerbocker Nuggets (Putnams) is Franklin's Poor Richard, set forth ingeniously and with helpful notes by Paul Leicester Ford. Mr. Ford has rendered a real service to American letters in this little book, for he has brought together, from a variety of sources, the ephemeral publications in which Franklin had a part, and has, for the first time, made it possible for the student to see for himself just what this literature was. His pleasantly written Introduction will persuade many to go further, and read page after page of this quaint and invaluable mirror of the age. — The Ethical Problem, by Dr. Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) Three lectures delivered before the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago: on Ethics, a Science; the Data of Ethics; and the Theories of Ethics. It is noticeable how emphatically the movement hinted at in papers of this character is a protest against a remote and scarcely personal God. The more of such protests the better, but Christianity itself is a protest against this heathen notion. — A Look Upward, by Susie C. Clark. (Lee & Shepard.) This book starts off on a pretty high key: "The law of progress for the race is manifested in cyclic waves." Later on Mrs. Eddy appears to be a sort of cyclic wave; and when we come to Emancipation, in the last chapter, we feel that the world is indeed a Vast Teetotum spinning away into the Mansion of Happiness. "A union of the two [the "Eastern mind" and the "Western type"], a utilization of their joint wealth, a spiritual practicalization [good-

ness, what a word!] of occult truth, a fuller revelation of divine wisdom, so long hidden from the masses, would give birth to a new humanity, one emancipated from every fetter, physical or creedal [the English language is one of the fetters], thereby attaining that illumination which is the inalienable birthright of every child of God."

Art. The numbers of *L'Art* for July 15 and August 1 (Macmillan) intimate the same catholicity as previous numbers noted by us. The most important piece of text is *Les Dessins de Rembrandt*, by Émile Michel, accompanied by interesting fac-similes; the most important design is the etched portrait of Alexandre Falguière after the painting by Bonnat. There is also the final paper of *Cours de Littérature Musicale des Œuvres pour le Piano au Conservatoire de St. Pétersbourg*, by C. Cui, with a series of somewhat rudely executed portraits of Liszt, Chopin, and Thalberg. No one can follow the fortnightly issues of this sumptuous journal without a sigh of regret at the distance one is in America from the wealth of artistic material open to students on the other side; but *L'Art* does its best to bridge the interval. — The Musical Year-Book of the United States, published and compiled by G. H. Wilson. (113 Tremont St., Boston.) This useful record is in the seventh volume, covering the season of 1889-90, and a variety of tabular views, directories, and indexes make it a very convenient epitome of the musical world.

Education and Text-Books. Institutes of Economics, a succinct text-book of Political Economy, for the use of classes in colleges, high schools, and academies, by E. B. Andrews. (Silver, Burdett & Co.) We wish we could persuade text-book makers and publishers that the users of books, especially those in the higher grades, have ordinary intelligence, and do not need to have all the important words in the page emphasized for them. There is a positively childish appearance to this book. President Andrews is a nervous, forcible writer, who jerks his sentences out as if he were shooting peas, and to add to the effect by the profuse employment of heavy-face letter is to come near treating the student in colleges, high schools, and academies with impertinence. The book has almost the appearance of being the author's notes for a book, but it will stimulate both teacher and pupil. — Practical Lessons in German Conversation, a companion to all German grammars, by A. L. Meissner. (Heath.) On one page is a German question or anecdote, on the opposite the same in English. No answers to the questions are given, but they are to be supplied by the pupil out of his head. Incidentally, the student, in

learning to talk in German, has to draw on his stock of general knowledge; and the system employed in this book never could be a mere matter of memory, for the student has to think before he can answer. — *Sound-English, a Language for the World*, by Augustin Knoflach. (G. E. Steichert, New York.) The author finds the greatest obstacle to the use of English by foreigners in the irregularity of vowel pronunciation, and he proposes to correct it by a system of upside-down and broken letters, which makes one of his pages look as if the compositor had not yet corrected his proof, and had, moreover, mixed all his fonts. — *Hints on French Syntax*, with exercises, by Francis Storr. (Heath.) These hints are from the point of view of the English-speaking student of French. What is peculiar in French speech is what he wants to know; what it has in common with his own language is of no consequence. The result is not so much a scientific as a rough-and-ready apprehension of idioms. The book ought to be of service to a teacher who is making French familiar to his pupils. — *The Best Elizabethan Plays*, edited by W. R. Thayer (Ginn), includes Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*, Jonson's *The Alchemist*, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*. A capital selection, and made useful for schools by the quiet, unaccented omission of antiquated nastiness. The introduction is hardly full or strong enough, and the notes, sometimes superfluous, strike one as the result of an easy resort to Dyce and other scholars; but, at any rate, the book is not overloaded with apparatus, and one may be thankful that the editor invites the young student to the feast rather than to the service. — *The True Grasses*, by Eduard Hackel; translated from *Die Naturlichen Pflanzen Familien* by F. Lamson-Scribner and Effie A. Southworth. (Holt.) A special treatise, which, from the authority of the writer and the fullness of treatment, ought to be of great service in agricultural colleges. The editing and translating strike us as exceptionally good. — *A College Algebra*, by J. M. Taylor. (Allyn & Bacon.) In two parts: the first embracing an outline of those fundamental principles of the science usually required for admission to a college or scientific school; the second, a full discussion of the theory of Limits, followed by one of its most important applications, Differentiation, leading to proof of the Binomial Theorem, Logarithmic Series and Exponential Series. — *Civil Government in the United States considered with some Reference to its Origins*, by John Fiske. (Houghton.) It is difficult to overrate the importance of this little book, not because it is an exhaustive treatment of its subject, but be-

cause, from unconventional preface to varied appendix, it is so interesting that what has been to many a forbidding subject will strike them now as one of the most delightful that can be studied. Not only so, but the blending of history and politics is so cunningly effected that each subject is illuminated by the other, and it will be strange indeed if the new generation of Americans does not, under the influence of this book, grow up with a vivid sense of the interest which attaches to questions of government. The book gives freedom to the subject it compasses. — *Stories of the Civil War*, by Albert F. Blaisdell. (Lee & Shepard.) It is not quite clearly stated whether Mr. Blaisdell is responsible for the writing of the stories and poems which are not credited as well as for the selection of those which have names attached to them. There is considerable variety, and a few of the pieces show some literary skill; but it is a pity that the book should not be at once a model of story-telling as well as a stimulus to patriotism. — *The Educational Value of Manual Training*, by C. M. Woodward. (Heath.) This is an examination, by the principal of one of the most successful schools, of a report made at Nashville in 1889 by the Committee on Pedagogics. As the Report also is printed in the pamphlet, the reader is treated with great fairness, and will find the subject, which is one of real importance, pretty well set forth, especially as liberal quotations are given from the writings of specialists. — *The Elements of Psychology*, by Gabriel Compayré; translated by W. H. Payne. (Lee & Shepard.) The translator, whose position gives him authority to speak, undertakes in his introduction to set forth the reason for teaching psychology in normal schools, and even in more elementary schools, and also the method by which the science should be taught. There is no doubt that the apostles of physiological psychology have done much to bring the science of the mind to a basis of phenomena; and though some of their references to physiological process may be discredited, they have delivered us from a too theoretical consideration of the subject. We think, however, there is danger in pressing this craze for psychology among infants. To tease a child into a study of motives is to run the risk of undermining his sane interest in the drama of action. — *Historiettes Modernes, Recueillies et Annotées par C. Fontaine*. (Heath.) A second in a series devoted to brief French stories by Theuriet, Rameau, Perret, and others. The little biographical headnotes are in French, the notes in English. — *A Manual of Civil Government intended for Public Instruction in the State of Missouri*, by Henry C. Northam. (Bardeen.) In the form of a catechism, and if the pupils are not in a state of

misery when they study it, there must be more local patriotism to the square mile west of St. Louis than east of it. — *A Practical Delsarte Primer*, by Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl. (Barddeen.) The Delsarte system somehow leads its advocates into a condensed form of expression, as if they were so accustomed to significance in the merest motion that they supposed a world of meaning in their lightest sentences. Do you know, reader, what your thumb is? It is "the thermometer of the will," just as the shoulder is "the thermometer of passional life." Yet why thermometer? Would n't micrometer do as well? — *Harmony in Praise*, compiled and edited by Mills Whittlesey and A. F. Jamieson. (Heath.) A collection of hymns for school use. It strikes us that there is a little too much that is personal, and not enough that appeals to common use; and there is a lack of tenderness, or rather an undue element of theological severity. — *The Septonate and the Centralization of the Tonal System; a new view of the fundamental relations of tones, and a simplification of the theory and practice of music, with an Introduction on a Higher Education in Music*, by Julius Klauser. (William Rohlfing & Sons, Milwaukee.) This is a technical work, and as such we cannot profess to pronounce upon its value; but the Introduction, though sometimes a little obscure in expression, is an interesting essay, and commends itself to the layman by its reasonableness and earnestness. — *Reference Handbook for Readers, Students, and Teachers of English History*, by E. H. Gurney. (Ginn.) A convenient compendium of information on the Kings of England, the Descent of the reigning family, the Nobility of England, lists of counselors, statesmen, and writers, and a brief chronological list. — Recent circulars of the Bureau of Education (Government Printing Office, Washington) treat of the History of Education in Alabama, by Willis G. Clark, and the History of Federal and State Aid to Higher Education in the United States, by Frank W. Blackmar. This latter is rather a sketch of such aid than an attempt at exact history, which would be, we fear, a hopeless undertaking. — *A First Reader*, by Anna B. Badlam. (Heath.) The writer of this little book shows a sense of simplicity and refinement in her stories; her long experience has probably enabled her to gauge the power of young children, but we cannot help wishing that she had used the familiar nursery jingles and other homely literature which will be remembered. The book as it stands is only a practice book. We doubt, too, the wisdom of setting a child upon characters made to express the sound, instead of braving at once the terrors of the regular alphabet. — *Abeille*, by Anatole France;

edited by Chas. P. Lebon. (Heath.) A page of introduction and three pages of notes accompany this light little *conte*. — *Deutsche Literaturgeschichte auf Kulturhistorischer Grundlage for Universities, Colleges, and Academies*, by Carla Wenckebach. (Heath.) The first book of a proposed series is here published, bringing the subject down to 1100 A. D. The first half is devoted to a summary of the literary history, the second to examples. The introduction only is in English. After that the student enters with what courage she may upon a German treatment of old German literature. — *The Directional Calculus*, based upon the methods of Hermann Grassmann, by E. W. Hyde. (Ginn.) A novelty in this text-book is the insertion of eight or nine blank pages at the close of each chapter, for the reception of notes, solutions, etc. These pages are counted in the numbering, and the student may have the proud satisfaction of editing his own text-book. The work is the outcome of many years of study and lecturing to university students. Mr. Hyde is confident that the directional methods will supersede the methods of Cartesian coördinates. — Another number of Heath's Modern Language Series is Alfred de Musset's *Pierre et Camille*, edited by O. B. Super. The text is the main thing in this series, the annotation being severely brief. We wonder that the editors do not make more bibliographical notes, pointing out good editions of their writer, and good criticism upon him. — *The Plan of a Social University*, by Morrison I. Swift, is the first of a series of Social University Monographs. (C. H. Gallup, Ashtabula, Ohio.) The brochure is a little vague in form, but apparently is intended to familiarize people with the notion of University Extension as applied through guilds, and as already formulated in Philadelphia and elsewhere. — *Three Lectures on the Science of Language and its Place in General Education*, by F. Max Müller. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) The original audience before which the lectures were delivered at the Oxford University Extension meeting of 1889 determined the character of the lectures, and assure the reader that he will not get beyond his depth. Professor Müller repeats conclusions which are familiar to readers of his books, and with the charm attaching to his frank utterance. The volume contains also his article on *My Predecessors*, from the *Contemporary*.

Fiction. Marion Graham, or Higher than Happiness, by Meta Lander. (Lee & Shepard.) The recent eruption of theological novels has induced the author to revive a book issued a good many years ago, with the belief that the religious sentiments which the story carries will find acceptance still. The story

element is but moderate, since the characters are principally occupied with the solution of problems of life and eternity. — *Nora's Return*. (Lee & Shepard.) Mrs. E. D. Cheney has essayed to complete Ibsen's famous drama, *The Doll's House*, by portraying in the form of a journal the possible redemption both of Nora and of Helmar. She offers the little book not as a piece of literary art, but simply as a development of the thought of the drama. The solution is not a studiously ingenious one, but the contribution of a thoughtful woman who sees the salvation which lies in work for others. — *Tales of New England*, by Sarah O. Jewett. (Houghton.) A volume in the tasteful Riverside Aldine Series, and, like others in the set, it is not a new book, but a selection from the several volumes of Miss Jewett's stories. Whatever favorites one may miss from the collection, he will have no fault to find with the choice of such stories as *Miss Tempy's Watchers*, *The Dulham Ladies*, *A Lost Lover*, *An Only Son*, which form a portion of the contents. The touch of this writer's hand, when she has a first-rate theme, is so firm, yet so light, that the result is literature. — *With Fire and Sword*, an historical novel of Poland and Russia, by Henryk Sienkiewicz; translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. (Little, Brown & Co.) Mr. Curtin proves himself well qualified to translate the novel intelligently by his interesting and instructive historical introduction, in which he sets forth the relations between Germany, Russia, Poland, and Asia. We hope the intimation which he gives that he is engaged upon a treatise covering the same ground will soon be followed by the work itself, for it is a new and fruitful subject for American readers. Meanwhile, the novel itself will be approached by most with a certain bracing of the mind, as the book looks a little formidable. One is obliged to use some effort to swing himself over into the Polish author's position, but there is plenty of action in the story, and once the reader is in full headway he will be carried along by the tide. — *Maria*, by Jorge Isaacs, is a South American romance, translated by Rollo Ogden, and introduced by Mr. Janvier. (Harpers.) The Pan-American Congress may not have effected much in the eyes of politicians, but the thoughtful observer will regard it as a symptom of a larger movement, of which we see only the beginning, — a movement destined to bring into more intimate relations the two great nationalities which have parceled out the western continent, and for more than two centuries have been engaged, quite independently of each other, in making themselves at home. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, England and Spain were very much in

each other's mind, but their attitude was mainly antagonistic. In the twentieth century, the descendants of England and of Spain in America are sure to be very much in each other's mind, but we trust their attitude will be friendly. It is most desirable that it should be, and the first requirement is a more intimate acquaintance on the part of the two peoples, — an acquaintance based not on commercial relations alone, but on social and literary relations. This little story, possessed of a winning grace, and having a flavor quite distinct from that of contemporaneous fiction in the United States, will do much to open the interior of South American life to readers hereabout. The geographies and natural histories and gazetteers can do something, but a revelation of domestic life can do something very different. — *Beatrice*, by H. Rider Haggard (Harpers), is dedicated to somebody of the same name. We wish her joy of her namesake. It is curious to see how, when the tropical toggery is stripped off this barbarian of an author, and he is turned loose into English society, the baldness of his art as a novelist is shamefully apparent. He is a dime novelist, whatever clothes he wears. — *The Captain of the Janizaries*, a Story of the Times of Scanderbeg and the Fall of Constantinople, by James M. Ludlow. (Harpers.) A new edition of an historical tale centring about George Castriot, which has a good many separate scenes and considerable action, but suffers, perhaps, as a story, from the fact that the author has tried to keep to the historical procedure, and history does not always arrange itself in story form. — *Two Women in One*, by Henry Harland. (Cassell.) Mr. Harland in this short story, as elsewhere, seems to start in his mind from some formula of psychology, and then to work out his story, his characters and incidents being the last to determine themselves. Hence, while the spiritual plot has a certain strength, there is a marked weakness in the physical structure of the story. — *A Romance at the Antipodes*, by Mrs. R. Dun Douglass. (Putnam's.) The book reads like a thinly disguised record of travel from Plymouth, England, to Cape Town, Africa, in which the author, writing as a maiden lady, mingles description of life on shipboard and in Australia with a slight story of changing fortune in love-making. It has considerable gayety, and though hardly literature, and teasing one somewhat by keeping on the narrow line between fact and fiction, it is not without superficial cleverness. — *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, by Anatole France; translated by Lafcadio Hearn. (Harpers.) Mr. Hearn claims a special significance for the author of this book, but, though there is individualism in the manner, it im-

presses us as betraying itself by a perfume instead of by a natural spirit. An air of affectation pervades the narrative, which is, however, pretty and graceful in sentiment. By the way, does Mr. Hearn use the word *betimes* correctly in his introduction? — *Kit and Kitty*, by R. D. Blackmore. (Harpers.) Mr. Blackmore's style is so unique, and, so to speak, generally antique in style, that the reader is a little surprised to find that the time of this story is the latter part of the present century. The rustic scene has something to do with the effect, for one feels that there are parts of England where antiquity lurks undisturbed. For the rest, the book has the rough vigor which makes Blackmore's stories dear to the heart of man as man. — *Miss Brooks*, by Eliza Orne White. (Roberts.) There is no mistaking the origin of this story. It comes from a Bostonian, with that divided love of Boston and humorous recognition of what the love of Boston means to outsiders which is so genial a possession of many minds. The story has the charm of naturalness and vivacity. The fortunes of a few interesting persons are followed through their mild turnings, and we shall be surprised if so good-natured and often witty a book does not find many readers to pass it on as agreeable reading. As a study of social life, it shows capital observation and shrewd insight, and it is written with an ease which shows how well the author measures her power. — *Miss Eaton's Romance, a Story of the New Jersey Shore*, by Richard Allen. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) This writer has a clever pen, but he has used it somewhat unnecessarily in making a tangle of a story. With a clearer, more reasonable plot and a simpler recourse to nature, there is no reason why he should not write a tale of staying power. — *Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton, a Romance*, by George Alfred Townsend. (E. F. Bonaventure, New York.) Mr. Townsend has taken Hamilton, Burr, Mrs. Reynolds, the Priestleys, Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, and a few minor characters, and, using for his material the intrigues of Hamilton and Burr, has woven a romance, which has a certain amount of extreme fidelity to history, but will strike the reader as chiefly the tale of an adventuress, which the author aims to lift into literature by using an historical basis. We cannot commend it as a contribution either to history or to the literature of fiction. — Readers of *The Atlantic* will be interested to note that Mr. Bynner's exciting and artistic story, *The Begum's Daughter*, has been published in book form. (Little, Brown & Co.) It is provided with a diagram of New York as it was in 1690, and with a number of

illustrations by F. T. Merrill, which, though faithful and clever in a way, do not add to the story, but merely repeat what the novelist has already said in picturesque language. — *A Daughter of Silence*, by Edgar Fawcett. (Belford.) A repulsive story, without even the merit of being true to nature. — *The Devil's Anvil*, by Mary Kyle Dallas. (Belford.) The title is the most lurid thing about this book, and, after all, is merely the seaside locality of the tale, which was not worth the telling, and has an assumption of wickedness and dramatic situations that is the mere cant of fiction; for there is a cant of vice as well as of virtue. — *The Shadow of a Dream*, by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) Mr. Howells has essayed to record the influence upon the lives of three persons of the most fantastic of forces, a recurrent dream which images baseness. We think he has failed to make the experience real, and we are disposed to lay the fault at the door, not of the subject itself, but of the treatment. Does not such a theme demand a more nebulous atmosphere through which it is to be viewed, and is not the persiflage of the Marches somewhat destructive of the seriousness of the matter? This seriousness is so wholly subjective that we conceive the whole story, to be successful, should have been pitched in a different key. The story is fantastic. It needed that the author should approach it in the melancholy, not to say morbid, spirit in which Hawthorne would have viewed it, or in the intense, almost grotesque spirit of Poe; whereas the naturalness which Mr. Howells cultivates supposes altogether too sane a temper. — *The Aztec Treasure House, a Romance of Contemporaneous Antiquity*, by Thomas A. Janvier. (Harpers.) Mr. Janvier assumes cleverly the rôle of an antiquarian off duty, and manages to tell a capital story of adventure, and to keep a whimsically serious position for himself while telling it. By the introduction of the irrepressible Yankee of fiction he gives a more grotesque turn to events, and the reader is not quite sure that the book might not have been better for a more judicious balancing of characters, but he is at any rate thankful for the absence of the extreme frontier type. — *Viera, a Romance 'twixt the Real and Ideal*, by Roman I. Zubof. (American News Co.) Viera appears to be a phantom girl with whom the hero has a sort of typhoid-fever alliance, but the characters who represent the real are quite as shadowy so far as the story has to do with them. The author takes himself quite too seriously, and his rambling philosophy, which appears to be the reason for the romance, is foggy without the virtue of fog, for it is also dry.